1841

Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 87

Charles Dickens

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MOTHER 
HUMPHREY'S 
CLOCK

BY "BOZ."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1841.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTENMOLE & H. K. BROWN.

BARNABY RUDGE.

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Bookstalls and Newsellers.
TO THE 

READERS OF "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

DEAR FRIENDS,

NEXT NOVEMBER, WE SHALL HAVE FINISHED THE TALE, ON WHICH WE ARE AT PRESENT ENGAGED; AND SHALL HAVE TRAVELLED TOGETHER THROUGH TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS, AND EIGHTY-SEVEN WEEKLY NUMBERS. IT IS MY DESIGN, WHEN WE HAVE GONE SO FAR, TO CLOSE THIS WORK. LET ME TELL YOU WHY.

I SHOULD NOT REGARD THE ANXIETY, THE CLOSE CONFINEMENT, OR THE CONSTANT ATTENTION, INEXPIRABLE FROM THE WEEKLY FORM OF PUBLICATION (FOR TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU, IN ANY FORM, IS TO ME A LABOUR OF LOVE), IF I HAD NOT CONSIDERED IT ADVOANTAGES IN THE CONDUCT OF MY STORY, THE ELUCIDATION OF MY MEANING, AND THE GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF MY CHARACTERS. BUT I HAVE NOT DONE SO. I HAVE OFTEN FELT ENRAGED WITH MYSELF, AND CONFUSED TO REMEMBER ME, IN THE VICISSITUDES AND HARRASSING DEGREES, BY THE SPACE IN WHICH I HAVE BEEN CONSTRAINED TO MOVE. I HAVE WANTED YOU TO KNOW MORE AT ONCE THAN I COULD TELLS YOU; AND IT HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO MY CHERISHED INTENTION, THAT YOU SHOULD DO SO. I HAVE BEEN SOMETIMES STRONGLY TEMPTED (AND HAVE BEEN AT SOME TIMES TO RESIST THE TEMPTATION) TO HURRY INCIDENTS ON, LEAST THEY SHOULD APPEAR TO YOU, AS THEY WERE SLOW, AND HAD NOT, LIKE ME, THE RESULT AND PURPOSE IN YOUR MINDS, TOO LONG DELAYED. IN A WORD, I HAVE FOUND THIS FORM OF PUBLICATION MOST ANNOYING, PLEASANT, AND DIFFICULT. I CANNOT BEAR THESE JERKING CONFIDENCES WHICH ARE NO SOONER BEGUN THAN ENDED, AND NO SOONER ENDED THAN BEGUN AGAIN.

MANY PAGES IN A TALE OF ANY LENGTH, DEPEND MATERIALLY FOR THEIR INTEREST ON THE INTIMATE RELATION THEY BEAR TO WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE, OR TO WHAT IS TO FOLLOW. I SOMETIMES FOUND IT DIFFICULT WHEN I ISSUED THIRTY-TWO CLOSELY PRINTED PAGES ONCE A MONTH, TO SUSTAIN IN YOUR MINDS THIS NEEDFUL CONNECTION IN THE PRESENT FORM OF PUBLICATION IT IS OFTEN, ESPECIALLY IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A STORY, QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO PRESERVE IT SUFFICIENTLY THROUGH THE CURRENT NUMBERS. AND ALTHOUGH IN MY PROGRESS I AM GRADUALLY ABLE TO SET YOU RIGHT, AND TO SHOW YOU WHAT MY MEANING HAS BEEN, AND TO WORK IT OUT, I SEE NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD EVER BE WRONG WHEN I HAVE IT IN MY POWER, BY RESORTING TO A BETTER MEANS OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN US, TO PREVENT IT.

CONSIDERATIONS OF IMMEDIATE PROFIT AND ADVANTAGE, OUGHT, IN SUCH A CASE, TO BE OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE. THEY WOULD LEAD ME, AT ALL HAZARDS, TO HOLD MY PRESENT COURSE. BUT FOR THE REASONS I HAVE JUST NOTICED, I HAVE, AFTER LONG CONSIDERATION, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE NEXT TALE I HEAR IN MY MIND, ARRIVED AT THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WILL BE BETTER TO ABANDON THIS SCHEME OF PUBLICATION, IN FAVOUR OF OUR OLD AND WELL-TRIED PLAN, WHICH HAS ONLY TWELVE GAPS IN A YEAR, INSTEAD OF FIFTY-TWO.

THEREFORE, MY INTENTION IS TO CLOSE THIS STORY (WITH THE LIMITS OF WHICH I AM, OF COURSE, BY THIS TIME ACQUainted), AND THIS WORK, WITHIN, OR AT ABOUT, THE PERIOD I HAVE MENTIONED. I SHOULD ADD, THAT FOR THE GENERAL CONVENIENCE OF SUBSCRIBERS, ANOTHER VOLUME OF COLLECTED NUMBERS WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, UNTIL THE WHOLE IS BROUGHT TO A CONCLUSION.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE RENSITY WHICH THE CLOSE OF THIS WORK WILL AFFORD ME, I HAVE DECIDED, IN JANUARY NEXT, TO PAY A VISIT TO AMERICA. THE PLEASURE I ANTICIPATE FROM THIS REALIZATION OF A WISH I HAVE LONG ENTERTAINED, AND LONG HOPED TO GRATIFY, IS MULLED BY THE REFUSAL THAT IT MUST SEPARATE AS FOR A LONGER TIME THAN OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES WOULD HAVE RenderED NECESSARY.

ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO, PURPOSE, IF IT PLEASE GOD, TO COMMENCE MY NEW BOOK IN MONTHLY PARTS, UNDER THE OLD GREEN COVER, IN THE OLD SIZE AND FORM, AND AT THE OLD PRICE.

I LOOK FORWARD TO ADDRESSING A FEW MORE WORDS TO YOU, IN REFERENCE TO THIS LATTER THEME, BEFORE I CLOSE THE TASK ON WHICH I AM NOW ENGAGED. IF THERE BE ANY AMONG THE NUMEROUS READERS OF MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK WHO ARE, AT FIRST, DISAPPOINTED WITH THE PROSPECT OF THIS CHANGE—and it is not unnatural almost to hope there may be some—I TRUST THEY WILL, AT NO SOONER DISTANT DATE, FIND REASON TO AGREE WITH

ITS AUTHOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR TAKING LEAVE, I FIND THAT THE WORDS I HAVE TO ADD ARE VERY FEW INDEED.

WE PART UNTIL NEXT NOVEMBER. IT IS A LONG PARTING BETWEEN US, BUT IF I HAVE LEFT YOU ANYTHING BY WHICH TO REMEMBER ME, IN THE MEAN WHILE, WITH NO UNKIND OR DISTANT FEELING—ANYTHING BY WHICH I MAY BE ASSOCIATED IN SPIRIT WITH YOUR FRIENDS, LIVES, AND BLAMELESS PLEASURES—I AM HAPPY.

BELIEVE ME IT HAS EVER BEEN MY TRUE DESIRE TO ADD TO THE COMMON STOCK OF HEALTHFUL CHEERFULNESS, GOOD HUMOUR, AND GOOD WILL. AND TRUST ME, THAT WHEN I RETURN TO ENGLAND, AND TO ANOTHER TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE AND MANNERS, I SHALL NOT SLEEP IN THE MEANWHILE.

I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF THANKING ALL THOSE WHO HAVE ADDRESSED ME BY LETTER SINCE THE APPEARANCE OF THE FORTHCOMING ANNOUNCEMENT; AND OF EXPRESSING A HOPE THAT THEY WILL REST CONTENTED WITH THIS FORM OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT, AS THEIR NUMBER MANDATES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO ANSWER THEM INDIVIDUALLY.

I BID FAREWELL TO THEM AND ALL MY READERS, WITH A REGRET LIKE THAT WE FEEL IN TAKING LEAVE OF FRIENDS, WHO HAVE BECOME ACQUAINTED TO US BY LONG AND CLOSE COMMUNICATION; AND I LOOK FORWARD WITH TRUTHFULNESS AND PLEASURE TO OUR NEXT MEETING.

NOVEMBER, 1841.
CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-FIRST.

Another month had passed, and the end of August had nearly come, when Mr. Haredale stood alone in the mail-coach office at Bristol. Although but a few weeks had intervened since his conversation with Edward Chester and his niece, in the locksmith's house, and he had made no change, in the mean time, in his accustomed style of dress, his appearance was greatly altered. He looked much older, and more care-worn. Violent agitation and anxiety of mind scatter wrinkles and grey hairs with no unsparing hand; but deeper traces follow on the silent uprooting of old habits, and severing of dear, familiar ties. The affections are not so easily wounded as the passions, but their hurts are deeper, and more lasting. He was now a solitary man, and the heart within him was dreary and lonesome.

He was not the less alone for having spent so many years in seclusion and retirement. This was no better preparation than a round of social cheerfulness: perhaps it even increased the keenness of his sensibility. He had been so dependent upon her for companionship and love; she had come to be so much a part and parcel of his existence; they had had so many cares and thoughts in common, which no one else had shared; that losing her was beginning life anew, and being required to summon up the hope and elasticity of youth, amid the doubts, distrusts, and weakened energies of age.

The effort he had made to part from her with seeming cheerfulness and hope—and they had parted only yesterday—left him the more depressed. With these feelings, he was about to revisit London for the last time, and look once more upon the walls of their old home, before turning his back upon it, for ever.

The journey was a very different one in those days from what the present generation find it; but it came to an end, as the longest journey will, and he stood again in the streets of the metropolis. He lay at the inn where the coach stopped, and resolved, before he went to bed, that he would make his arrival known to no one; would spend but another night in London; and would spare himself the pang of parting even with the honest locksmith.

Such conditions of the mind as that to which he was a prey when he lay down to rest, are favourable to the growth of disordered fancies, and uneasy visions. He knew this, even in the horror with which he started from his first sleep, and threw up the window to dispel it by the presence of some object, beyond the room, which had not been, as it were, the witness of his dream. But it was not a new terror of the night; it had been present to him before, in many shapes; it had haunted him in bygone times; and visited his pillow again and again. If it had been but an ugly object, a childish spectre, haunting his sleep, its return, in its old form, might have awakened a momentary sensation of fear, which, almost in the act of waking, would have passed away. This disquiet, however, lingered about him, and would yield to nothing. When he

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closed his eyes again, he felt it hovering near; as he slowly sunk into a slumber, he was conscious of its gathering strength and purpose, and gradually assuming its recent shape; when he sprang up from his bed, the same phantom vanished from his heated brain, and left him filled with a dread against which reason and waking thought were powerless.

The sun was up before he could shake it off. He rose late, but not refreshed, and remained within doors all that day. He had a fancy for paying his last visit to the old spot in the evening, for he had been accustomed to walk there at that season, and desired to see it under the aspect that was most familiar to him. At such an hour as would afford him time to reach it a little before sunset, he left the inn, and turned into the busy street.

He had not gone far, and was thoughtfully making his way among the noisy crowd, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning, recognised one of the waiters from the inn, who begged his pardon, but he had left his sword behind him.

"Why have you brought it to me?" he asked, stretching out his hand, and yet not taking it from the man, but looking at him in a disturbed and agitated manner.

The man was sorry to have disobliged him, and would carry it back again. The gentleman had said that he was going a little way into the country, and that he might not return till late. The roads were not very safe for single travellers after dark; and since the riots, gentlemen had been more careful than ever not to trust themselves unarmed in lonely places. "We thought you were a stranger, sir," he added, "and that you might believe our roads to be better than they are; but perhaps you know them well, and carry fire-arms—"

He took the sword, and putting it up at his side, thanked the man, and resumed his walk.

It was long remembered that he did this in a manner so strange, and with such a trembling hand, that the messenger stood looking after his retreating figure, doubtful whether he ought not to follow, and watch him. It was long remembered that he had been heard pacing his bed-room in the dead of the night; that the attendants had mentioned to each other in the morning, how fevered and how pale he looked; and that when this man went back to the inn, he told a fellow-servant that what he had observed in this short interview lay very heavy on his mind, and that he feared the gentleman intended to destroy himself, and would never come back alive.

With a half consciousness that his manner had attracted the man's attention (remembering the expression of his face when they parted), Mr. Haredale quickened his steps; and arriving at a stand of coaches, bargained with the driver of the best to carry him so far on his road as the point where the footway struck across the fields, and to await his return at a house of entertainment which was within a stone's-throw of that place. Arriving there in due course, he alighted and pursued his way on foot.

He passed so near the Maypole, that he could see its smoke rising from among the trees, while a flock of pigeons—some of its old inhabitants, doubt-
less—sailed gaily home to roost, between him and the unclouded sky. "The old house will brighten up now," he said, as he looked towards it, and there will be a merry fireside beneath its ivied roof. It is some comfort to know that everything will not be blighted hereabouts. I shall be glad to have one picture of life and cheerfulness to turn to!"

He resumed his walk, and bent his steps towards the Warren. It was a clear, calm, silent evening, with hardly a breath of wind to stir the leaves, or any sound to break the stillness of the time, but drowsy sheep-bells tinkling in the distance, and at intervals the far-off lowing of cattle, or bark of village dogs. The sky was radiant with the softened glory of sunset; and on the earth, and in the air, a deep repose prevailed. At such an hour, he arrived at the deserted mansion which had been his home so long, and looked for the last time upon its blackened walls.

The ashes of the commonest fire are melancholy things, for in them there is an image of death and ruin,—of something that has been bright, and is but dull, cold, dreary dust,—with which our nature forces us to sympathise. How much more sad the crumbled embers of a home: the casting down of that great altar, where the worst among us sometimes perform the worship of the heart; and where the best have offered up such sacrifices, and done such deeds of heroism as, chronicled, would put the proudest temples of old Time, with all their vaunting annals, to the blush!

He roused himself from a long train of meditation, and walked slowly round the house. It was by this time almost dark.

He had nearly made the circuit of the building, when he uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, started, and stood still. Reclining, in an easy attitude, with his back against a tree, and contemplating the ruin with an expression of exquisite pleasure,—a pleasure so keen that it overcame his habitual indolence and command of feature, and displayed itself utterly free from all restraint or reserve,—before him, on his own ground, and triumphing over him then, as he had done in every misfortune and disappointment of his life, there stood the man whose presence, of all mankind, in any place, and least of all in that, he could the least endure.

Although his blood so rose against this man, and his wrath so stirred within him, that he could have struck him dead, he put such fierce constraint upon himself that he passed him without a word or look. Yes, and he would have gone on, and not turned, though to resist the Devil who poured such hot temptation in his brain, required an effort scarcely human, if this man had not himself summoned him to stop: and that, with an assumed compassion in his voice which drove him well-nigh mad, and in an instant routed all the self-command it had been anguish—acute, poignant anguish—to sustain.

All consideration, reflection, mercy, forbearance; everything by which a goaded man can curb his rage and passion; fled from him as he turned back. And yet he said, slowly and quite calmly—far more calmly than he had ever spoken to him before:

"Why have you called to me!"
"To remark," said Sir John Chester with his wonted composure, "what an odd chance it is, that we should meet here!"

"It is a strange chance."

"Strange! The most remarkable and singular thing in the world. I never ride in the evening; I have not done so for years. The whim seized me, quite unconscionably, in the middle of last night.—How very picturesque this is!"—He pointed, as he spoke, to the dismantled house, and raised his glass to his eye.

"You praise your own work very freely."

Sir John let fall his glass; inclined his face towards him with an air of the most courteous inquiry; and slightly shook his head as though he were remarking to himself, "I fear this animal is going mad!"

"I say you praise your own work very freely," repeated Mr. Haredale.

"Work!" echoed Sir John, looking smilingly round. "Mine!—I beg your pardon, I really beg your pardon—"

"Why you see," said Mr. Haredale, "those walls. You see those tottering gables. You see on every side where fire and smoke have raged. You see the destruction that has been wanton here. Do you not?"

"My good fellow," returned the knight, gently checking his impatience with his hand, "of course I do. I see everything you speak of, when you stand aside, and do not interpose yourself between the view and me. I am very sorry for you. If I had not had the pleasure to meet you here, I think I should have written to tell you so. But you don't bear it as well as I had expected—excuse me—no, you don't indeed."

He pulled out his snuff-box, and addressing him with the superior air of a man who by reason of his higher nature has a right to read a moral lesson to another, continued:

"For you are a philosopher, you know—one of that stern and rigid school who are far above the weaknesses of mankind in general. You are removed, a long way, from the frailties of the crowd. You contemplate them from a height, and rail at them with a most impressive bitterness. I have heard you."

"And shall again," said Mr. Haredale.

"Thank you," returned the other. "Shall we walk as we talk? The damp falls rather heavily. Well,—as you please. But I grieve to say that I can spare you only a very few moments."

"I would," said Mr. Haredale, "you had spared me none. I would, with all my soul, you had been in Paradise (if such a monstrous lie could be enacted), rather than here to-night."

"Nay," returned the other—"really—you do yourself injustice. You are a rough companion, but I would not go so far to avoid you."

"Listen to me," said Mr. Haredale. "Listen to me."

"While you rail?" inquired Sir John.

"While I deliver your infamy. You urged and stimulated to do your work a fit agent, but one who in his nature—in the very essence of his being—is a traitor, and who has been false to you, despite the sympathy you two
should have together, as he has been to all others. With hints, and looks, and crafty words, which told again are nothing, you set on Gashford to this work—this work before us now. With these same hints, and looks, and crafty words, which told again are nothing, you urged him on to gratify the deadly hate he owes me—I have earned it, I thank Heaven—by the abduction and dishonour of my niece. You did. I see denial in your looks"—he cried, abruptly pointing in his face, and stepping back. "Denial is a lie!"

He had his hand upon his sword; but the knight, with a contemptuous smile, replied to him as coldly as before.

"You will take notice sir—if you can discriminate sufficiently—that I have taken the trouble to deny nothing. Your discernment is hardly fine enough for the perusal of faces, not of a kind as coarse as your speech; nor has it ever been, that I remember; or, in one face that I could name, you would have read indifference, not to say disgust, somewhat sooner than you did. I speak of a long time ago,—but you understand me."

"Disguise it as you will, you mean denial. Denial explicit or reserved, expressed or left to be inferred, is still a lie. You say you don't deny. Do you admit?"

"You yourself," returned Sir John, suffering the current of his speech to flow as smoothly as if it had been stemmed by no one word of interruption, "publicly proclaimed the character of the gentleman in question (I think it was in Westminster Hall) in terms which relieve me from the necessity of making any further allusion to him. You may have been warranted; you may not have been; I can't say. Assuming the gentleman to be what you described, and to have made to you or any other person any statements that may have happened to suggest themselves to him, for the sake of his own security, or for the sake of money, or for his own amusement, or for any other consideration—I have nothing to say of him, except that his extremely degrading situation appears to me to be shared with his employers. You are so very plain yourself, that you will excuse a little freedom in me, I am sure."

"Attend to me again Sir John—but once," cried Mr. Harford; "in your every look, and word, and gesture, you tell me this was not your act. I tell you that it was, and that you tampered with the man I speak of, and with your wretched son (whom God forgive), to do this deed. You talk of degradation and character. You told me once that you had purchased the absence of the poor idiot and his mother, when (as I have discovered since, and then suspected) you had gone to tempt them, and had found them flown. To you I traced the insinuation that I alone reaped any harvest from my brother's death; and all the foul attacks and whispered calumnies that followed in its train. In every action of my life, from that first hope which you converted into grief and desolation, you have stood, like an adverse fate, between me and peace. In all, you have ever been the same cold-blooded, hollow, false, unworthy villain. For the second time, and for the last, I cast these charges in your teeth, and spurn you from me as I would a faithless dog."

With that, he raised his arm, and struck him on the breast so that he...
staggered back. Sir John, the instant he recovered, drew his sword, threw away the scabbard and his hat, and rushing on his adversary made a desperate lunge at his heart, which, but that his guard was quick and true, would have stretched him dead upon the grass.

In the act of striking him, the torrent of his opponent's rage had reached a stop. He parried his rapid thrusts, without returning them, and called to him with a frantic kind of terror in his face to keep back.

"Not to-night! not to-night!" he cried. "In God's name, not to-night!"

Seeing that he lowered his weapon, and that he would not thrust in turn, Sir John lowered his.

"I warn you, not to-night!" his adversary cried. "Be warned in time!"

"You told me—it must have been in a sort of inspiration—" said Sir John, quite deliberately, though now he dropped his mask, and showed his bitter hatred in his face, "that this was the last time. Be assured it is! Did you believe our last meeting was forgotten? Did you believe that your every word and look was not to be accounted for, and was not well remembered? Do you believe that I have waited your time, or you mine? What kind of man is he who entered, with all his sickening cant of honesty and truth, into a bond with me to prevent a marriage he affected to dislike, and when I had redeemed my part to the spirit and the letter, skulked from his, and brought the match about in his own time, to rid himself of a burden he had grown tired of, and cast a spurious lustre on his house?"

"I have acted," cried Mr. Haredale, "with honour and in good faith. I do so now. Do not force me to renew this duel to-night!"

"Yon said my 'wretched' son, I think?" said Sir John, with a smile.

"Poor fool! The dupe of such a shallow knave—trapped into marriage by such an uncle and by such a niece—he well deserves your pity. But he is no longer son of mine: you are welcome to the prize your craft has made, sir." "Once more," cried his opponent, wildly stamping on the ground, "although you tear me from my better angel, I implore you not to come within the reach of my sword to-night. Oh! why were we here to-day! To-morrow would have cast us far apart for ever!"

"That being the case," returned Sir John, without the least emotion, "it is very fortunate we have met to-night. Haredale, I have always despised you, as you know, but I have given you credit for a species of brute courage. For the honour of my judgment, which I had thought a good one, I am sorry to find you a coward."

Not another word was spoken on either side. They crossed swords, though it was now quite dusk, and attacked each other fiercely. They were well matched. Each was skilled in the management of his weapon. Mr. Haredale had the advantage in strength and height; on the other hand his adversary could boast superior address, and certainly a greater share of coolness.

After a few seconds they grew hotter and more furious, and pressing on each other inflicted and received several slight wounds. It was directly after receiving one of these in his arm, that Mr. Haredale, making a keener thrust as he
felt the warm blood spouting out, plunged his sword through his opponent's body to the hilt.

Their eyes met, and were on each other as he drew it out. He put his arm about the dying man, who repulsed him, feebly, and dropped upon the turf. Raising himself upon his hands, he gazed at him for an instant, with scorn and hatred in his look: but seeming to remember, even then, that this expression would distort his features after death, he tried to smile; and, faintly moving his right hand, as if to hide his bloody linen in his vest, fell back dead—the phantom of last night.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A parting glance at such of the actors in this little history as it has not, in the course of its events, dismissed, will bring it to an end.

Mr. Haredale fled that night. Before pursuit could be begun, indeed before Sir John was traced or missed, he had left the kingdom. Repairing straight to a religious establishment, known throughout Europe for the rigour and severity of its discipline, and for the merciful penitence it exacted from those who sought its shelter as a refuge from the world, he took the vows which thenceforth shut him out from nature and his kind, and after a few remorseful years was buried in its gloomy cloisters.

Two days elapsed before the body of Sir John was found. As soon as it was recognised and carried home, the faithful valet, true to his master's creed, eloped with all the cash and moveables he could lay his hands on, and started as a finished gentleman upon his own account. In this career he met with great
success, and would certainly have married an heiress in the end, but for an unlucky check which led to his premature decease. He sank under a contagious disorder, very prevalent at that time, and vulgarly termed the jail fever.

Lord George Gordon, remaining in his prison in the Tower until Monday the Fifth of February in the following year, was on that day solemnly tried at Westminster for High Treason. Of this crime he was, after a patient investigation, declared Not Guilty; upon the ground that there was no proof of his having called the multitude together with any traitorous or unlawful intentions. Yet so many people were there still, to whom those riots taught no lesson of reproof or moderation, that a public subscription was set on foot in Scotland to defray the cost of his defence.

For seven years afterwards he remained, at the strong intercession of his friends, comparatively quiet; saving that he every now and then took occasion to display his zeal for the Protestant faith in some extravagant proceeding which was the delight of its enemies; and saving, besides, that he was formally excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for refusing to appear as a witness in the Ecclesiastical Court when cited for that purpose. In the year 1788 he was stimulated by some new insanity to write and publish an injurious pamphlet, reflecting on the Queen of France, in very violent terms. Being indicted for the libel, and (after various strange demonstrations in court) found guilty, he fled into Holland in place of appearing to receive sentence: from whence, as the quiet burgomasters of Amsterdam had no relish for his company, he was sent home again with all speed. Arriving in the month of July at Harwich, and going thence to Birmingham, he made in the latter place, in August, a public profession of the Jewish religion; and figured there as a Jew until he was arrested, and brought back to London to receive the sentence he had evaded. By virtue of this sentence he was, in the month of December, cast into Newgate for five years and ten months, and required besides to pay a large fine, and to furnish heavy securities for his future good behaviour.

After addressing, in the midsummer of the following year, an appeal to the commiseration of the National Assembly of France, which the English minister refused to sanction, he composed himself to undergo his full term of punishment; and suffering his beard to grow nearly to his waist, and conforming in all respects to the ceremonies of his new religion, he applied himself to the study of history, and occasionally to the art of painting, in which, in his younger days, he had shown some skill. Deserted by his former friends, and treated in all respects like the worst criminal in the jail, he lingered on, quite cheerful and resigned, until the 1st of November 1793, when he died in his cell, being then only three-and-forty years of age.

Many men with fewer sympathies for the distressed and needy, with less abilities and harder hearts, have made a shining figure and left a brilliant fame. He had his mourners. The prisoners bemoaned his loss, and missed him; for though his means were not large his charity was great, and in bestowing alms among them he considered the necessities of all alike, and knew no distinction
of sect or creed. There are wise men in the highways of the world who may learn something, even from this poor crazy Lord who died in Newgate.

To the last, he was truly served by bluff John Grieve. He was at his side before he had been four-and-twenty hours in the Tower, and he never left him until he died. He had one other constant attendant, in the person of a beautiful Jewish girl; who attached herself to him from feelings half religious, half romantic, but whose virtuous and disinterested character appears to have been beyond the censure even of the most censorious.

Gashford deserted him, of course. He subsisted for a time upon his traffic in his master's secrets; and, this trade failing when the stock was quite exhausted, procured an appointment in the honourable corps of spies and eaves-droppers employed by the government. As one of these wretched underlings, he did his drudgery, sometimes abroad, sometimes at home; and long endured the various miseries of such a station. Ten or a dozen years ago—not more—a meagre, wan old man, diseased and miserably poor, was found dead in his bed at an obscure inn in the Borough, where he was quite unknown. He had taken poison. There was no clue to his name; but it was discovered from certain entries in a pocket-book he carried, that he had been secretary to Lord George Gordon in the time of the famous riots.

Many months after the re-establishment of peace and order; and even when it had ceased to be the town talk, that every military officer, kept at free quarters by the city during the late alarms, had cost for his board and lodging four pounds four per day, and every private soldier two and twopence halfpenny; many months after even this engaging topic was forgotten, and the United Bull-Dogs were to a man all killed, imprisoned or transported; Mr. Simon Tappertit, being removed from a hospital to prison, and thence to his place of trial, was discharged by proclamation, on two wooden legs. Shorn of his graceful limbs, and brought down from his high estate to circumstances of utter destitution, and the deepest misery, he made shift to stump back to his old master, and beg for some relief. By the locksmith's advice and aid, he was established in business as a shoe-black, and opened shop under an archway near the Horse Guards. This being a central quarter, he quickly made a very large connection; and on levee days, was sometimes known to have as many as twenty half-pay officers waiting their turn for polishing. Indeed his trade increased to that extent, that in course of time he entertained no less than two apprentices, besides taking for his wife the widow of an eminent bone and rag collector, formerly of Milbank. With this lady (who assisted in the business) he lived in great domestic happiness, only chequered by those little storms which serve to clear the atmosphere of wedlock, and brighten its horizon. In some of these gusts of bad weather, Mr. Tappertit would, in the assertion of his prerogative, so far forget himself, as to correct his lady with a brush, or boot, or shoe; while she (but only in extreme cases) would retaliate by taking off his legs, and leaving him exposed to the derision of those urchins who delight in mischief.

Miss Miggs, baffled in all her schemes, matrimonial and otherwise, and cast
upon a thankless, undeserving world, turned very sharp and sour; and did at length become so acid, and did so pinch and slap and tweak the hair and noses of the youth of Golden Lion Court, that she was by one consent expelled that sanctuary, and desired to bless some other spot of earth, in preference. It chanced at that moment, that the justices of the peace for Middlesex proclaimed by public placard that they stood in need of a female turnkey for the County Bridewell, and appointed a day and hour for the inspection of candidates. Miss Miggs, attending at the time appointed, was instantly chosen and selected from one hundred and twenty-four competitors, and at once promoted to the office; which she held until her decease, more than thirty years afterwards, remaining single all that time. It was observed of this lady that while she was inflexible and grim to all her female flock, she was particularly so to those who could establish any claim to beauty; and it was often remarked as a proof of her indomitable virtue and severe chastity, that to such as had been frail she showed no mercy; always falling upon them on the slightest occasion, or on no occasion at all, with the fullest measure of her wrath. Among other useful inventions which she practised upon this class of offenders and bequeathed to posterity, was the art of inflicting an exquisitely vicious poke or dig with the wards of a key in the small of the back, near the spine. She likewise originated a mode of treading by accident (in patterns) on such as had small feet; also very remarkable for its ingenuity, and previously quite unknown.

It was not very long, you may be sure, before Joe Willet and Dolly Varden were made husband and wife, and with a handsome sum in bank (for the locksmith could afford to give his daughter a good dowry), reopened the Maypole. It was not very long, you may be sure, before a red-faced little boy was seen staggering about the Maypole passage, and kicking up his heels on the green before the door. It was not very long, counting by years, before there was a red-faced little girl, another red-faced little boy, and a whole troop of girls and boys: so that, go to Chigwell when you would, there would surely be seen, either in the village street, or on the green, or frolicking in the farm-yard—for it was a farm now, as well as a tavern—more small Jos and small Dollies than could be easily counted. It was not a very long time before these appearances ensued; but it was a very long time before Joe looked five years older, or Dolly either, or the locksmith either, or his wife either: for cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks, depend upon it.

It was a long time, too, before there was such a country inn as the Maypole, in all England: indeed it is a great question whether there has ever been such another to this hour, or ever will be. It was a long time too—for Never, as the proverb says, is a long day—before they forgot to have an interest in wounded soldiers at the Maypole; or before Joe omitted to refresh them, for the sake of his old campaign; or before the sergeant left off looking in there, now and then; or before they fatigued themselves, or each other, by talking on these occasions of battles and sieges, and hard weather and hard service, and a thousand things belonging to a soldier's life. As to the great silver
snuff-box which the King sent Joe with his own hand, because of his conduct in the Riots; what guest ever went to the Maypole without putting finger and thumb into that box, and taking a great pinch, though he had never taken a pinch of snuff before, and almost sneezed himself into convulsions even then? As to the purple-faced vintner, where is the man who lived in those times and never saw him at the Maypole: to all appearance as much at home in the best room, as if he lived there? And as to the feastings and christenings, and revellings at Christmas, and celebrations of birth-days, wedding-days, and all manner of days, both at the Maypole and the Golden Key,—if they are not notorious, what facts are?

Mr. Willet the elder, having been by some extraordinary means possessed with the idea that Joe wanted to be married, and that it would be well for him, his father, to retire into private life, and enable him to live in comfort, took up his abode in a small cottage at Chigwell; where they widened and enlarged the fireplace for him, hung up the boiler, and furthermore planted in the little garden outside the front-door, a fictitious Maypole: so that he was quite at home directly. To this, his new habitation, Tom Cobb, Phil Parkes, and Solomon Daisy went regularly every night: and in the chimney-corner, they all four quaffed, and smoked, and prosed, and dozed, as they had done of old. It being accidentally discovered after a short time that Mr. Willet still appeared to consider himself a landlord by profession, Joe provided him with a slate, upon which the old man regularly scored up vast accounts for meat, drink, and tobacco. As he grew older this passion increased upon him; and it became his delight to chalk against the name of each of his cronies a sum of enormous magnitude, and impossible to be paid: and such was his secret joy in these entries, that he would be perpetually seen going behind the door to look at them, and coming forth again, suffused with the liveliest satisfaction.

He never recovered the surprise the Rioters had given him, and remained in the same mental condition down to the last moment of his life. It was like to have been brought to a speedy termination by the first sight of his first grandchild, which appeared to fill him with the belief that a miracle had happened to Joe, and that something alarming had occurred. Being promptly blooded, however, by a skilful surgeon, he rallied; and although the doctors all agreed, on his being attacked with symptoms of apoplexy six months afterwards, that he ought to die, and took it very ill that he did not, he remained alive—possibly on account of his constitutional slowness—for nearly seven years more, when he was one morning found speechless in his bed. He lay in this state, free from all tokens of uneasiness, for a whole week, when he was suddenly restored to consciousness by hearing the nurse whisper in his son's ear that he was going. "I'm a-going, Joseph," said Mr. Willet, turning round upon the instant, "to the Saltwanners"—and immediately gave up the ghost.

He left a large sum of money behind him; even more than he was supposed to have been worth, although the neighbours, according to the custom of mankind in calculating the wealth that other people ought to have saved, had estimated
his property in good round numbers. Joe inherited the whole; so that he became a man of great consequence in those parts, and was perfectly independent.

Some time elapsed before Barnaby got the better of the shock he had sustained, or regained his old health and gaiety. But he recovered by degrees; and although he could never separate his condemnation and escape from the idea of a terrific dream, he became, in other respects, more rational. Dating from the time of his recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose; but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away.

He was not the less happy for this; for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother on the Maypole farm, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a blither or more happy soul than Barnaby: and though he was free to ramble where he would, he never quitte Her, but was for evermore her stay and comfort.

It was remarkable that although he had that dim sense of the past, he sought out Hugh’s dog, and took him under his care; and that he never could be tempted into London. When the Riots were many years old, and Edward and his wife came back to England with a family almost as numerous as Dolly’s, and one day appeared at the Maypole porch, he knew them instantly, and wept and leaped for joy. But neither to visit them, nor on any other pretence, no matter how full of promise and enjoyment, could he be persuaded to set foot in the streets: nor did he ever conquer this repugnance or look upon the town again.

Grip soon recovered his looks, and became as glossy and sleek as ever. But he was profoundly silent. Whether he had forgotten the art of Polite Conversation in Newgate, or had made a vow in those troubled times to forego, for a period, the display of his accomplishments, is matter of uncertainty; but certain it is that for a whole year he never indulged in any other sound than a grave, decorous croak. At the expiration of that term the morning being very bright and sunny, he was heard to address himself to the horses in the stable upon the subject of the Kettle, so often mentioned in these pages; and before the witness who overheard him could run into the house with the intelligence, and add to it upon his solemn affirmation the statement that he had heard him laugh, the bird himself advanced with fantastic steps to the very door of the bar, and there cried “I’m a devil, I’m a devil, I’m a devil!” with extraordinary rapture.

From that period (although he was supposed to be much affected by the death of Mr. Willet senior), he constantly practised and improved himself in the vulgar tongue; and as he was a mere infant for a raven, when Barnaby was grey, he has very probably gone on talking to the present time.

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