Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 74

Charles Dickens

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

Recommended Citation
Dickens, Charles, "Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 74" (1841). Barnaby Rudge. 29.
https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/barnabyrudge/29
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK
BY "BOZ"
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1841.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTERMOLE & H. K. DOWNS.
BARNABY RUDGE.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;
J. MARZEA, Edinburgh; J. FOLLY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACDONALD, Dublin; SMITH & DUNHAM, Manchester;
WALKIN, Wheat, Liverpool; WIGHER & WARD, Birmingham; R. SMITH & Son, Bath, LIVER & ROSS, Bristol; T. N. MORDEN, Boston; H. S. KINNE, Brighton; G. THOMAS, Bury; E. JENKINS, Cambridge; C. THOMPSON, Carlisle; J. LEE, CHELTENHAM; GIBBS & DOWES, Cheltenham; W. BEACH, Country; W. ROBERTSON, Derby; W. ROBERTSON, Exeter; W. T. ROBERTSON, Ely; T. DAVIES, Glamorgan; H. COMBES, Hull; HENRY S. WELLS, Ipswich; W. BARTY, Leamington; T. H. LANEY, Leeds; J. SWIFT, Maidstone; FOLLY & CROWTHER, Newark-on-Trent; JARNS, & So., Norwich; H. MORGAN, Nottingham; H. SMITH, Oxford; P. B. DICKENSON, Perth;
J. NAYLOR, Plymouth; G. LLOYD, Reading; RODGERS & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. BISHOP, Southampton;
J. MABE, TRENTON; A. DUNN, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, York; J. SHELDON, York; J. H. BOWERS, Winchester; and sold by all
Booksellers and Newsagents.

Price 3d.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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. CATERMOLE AND HABLOT BROWNE.

In Three Volumes, post octavo, price 21s. each, the First and Second Volumes.

OLIVER TWIST.


WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR.

Each in One Volume octavo, price bound in cloth, 11. 1s.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

with Illustrations by Phiz,

And a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Finnes, from a Painting by D. MacIntosh, A.R.A.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

with

FORTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

SKETCHES BY "BOZ."

A NEW EDITION.

COMPRISING BOTH THE VOLUMES.

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CRUIKSHANK.

One volume, 12mo, neatly bound, gilt edges, price 4s.

FLEURS DE POESIE MODERNE.

CONTAINING THE BEAUTIES OF A. DE LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO, DE BERANGER, C. DELAVigne.

One volume, royal 12mo, neatly bound, price 4s. 6d.

CHESS FOR BEGINNERS.

IN A SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE LESSONS.

Showing the most approved Methods of Beginning and Ending the Game, together with various Situations and Check-mates.

BY WILLIAM LEWIS, Author of several Works on the Game.

with TWENTY-FOUR DIAGRAMS PRINTED IN COLOURS,


In one volume, small 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Those popular Lyrics, including the celebrated "Suppers of Ireland," are now, for the first time, collected and revised by the Author.

One volume, foolscap, handsomely bound in embossed cloth, gilt edges, price 12s.

THE ARTIST.

young ladies' INSTRUCTOR IN ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, DRAWING, &c.

CONSISTING OF LESSONS IN GRESIAN PAINTING, ORIENTAL TINTING, TRANSFER tING, INLAYING, &c.

BY B. F. CANDER, TRAVERSE.

Embellished with a beautiful Frontispiece and Title-page, and Seventeen other Illustrative Engravings.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE 4s. EACH,

PHYSIOGNOSCOPOGRAPHY.

No. 1.

THE ANATOMY OF GRIMACE.

SHOWING 288 CHANGES OF FACES AND COSTUMES. BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

No. II.

THE ANATOMY OF THE STAGE.

SHOWING 288 CHANGES OF THEATRICAL CHARACTERS. BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURTON.

"A graphic and amusing toy, which, as laughter in the particular passion of Christmas, is, we suppose, intended for that season, but which may just as legitimately provoke merriment at any other time of the year. It consists of a decorative case, with loop-holes for the reception of 'hands to grip,' and at the back are two revolving cards, one presenting a series of facts, another of head-Costumes, and both, in the course of their evolution, producing no less than 288 aspects of the human齐ance in every variety of grotesque expression. The toy moves in a circle of continuous merriment, and we can recommend it as an amusing pasco-temps for the moment."—Morning Post.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

John Willet, left alone in his dismantled bar, continued to sit staring about him; awake as to his eyes, certainly, but with all his powers of reason and reflection in a sound and dreamless sleep. He looked round upon the room which had been for years, and was within an hour ago, the pride of his heart; and not a muscle of his face was moved. The night, without, looked black and cold through the dreary gaps in the casement; the precious liquids, now nearly leaked away, dripped with a hollow sound upon the floor; the Maypole peered ruefully in through the broken window, like the bowspirit of a wrecked ship; the ground might have been the bottom of the sea, it was so strewn with precious fragments. Currents of air rushed in, as the old doors jarred and clicked upon their hinges; the candles flickered and guttered down, and made long winding-sheets; the cheery deep-red curtains flapped and fluttered tily in the road; even the stout Dutch kegs, overthrown and lying empty in dark corners, seemed the mere husks of good fellows whose jollity had departed, and who could kindle with a friendly glow no more. John saw this desolation, and yet saw it not. He was perfectly contented to sit there staring at it, and felt no more indignation or discomfort in his bonds than if they had been robes of honour. So far as he was personally concerned, old Time lay snoring, and the world stood still.

Save for the dripping from the barrels, the rustling of such light fragments of destruction as the wind affected, and the dull creaking of the open doors, all was profoundly quiet; indeed these sounds, like the ticking of the death-watch in the night, only made the silence they invaded deeper and more apparent. But quiet or noisy, it was all one to John. If a train of heavy artillery could have come up and commenced ball practice outside the window, it would have been all the same to him. He was a long way beyond surprise. A ghost couldn't have overtaken him.

By and by he heard a footstep—a hurried, and yet cautious footstep—coming on towards the house. It stopped, advanced again, then seemed to go quite round it. Having done that, it came beneath the window, and a head looked in. It was strongly relieved against the darkness outside by the glare of the guttering candles. A pale, worn, withered face; the eyes—but that was owing to its gaunt condition—unnaturally large and bright; the hair a grizzled black. It gave a searching glance all round the room, and a deep voice said:

"Are you alone in this house!"

John made no sign, though the question was repeated twice, and he heard it distinctly. After a moment's pause, the man got in at the window. John was not at all surprised at this, either. There had been so much getting in and out of window in the course of the last hour or so, that he had quite forgotten the door, and seemed to have lived among such exercises from infancy.
The man wore a large, dark, faded cloak, and a slouched hat; he walked up close to John, and looked at him. John returned the compliment with interest.

"How long have you been sitting thus?" said the man.

John considered, but nothing came of it.

"Which way have the party gone?"

Some wandering speculations relative to the fashion of the stranger's boots, got into Mr. Willet's mind by some accident or other, but they got out again in a hurry, and left him in his former state.

"You would do well to speak," said the man; "you may keep a whole skin, though you have nothing else left that can be hurt. Which way have the party gone?"

"That!" said John, finding his voice all at once, and nodding with perfect good faith—he couldn't point; he was so tightly bound—in exactly the opposite direction to the right one.

"You lie!" said the man angrily, and with a threatening gesture. "I came that way. You would betray me."

It was so evident that John's imperturbability was not assumed, but was the result of the late proceedings under his roof, that the man stayed his hand in the very act of striking him, and turned away.

John looked after him without so much as a twitch in a single nerve of his face. He seized a glass, and holding it under one of the little casks until a few drops were collected, drank them greedily off; then dashing it down upon the floor impatiently, he took the vessel in his hands and drained it into his
throat. Some scraps of bread and meat were scattered about, and on these he fell next; eating them with great voracity, and pausing every now and then to listen for some fancied noise outside. When he had refreshed himself in this manner with violent haste, and raised another barrel to his lips, he pulled his hat upon his brow as though he were about to leave the house, and turned to John.

"Where are your servants?"

Mr. Willet indistinctly remembered to have heard the rioters calling to them to throw the key of the room in which they were, out of window, for their keeping. He therefore replied, "Locked up."

"Well for them if they remain quiet, and well for you if you do the like," said the man. "Now show me the way the party went."

This time Mr. Willet indicated it correctly. The man was hurrying to the door, when suddenly there came towards them on the wind, the loud and rapid tolling of an alarm bell, and then a bright and vivid glare streamed up, which illumined, not only the whole chamber, but all the country.

It was not the sudden change from darkness to this dreadful light, it was not the sound of distant shrieks and shouts of triumph, it was not this dread invasion of the serenity and peace of night, that drove the man back as though a thunderbolt had struck him. It was the Bell. If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him, he could not have staggered backward from its touch, as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that started from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up into the air, and holding something visionary, back and down, with his other hand, drove at it as though he held a knife and stabbed it to the heart. He clutched his hair, and stopped his cars, and travelled madly round and round; then gave a frightful cry, and with it rushed away: still, still, the Bell tolled on and seemed to follow him—louder and louder, hotter and hotter yet. The glare grew brighter, the roar of voices deeper; the crash of heavy bodies falling, shook the air; bright streams of sparks rose up into the sky; but louder than them all—rising faster far, to Heaven—a million times more fierce and furious—pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead—the Bell—the Bell!

What hunt of spectres could surpass that dread pursuit and flight! Had there been a legion of them on his track, he could have better borne it. They would have had a beginning and an end, but here all space was full. The one pursuing voice was everywhere: it sounded in the earth, the air; shook the long grass, and howled among the trembling trees. The echoes caught it up, the owls hooted as it flew upon the breeze, the nightingale was silent and hid herself among the thickest boughs: it seemed to goad and urge the angry fire, and lash it into madness; everything was steeped in one prevailing red; the glow was everywhere; nature was drenched in blood: still the remorseless crying of that awful voice—the Bell, the Bell!

It ceased; but not in his ears. The knell was at his heart. No work of man had ever voice like that which sounded there, and warned him that it cried unceasingly to Heaven. Who could hear that bell, and not know what
it said! There was murder in its every note—cruel, relentless, savage murder—the murder of a confiding man, by one who held his every trust. Its ringing summoned phantoms from their graves. What face was that, in which a friendly smile changed to a look of half incredulous horror, which stiffened for a moment into one of pain, then changed again into an imploring glance at Heaven, and so fell idly down with upturned eyes, like the dead stag he had often peeped at when a little child: shrinking and shuddering—there was a dreadful thing to think of now!—and clinging to an apron as he looked! He sank upon the ground, and grovelling down as if he would dig himself a place to hide in, covered his face and ears: but no, no, no—a hundred walls and roofs of brass would not shut out that bell, for in it spoke the wrathful voice of God, and from that, the whole wide universe could not afford a refuge!

While he rushed up and down, not knowing where to turn, and while he lay crouching there, the work went briskly on indeed. When they left the May-pole, the rioters formed into a solid body, and advanced at a quick pace to the Warren. Rumour of their approach having gone before, they found the garden doors fast closed, the windows made secure, and the house profoundly dark: not a light being visible in any portion of the building. After some fruitless ringing at the bells, and beating at the iron gates, they drew off a few paces to reconnoitre, and confer upon the course it would be best to take.

Very little conference was needed, when all were bent upon one desperate purpose, infuriated with liquor, and flushed with successful riot. The word being given to surround the house, some climbed the gates, or dropped into the shallow trench and scaled the garden wall, while others pulled down the solid iron fence, and while they made a breach to enter by, made deadly weapons of the bars. The house being completely encircled, a small number of men were despatched to break open a tool-shed in the garden; and during their absence on this errand, the remainder contented themselves with knocking violently at the doors, and calling to those within, to come down and open them on peril of their lives.

No answer being returned to this repeated summons, and the detachment who had been sent away, coming back with an accession of pickaxes, spades, and hoes, they,—together with those who had such arms already, or carried (as many did) axes, poles, and crow-bars,—struggled into the foremost rank, ready to beset the doors and windows. They had not at this time more than a dozen lighted torches among them; but when these preparations were completed, flaming links were distributed and passed from hand to hand with such rapidity, that, in a minute's time, at least two-thirds of the whole roaring mass, bore, each man in his hand, a blazing brand. Whirling these about their heads they raised a loud shout, and fell to work upon the doors and windows.

Amidst the clattering of heavy blows, the rattling of broken glass, the cries and execrations of the mob, and all the din and turmoil of the scene, Hugh and his friends kept together at the turret door where Mr. Haredale had last admitted him and old John Willet; and spent their united force on that. It was a strong old oaken door, guarded by good bolts and a heavy bar, but it soon went crashing in upon the narrow stairs behind, and made, as it were,
A platform to facilitate their tearing up into the rooms above. Almost at the same moment, a dozen other points were forced, and at every one the crowd poured in like water.

A few armed servant-men were posted in the hall, and when the rioters forced an entrance there, they fired some half-a-dozen shots. But these taking no effect, and the concourse coming on like an army of devils, they only thought of consulting their own safety, and retreated, echoing their assailants' cries, and hoping in the confusion to be taken for rioters themselves; in which stratagem they succeeded, with the exception of one old man who was never heard of again, and was said to have had his brains beaten out with an iron bar (one of his fellows reported that he had seen the old man fall), and to have been afterwards burnt in the flames.

The besiegers being now in complete possession of the house, spread themselves over it from garret to cellar, and plied their demon labours fiercely. While some small parties kindled bonfires underneath the windows, others broke up the furniture and cast the fragments down to feed the flames below; where the apertures in the wall (windows no longer) were large enough, they hurled out tables, chests of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures, and flung them whole into the fire; while every fresh addition to the blazing masses was received with shouts, and howls, and yells, which added new and dismal terrors to the conflagration. Those who had axes and had spent their fury on the moveables, chopped and tore down the doors and window frames, broke up the flooring, hewed away the rafters, and buried men who lingered in the upper rooms, in heaps of ruins. Some searched the drawers, the chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and closets for jewels, plate, and money; while others less mindful of gain and more mad for destruction, cast their whole contents into the court-yard without examination, and called to those below, to heap them on the blaze. Men who had been into the cellars, and had staved the casks, rushed to and fro stark mad, setting fire to all they saw—often to the dresses of their own friends—and kindling the building in so many parts that some had no time for escape, and were seen, with drooping hands and blackened faces, hanging senseless on the window-sills to which they had crawled, until they were sucked and drawn into the burning gulf. The more the fire crackled and raged, the wilder and more cruel the men grew; as though moving in that element they became fiends, and changed their earthly nature for the qualities that give delight in hell.

The burning pile, revealing rooms and passages red hot, through gaps made in the crumbling walls; the tributary fires that licked the outer bricks and stones, with their long forked tongues, and ran up to meet the glowing mass within; the shining of the flames upon the villains who looked on and fed them; the roaring of the angry blaze, so bright and high that it seemed in its capacity to have swallowed up the very smoke; the living flakes the wind bore rapidly away and hurried on with, like a storm of fiery snow; the noiseless breaking of great beams of wood, which fell like feathers on the heap of ashes, and crumbled in the very act to sparks and powder; the lurid tinge that overspread the sky, and the darkness, very deep by contrast, which prevailed
around; the exposure to the coarse, common gaze, of every little nook which usages of home had made a sacred place, and the destruction by rude hands of every little household favourite which old associations made a dear and precious thing; all this taking place—not among pitying looks and friendly murmurs of compassion, but brutal shouts and exultations, which seemed to make the very rats who stood by the old house too long, creatures with some claim upon the pity and regard of those its roof had sheltered:—combined to form a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it and were not actors in the work, so long as life endured.

And who were they? The alarm-bell rang—and it was pulled by no faint or hesitating hands—for a long time; but not a soul was seen. Some of the insurgents said that when it ceased, they heard the shrieks of women, and saw some garments fluttering in the air, as a party of men bore away no resisting burdens. No one could say that this was true or false, in such an uproar; but where was Hugh? Who among them had seen him, since the forcing of the doors? The cry spread through the body. Where was Hugh?

"Here!" he hoarsely cried, appearing from the darkness; out of breath, and blackened with the smoke. "We have done all we can; the fire is burning itself out; and even the corners where it hasn't spread, are nothing but heaps of ruins. Disperse my lads, while the coast's clear; get back by different ways; and meet as usual!" With that he disappeared again,—contrary to his wont, for he was always first to advance, and last to go away,—leaving them to follow homewards as they would.

It was not an easy task to draw off such a throng. If Bedlam gates had been flung open wide, there would not have issued forth such maniacs as the frenzy of that night had made. There were men there, who danced and trampled on the beds of flowers as though they trod down human enemies; and wrenched them from the stalks, like savages who twisted human necks. There were men who cast their lighted torches in the air, and suffered them to fall upon their heads and faces, blistering the skin with deep unseemly burns. There were men who rushed up to the fire, and paddled in it with their hands as if in water; and others who were restrained by force from plunging in, to gratify their deadly longing. On the skull of one drunken lad—not twenty, by his looks—who lay upon the ground with a bottle to his mouth, the lead from the roof came streaming down in a shower of liquid fire, white hot; melting his head like wax. When the scattered parties were collected, men—living yet, but singed as with hot irons—were plucked out of the cellars, and carried off upon the shoulders of others, who strove to wake them as they went along, with ribald jokes, and left them, dead, in the passages of hospitals. But of all the howling throng not one learnt mercy from, or sickened at, these sights; nor was the fierce, besotted, senseless rage of one man glutted.

Slowly, and in small clusters, with hoarse hurrahs and repetitions of their usual cry, the assembly dropped away. The last few red-eyed stragglers reeled after those who had gone before; the distant noise of men calling to each other, and whistling for others whom they missed, grew fainter and fainter; at length even these sounds died away, and silence reigned alone.
 Silence indeed! The glare of the flames had sunk into a fitful, flashing light; and the gentle stars, invisible till now, looked down upon the blackening heap. A dull smoke hung upon the ruin, as though to hide it from those eyes of Heaven; and the wind forbore to move it. Bare walls, roof open to the sky—chambers, where the beloved dead had many and many a fair day risen to new life and energy; where so many dear ones had been sad and merry; which were connected with so many thoughts and hopes, regrets and changes—all gone. Nothing left but a dull and dreary blank—a smouldering heap of dust and ashes—the silence and solitude of utter desolation.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

The Maypole cronies, little dreaming of the change so soon to come upon their favourite haunt, struck through the Forest path upon their way to London; and avoiding the main road, which was hot and dusty, kept to the bye paths and the fields. As they drew nearer to their destination, they began to make inquiries of the people whom they passed, concerning the riots, and the truth or falsehood of the stories they had heard. The answers went far beyond any intelligence that had spread to quiet Chigwell. One man told them that that afternoon the Guards, conveying to Newgate some rioters who had been re-examined, had been set upon by the mob and compelled to retreat; another, that the houses of two witnesses near Clare Market were about to be pulled down when he came away; another, that Sir George Saville’s house in Leicester Fields was to be burned that night, and that it would go hard with Sir George if he fell into the people’s hands, as it was he who had brought in the Catholic bill. All accounts agreed that the mob were out, in stronger numbers and more numerous parties than had yet appeared; that the streets were unsafe; that no man’s house or life was worth an hour’s purchase; that the public consternation was increasing every moment; and that many families had already fled the city. One fellow who wore the popular colour, damned them for not having cockades in their hats, and bade them set a good watch to-morrow-night upon the prison doors, for the locks would have a straining; another asked if they were fire-proof, that they walked abroad without the distinguishing mark of all good and true men; and a third who rode on horseback, and was quite alone, ordered them to throw, each man a shilling, in his hat, towards the support of the rioters. Although they were afraid to refuse compliance with this demand, and were much alarmed by these reports, they agreed, having come so far, to go forward, and see the real state of things with their own eyes. So they pushed on quicker, as men do who are excited by portentous news; and ruminating on what they had heard, spoke little to each other.

It was now night, and as they came nearer to the city they had dismal confirmation of this intelligence in three great fires, all close together, which burnt fiercely and were gloomily reflected in the sky. Arriving in the immediate suburbs, they found that almost every house had chalked upon its door in large characters “No Popery,” that the shops were shut, and that alarm and anxiety were depicted in every face they passed.
Noting these things with a degree of apprehension which neither of the three cared to impart, in its full extent, to his companions, they came to a turnpike gate, which was shut. They were passing through the turnstile on the path, when a horseman rode up from London at a hard gallop, and called to the toll-keeper in a voice of great agitation, to open quickly in the name of God.

The adjuration was so earnest and vehement, that the man, with a lantern in his hand, came running out—toll-keeper though he was—and was about to throw the gate open, when happening to look behind him, he exclaimed, “Good Heaven, what’s that! Another Fire!”

At this, the three turned their heads, and saw in the distance—straight in the direction whence they had come—a broad sheet of flame, casting a threatening light upon the clouds, which glimmered as though the conflagration were behind them, and showed like a wrathful sunset.

“My mind misgives me,” said the horseman, “or I know from what far building those flames come. Don’t stand aghast, my good fellow. Open the gate!”

“Sir,” cried the man, laying his hand upon his horse’s bridle as he let him through: “I know you now, sir; be advised by me; do not go on. I saw them pass, and know what kind of men they are. You will be murdered.”

“So be it!” said the horseman, looking intently towards the fire, and not at him who spoke.

“But Sir—Sir,” cried the man, grasping at his rein more tightly yet, “if you do go on, wear the blue riband. Here, sir,” he added, taking one from his own hat, and speaking so earnestly that the tears stood in his eyes: “it’s necessity, not choice, that makes me wear it; it’s love of life and home, sir. Wear it for this one night, sir; only for this one night.”

“Do I?” cried the three friends, pressing round his horse. “Mr. Haredale—worthy sir—good gentleman—pray be persuaded.”

“Who’s that?” cried Mr. Haredale, stooping down to look. “Did I hear Daisy’s voice?”

“You did, sir,” cried the little man. “Do be persuaded, sir. This gentle-
man says very true. Your life may hang upon it.”

“Are you,” said Mr. Haredale abruptly, “afraid to come with me?”

“I, sir!—N-n-no.”

“Put that riband in your hat. If we meet the rioters, swear that I took you prisoner for wearing it. I will tell them so with my own lips; for as I hope for mercy when I die, I will take no quarter from them, nor shall they have quarter from me, if we come hand to hand to-night. Up here—behind me—quick! Clasp me tight round the body, and fear nothing.”

In an instant they were riding away, at full gallop, in a dense cloud of dust, and speeding on like hunters in a dream.

It was well the good horse knew the road he traversed, for never once—no, never once in all the journey—did Mr. Haredale cast his eyes upon the ground, or turn them, for an instant, from the light towards which they sped so madly. Once he said in a low voice “It is my house,” but that was the only time he spoke. When they came to dark and doubtful places, he never forgot to put his hand upon the little man to hold him more securely on his seat, but he kept his head erect and his eyes fixed on the fire, then, and always.
The road was dangerous enough, for they went the nearest way—headlong—far from the highway—by lonely lanes and paths, where waggon-wheels had worn deep ruts; where hedge and ditch hemmed in the narrow strip of ground; and tall trees, arching overhead, made it profoundly dark. But on, on, on, with neither stop nor stumblle, till they reached the Maypole door, and could plainly see that the Fire began to fade, as if for want of fuel.

"Down—for one moment—for but one moment," said Mr. Haredale, helping Daisy to the ground, and following himself. "Willet—Willet—where are my niece and servants—Willet!"

Crying out to him distractedly, he rushed into the bar.—The landlord bound and fastened to his chair; the place dismantled, stripped, and pulled about his ears;—nobody could have taken shelter here.

He was a strong man, accustomed to restrain himself, and suppress his strong emotions; but this preparation for what was to follow—though he had seen that fire burning, and knew that his house must be razed to the ground—was more than he could bear. He covered his face with his hands for a moment, and turned away his head.

"Johnny, Johnny," said Solomon—and the simple-hearted fellow cried out-right, and wrung his hands—"Oh dear old Johnny, here's a change. That the Maypole bar should come to this, and we should live to see it! The old Warren too, Johnny—Mr. Haredale—oh, Johnny, what a piteous sight this is!"

Pointing to Mr. Haredale as he said these words, little Solomon Daisy put his elbows on the back of Mr. Willet's chair, and fairly blubbered on his shoulder.

While Solomon was speaking, old John sat, mute as a stock-fish, staring at him with an unearthly glare, and displaying, by every possible symptom, entire and most complete unconsciousness. But when Solomon was silent again, John followed, with his great round eyes, the direction of his looks, and did appear to have some dawning distant notion that somebody had come to see him.

"You know us, don't you, Johnny?" said the little clerk, rapping himself on the breast. "Daisy, you know—Chigwell Church—bell-ringer—little desk on Sundays—eh, Johnny?"

Mr. Willet reflected for a few moments, and then muttered, as it were mechanically: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of—"

"Yes, to be sure," cried the little man, hastily; "that's it—that's me, Johnny. You're all right now, ain't you? Say you're all right, Johnny."

"All right?" pondered Mr. Willet, as if that were a matter entirely between himself and his conscience. "All right? Ah!"

"They haven't been misusing you with sticks, or pokers, or any other blunt instruments—have they, Johnny?" asked Solomon, with a very anxious glance at Mr. Willet's head. "They didn't beat you, did they?"

John knitted his brow; looked downwards, as if he were mentally engaged in some arithmetical calculation; then upwards, as if the total would not come at his call; then at Solomon Daisy, from his eyebrow to his shoe-buckle; then very slowly round the bar. And then a great, round, leader-looking, and not at all transparent tear, came rolling out of each eye, and he said, as he shook his head:

"If they'd only had the goodness to murder me, I'd have thanked 'em kindly."
"No, no, no, don't say that, Johnny," whimpered his little friend. "It's very—very bad, but not quite so bad as that. No, no!
"
"Look'ee here, sir!" cried John, turning his rueful eyes on Mr. Haredale, who had dropped on one knee, and was hastily beginning to untie his bonds.
"Look'ee here, sir! The very Maypole—the old dumb Maypole—stares in at the window, as if it said, 'John Willet, John Willet, let's go and pitch ourselves in the highest pool of water as is deep enough to hold us; for our day is over!'
"
"Don't, Johnny, don't," cried his friend: no less affected by his mournful effort of Mr. Willet's imagination, than by the sepulchral tone in which he had spoken for the Maypole. "Please don't, Johnny!"
"Your loss is great, and your misfortune a heavy one," said Mr. Haredale, looking restlessly towards the door: "and this is not a time to comfort you. If it were, I am in no condition to do so. Before I leave you, tell me one thing, and try to tell me truly and plainly, I implore you. Have you seen, or heard of Emma?"
"No!" said Mr. Willet.
"Nor any one, but these blood-hounds?"
"No!"
"They rode away, I trust in Heaven, before these dreadful scenes began," said Mr. Haredale, who, between his agitation, his eagerness to mount his horse again, and the dexterity with which the cords were tied, had scarcely yet undone one knot. "A knife, Daisy."
"You didn't," said John, looking about, as though he had lost his pocket-handkerchief or some such slight article—"either of you gentlemen—see a— a coffin anywhere, did you?"
"Willet!" cried Mr. Haredale. Solomon dropped the knife, and instantly becoming limp from head to foot, exclaimed "Good gracious!"
"—Because," said John, not at all regarding them, "a dead man called a little time ago, on his way yonder. I could have told you what name was on the plate, if he had brought his coffin with him, and left it behind. If he didn't, it don't signify."
His landlord, who had listened to these words with breathless attention, started that moment to his feet; and, without a word, drew Solomon Daisy to the door, mounted his horse, took him up behind again, and flew rather than galloped towards the pile of ruins, which that day's sun had shone upon, a stately house. Mr. Willet stared after them, listened, looked down upon himself to make quite sure that he was still unbound, and, without any manifestation of impatience, disappointment, or surprise, gently relapsed into the condition from which he had so imperfectly recovered.
Mr. Haredale tied his horse to the trunk of a tree, and grasping his companion's arm, stole softly along the footpath, and into what had been the garden of his house. He stopped for an instant to look upon its smoking walls, and at the stars that shone through roof and floor upon the heap of crumbling ashes. Solomon glanced timidly in his face, but his lips were tightly pressed together, a resolute and stern expression sat upon his brow, and not a tear, a look, or gesture indicating grief, escaped him.
He drew his sword; felt for a moment in his breast, as though he carried other arms about him; then grasping Solomon by the wrist again, went with a cautious step all round the house. He looked into every doorway and gap in the wall; retraced his steps at every rustling of the air among the leaves; and searched in every shadowed nook with outstretched hands. Thus they made the circuit of the building: but they returned to the spot from which they had set out, without encountering any human being, or finding the least trace of any concealed straggler.

After a short pause, Mr. Harodalo shouted twice or thrice. Then cried aloud, “Is there any one in hiding here, who knows my voice! There is nothing to fear now. If any of my people are near, I entreat them to answer!” He called them all by name; his voice was echoed in many mournful tones; then all was silent as before.

They were standing near the foot of the turret, where the alarm-bell hung. The fire had raged there, and the floors had been sawn, and hewn, and beaten down, besides. It was open to the night; but a part of the staircase still remained, winding upwards from a great mound of dust and cinders. Fragments of the jagged and broken steps offered an insecure and giddy footing here and there, and then were lost again, behind protruding angles of the wall, or in the deep shadows cast upon it by other portions of the ruin; for by this time the moon had risen, and shone brightly.

As they stood here, listening to the echoes as they died away, and hoping in vain to hear a voice they knew, some of the ashes in this turret slipped and rolled down. Startled by the least noise in that melancholy place, Solomon looked up at his companion’s face, and saw that he had turned towards the spot, and that he watched and listened keenly. He covered the little man’s mouth with his hand, and looked again. Instantly, with kindling eyes, he bade him on his life keep still, and neither speak nor move. Then holding his breath, and stooping down, he stooped into the turret, with his drawn sword in his hand, and disappeared.

Terrified to be left there by himself, under such desolate circumstances, and after all he had seen and heard that night, Solomon would have followed, but there had been something in Mr. Haradale’s manner and his look, the recollection of which held him spell-bound. He stood rooted to the spot; and scarcely venturing to breathe, looked up with mingled fear and wonder.

Again the ashes slipped and rolled—very, very softly—again—and then again, as though they crumbled underneath the tread of a stealthy foot. And now a figure was dimly visible; climbing very softly; and often stopping to look down: now it pursued its difficult way; and now it was hidden from the view again.

It emerged once more, into the shadowy and uncertain light—higher now, but not much, for the way was steep and toilsome, and its progress very slow. What phantom of the brain did he pursue; and why did he look down so constantly. He knew he was alone? Surely his mind was not affected by that night’s loss and agony. He was not about to throw himself headlong from the summit of the tottering wall. Solomon turned sick, and clasped his hands. His limbs trembled beneath him, and a cold sweat broke out upon his pallid face.
If he complied with Mr. Haredale’s last injunction now, it was because he had not the power to speak or move. He strained his gaze, and fixed it on a patch of moonlight, into which, if he continued to ascend, he must soon emerge. When he appeared there, he would try to call to him.

Again the ashes slipped and crumbled; some stones rolled down, and fell with a dull heavy sound upon the ground below. He kept his eyes upon the piece of moonlight. The figure was coming on, for its shadow was already thrown upon the wall. Now it appeared—and now looked round at him—and now—

The horror-stricken clerk uttered a scream that pierced the air, and cried “The ghost again! The ghost!”

Long before the echo of that cry had died away, another form rushed out into the light, flung itself upon the foremost one, knelt down upon its breast, and clutched its throat with both hands.

“Villain!” cried Mr. Haredale, in a terrible voice—for it was he. “Dead and buried, as all men supposed through your infernal arts, but reserved by Heaven for this—at last—at last—I have you. You, whose hands are red with my brother’s blood, and that of his faithful servant, shed to conceal your own atrocious guilt—You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God, who has delivered you into my hands. Nay. Though you had the strength of twenty men,” he added, as he writhed and struggled, “you could not escape me, or loosen my grasp to-night!”
A CHROMATIC TELESCOPES.

Warranted unequalled by any other house at the price. On receipt of an order, the tourist or sensible visitor will be without delay.

A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off at 20 6.
A pocket telescope to show objects 12 miles off at 3 0.
A pocket telescope to show objects 18 miles off at 4 0.
A pocket telescope to show objects 20 miles off at 5 0.

Price 3s. 6d., handsomely bound, (post-free 3s. extra.) correct to July 1841. 160 pages.

The VISITORS GUIDE TO THE WATERING-PLACES.

Describing every object of Interest and Attraction at the various places of Summer resort.


Just published, price 1s. 6d.

A SELF-INSTRUCTING FRENCH GRAMMAR, by the French Master at Greenwich Academy, Sandy, Author of "Sketches in France." Editor of "The Student," &c. Consisting of Twenty Pages of Latin Lessons, wherein the Parts of Speech, with all the Verbs, are explained by conversational phrases, calculated to render the Speaking of French easy to English Persons.

London: Hugh Cunningham, 57, Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

Price 2s. 6d. (post-free 2s. 6d. extra), never before published.

A GUIDE TO ONE HUNDRED SOCIETIES FOR LENDING MONEY, ON PERSONAL SECURITY ALONE.


Published by Longman & Co., in 4to., with Plates & Cases, price 1l. 2s. 6d. &c., &c.

The VISITORS GUIDE TO THE SIGHTS OF LONDON, GRAND, AND OTHERWISE.


PARKER and CO., Hat Manufacturers, 86, Queen street, Chiswick. The only place in London where a single BEANSER HAT can be had at the wholesale price, is at their warehouse, 56, Queen-street, six doors from Chiswick.

PARIS Velvet caps and Grenade Hats in the same terms, from 1s. 6d. upwards.

PRINCIPAL MANUFACTURERS TO HIS ROYAL HIGNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

RIDING WHIPS, from Five Stallions to Ten

Guineas each, at W. & J. SANGER's, 1st, Regent-street, and 3d, Fleet-street—manufacturers of the London Cavalry, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 9th Light Dragoons, 14th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 22nd, 34th, 42nd, 52nd, and 72nd Regiments, &c.

CHICOREE, which has long been pronounced by the Faculty to be wholesome, nutritious, and cooling to the blood—through the kindness of the proprietors of the best quality, the publisher has acquired and maintained its pre-eminent in the art of Coffee-making—and in its medicinal and therapeutic properties of which the public are becoming daily convinced, may be obtained (post-free) from J. H. Tuten, 39, Oxford Street, at 3d. per lb.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.—It is an undeniable fact that MECHI, of No. 4, Leadenhall Street, London, is telling famous TOY ON THE BLIND man each, the best PHELPS at One Shilling each, and all other things in proportion, proving that he oils the best elegant eye in England, he is determined to stick to his old principles of good articles and small profits, for ready money. Here may be sent the economic of JACOBS with a Dressing-Case at 80 Guineas, or one at Shillings, complete. MECHI's stock of Paper Marial Goods is the most complete in the country. His general stock comprises everything for the Dressing and Work Table, all kinds of Table and small Cutlery, Sheffield Plate, and an immense variety of articles suited for presents either for Ladies or Gentlemen. Comprehensive Catalogues may be had gratis. A very large assortment of Leather Writing Rolls, and reservoir and monogamy slips. MARICAR'S Magic Strips, Flats, and Raters, are sold by nearly all respectable parlers throughout the kingdom. Some splendid specimens of Ladies' Cachalots in Paper Maché, at 4s. each. Ivory Uxemmen and Icing, Chocolates, Brandy Toffee, &c. &c.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW WORK EDITED BY BOZ.

Now ready, and to be had of all Booksellers, in 3 vols. post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, F.R.A.S.

THE PIC NIC PAPERS.

BY VARIOUS HANDS.

EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ. (BOZ.)

HENRY Colburn, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

ON EVERY SPORTMAN'S AND EPICURE'S TABLE.

THORN'S TALLY-HO! SAUCE,

For Fish, Game, Steaks, Chops, and General purposes, as Soups, Gravies, &c., stands unrivalled for zest and economy, in Bottles 2s. and 4s. each. Also,

THORN'S POTTED YARMOUTH BLOATERS,

For Toast, Biscuits, Sandwiches, and as a relish for Wine, are allowed by the late Epicures to be the greatest luxury ever prepared. In Pots 1s. and 2s. each. Warehouse, 222, High Holborn; and at all Sauce-retailers.

EIGHTEENTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 12mo, price 3s. boards,

SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIL." (PHILIP CRUIKSHANK).

FIFTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 12mo, price 3s. boards,

SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIL."

In One Volume, small 12mo, price 3s. boards,

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.

By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen."

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIL."

SECOND EDITION, with Additions. In One Volume, small 12mo, price 3s. 6d. boards.

THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING.

By the late Captain BERNARD WRIGHTSMAN.

Knight of every Order or the Fene, S. C. A. M. P. and C. U. R.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIL."

THE PIC NIC PAPERS.

By the late Captain BERNARD WRIGHTSMAN.

Knight of every Order or the Fene, S. C. A. M. P. and C. U. R.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIL."

Second Edition, with Additions. In One Volume, small 12mo, price 3s. 6d. boards.

POCKET TRAVELLING MAPS,

WITH THE RAILWAYS CORRECTLY LAID DOWN, AS FAR AS THEY AT PRESENT EXTEND.

Mounted in Cases adapted to the Wallet Pocket, 1s. 6d. each.

MAPS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES.

ENGRAVED BY SIDNEY HALL.

ENGLISH TRAVELLING MAPS.

WITH THE MAIL AND COACH ROADS CORRECTLY COLOURED.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS, double the size of the above.

YORKSHIRE, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

A NEW EDITION, with all the New Lines of Railroad correctly laid down, price 4s. mounted in a case.

A MAP OF THE INLAND COMMUNICATION,

Showing the Course of all the Canals, Railroads, and Navigable Rivers in England and Scotland.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, STRAND.

TRADE MARK AND EMBLEM, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.