



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1841.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTERMOLE & H. K. BROWNE.

BARNABY RUDGE.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACHEN, Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester;
 WAREING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON,
 Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS &
 DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES,
 Gloucester; R. CUSSENS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REEVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY
 & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; R. MERCER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth;
 E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; G. LOVEJOY, Reading; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. SHARLAND, Southampton;
 F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; J. B. BROWN, Windsor; and sold by all
 Booksellers and Newsmen.

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. CATTERMOLLE AND HABLOT BROWNE.

In Three Volumes, post octavo, price 25s. cloth,

OLIVER TWIST.

New Edition.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR.

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

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ,

And a Portrait of the Author, engraved by FINDEN, from a Painting by D. MACLISE, R.A.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

WITH

FORTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

SKETCHES BY "BOZ."

A New Edition,

COMPRISING BOTH THE SERIES.

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 16mo, neatly bound, price 5s. 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.

Second Edition, corrected.

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

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

These popular Lyrics, including the celebrated "Superstitions 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;

OR,

YOUNG LADIES' INSTRUCTOR IN ORNAMENTAL PAINT-
ING, DRAWING, &c.

CONSISTING OF LESSONS IN

GRECIAN PAINTING, | ORIENTAL TINTING, | TRANSFERRING,
JAPAN PAINTING, | MEZZOTINTING, | INLAYING, &c.

By B. F. GANDEE, TEACHER.

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

Just published, price Two Shillings and Sixpence,

WRITTEN CARICATURES;

A

SKETCH OF PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHY.

FROM HINTS IN THE PARIS CHARIVARI.

WITH FORTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, BY J. LEECH.

"Humorously written, and capitally illustrated. There is much quaint, quiet, undeniable fun in this little book."—*Sunday Times*.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND. And sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

ON that same night—events so crowd upon each other in convulsed and distracted times, that more than the stirring incidents of a whole life often become compressed into the compass of four-and-twenty hours—on that same night, Mr. Haredale, having strongly bound his prisoner, with the assistance of the sexton, and forced him to mount his horse, conducted him to Chigwell; bent upon procuring a conveyance to London from that place, and carrying him at once before a Justice. The disturbed state of the town would be, he knew, a sufficient reason for demanding the murderer's committal to prison before daybreak, as no man could answer for the security of any of the watch-houses or ordinary places of detention; and to convey a prisoner through the streets when the mob were again abroad, would not only be a task of great danger and hazard, but would be to challenge an attempt at rescue. Directing the sexton to lead the horse, he walked close by the murderer's side, and in this order they reached the village about the middle of the night.

The people were all awake and up, for they were fearful of being burnt in their beds, and sought to comfort and assure each other by watching in company. A few of the stoutest-hearted were armed and gathered in a body on the green. To these, who knew him well, Mr. Haredale addressed himself, briefly narrating what had happened, and beseeching them to aid in conveying the criminal to London before the dawn of day.

But not a man among them dared to help him by so much as the motion of a finger. The rioters, in their passage through the village, had menaced with their fiercest vengeance any person who should aid in extinguishing the fire, or render the least assistance to him, or any catholic whomsoever. Their threats extended to their lives and all that they possessed. They were assembled for their own protection, and could not endanger themselves by lending any aid to him. This they told him, not without hesitation and regret, as they kept aloof in the moonlight and glanced fearfully at the ghostly rider, who, with his head drooping on his breast and his hat slouched down upon his brow, neither moved nor spoke.

Finding it impossible to persuade them, and indeed hardly knowing how to do so after what they had seen of the fury of the crowd, Mr. Haredale besought them that at least they would leave him free to act for himself, and would suffer him to take the only chaise and pair of horses that the place afforded. This was not acceded to without some difficulty, but in the end they told him to do what he would, and to go away from them in heaven's name.

Leaving the sexton at the horse's bridle, he drew out the chaise with his own hands, and would have harnessed the horses, but that the postboy of the village—a soft-hearted, good-for-nothing, vagabond kind of fellow—was moved by his earnestness and passion, and, throwing down a pitchfork with which he was armed, swore that the rioters might cut him into mince-meat if they liked,

but he would not stand by and see an honest gentleman who had done no wrong, reduced to such extremity, without doing what he could to help him. Mr. Haredale shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him from his heart. In five minutes' time the chaise was ready, and this good scapegrace in his saddle. The murderer was put inside, the blinds were drawn up, the sexton took his seat upon the bar, Mr. Haredale mounted his horse and rode close beside the door; and so they started in the dead of night, and in profound silence, for London.

The consternation was so extreme that even the horses which had escaped the flames at the Warren, could find no friends to shelter them. They passed them on the road, browsing on the stunted grass; and the driver told them, that the poor beasts had wandered to the village first, but had been driven away, lest they should bring the vengeance of the crowd on any of the inhabitants.

Nor was this feeling confined to such small places, where the people were timid, ignorant, and unprotected. When they came near London they met, in the grey light of morning, more than one poor catholic family who, terrified by the threats and warnings of their neighbours, were quitting the city on foot, and who told them they could hire no cart or horse for the removal of their goods, and had been compelled to leave them behind, at the mercy of the crowd. Near Mile-end they passed a house, the master of which, a catholic gentleman of small means, having hired a waggon to remove his furniture by midnight, had had it all brought down into the street, to wait the vehicle's arrival, and save time in the packing. But the man with whom he made the bargain, alarmed by the fires that night, and by the sight of the rioters passing his door, had refused to keep it: and the poor gentleman, with his wife and servant and their little children, were sitting trembling among their goods in the open street, dreading the arrival of day and not knowing where to turn or what to do.

It was the same, they heard, with the public conveyances. The panic was so great that the mails and stage-coaches were afraid to carry passengers who professed the obnoxious religion. If the drivers knew them, or they admitted that they held that creed, they would not take them, no, though they offered large sums; and yesterday, people had been afraid to recognise catholic acquaintance in the streets, lest they should be marked by spies, and burnt out, as it was called, in consequence. One mild old man—a priest, whose chapel was destroyed; a very feeble, patient, inoffensive creature—who was trudging away, alone, designing to walk some distance from town, and then try his fortune with the coaches, told Mr. Haredale that he feared he might not find a magistrate who would have the hardihood to commit a prisoner to jail, on his complaint. But notwithstanding these discouraging accounts they went on, and reached the Mansion House soon after sunrise.

Mr. Haredale threw himself from his horse, but he had no need to knock at the door, for it was already open, and there stood upon the step a portly old man, with a very red, or rather purple face, who, with an anxious expression

of countenance, was remonstrating with some unseen person up-stairs, while the porter essayed to close the door by degrees and get rid of him. With the intense impatience and excitement natural to one in his condition, Mr. Haredale thrust himself forward and was about to speak, when the fat old gentleman interposed:

"My good sir," said he, "pray let me get an answer. This is the sixth time I have been here. I was here five times yesterday. My house is threatened with destruction. It is to be burned down to-night, and was to have been last night, but they had other business on their hands. Pray let me get an answer."

"My good sir," returned Mr. Haredale, shaking his head, "my house is burned to the ground. But God forbid that yours should be. Get your answer. Be brief, in mercy to me."

"Now, you hear this, my Lord?"—said the old gentleman, calling up the stairs, to where the skirt of a dressing-gown fluttered on the landing-place. "Here is a gentleman here, whose house was actually burnt down last night."

"Dear me, dear me," replied a testy voice, "I am very sorry for it, but what am I to do? I can't build it up again. The chief magistrate of the city can't go and be a rebuilding of people's houses, my good sir. Stuff and nonsense!"

"But the chief magistrate of the city can prevent people's houses from having any need to be rebuilt, if the chief magistrate's a man, and not a dummy—can't he, my Lord?" cried the old gentleman in a choleric manner.

"You are disrespectful, sir," said the Lord Mayor—"leastways, disrespectful I mean."

"Disrespectful, my Lord!" returned the old gentleman. "I was respectful five times yesterday. I can't be respectful for ever. Men can't stand on being respectful when their houses are going to be burnt over their heads, with them in 'em. What am I to do, my Lord? Am I to have any protection!"

"I told you yesterday, sir," said the Lord Mayor, "that you might have an alderman in your house, if you could get one to come."

"What the devil's the good of an alderman?" returned the choleric old gentleman.

"—To awe the crowd, sir," said the Lord Mayor.

"Oh Lord ha' mercy!" whimpered the old gentleman, as he wiped his forehead in a state of ludicrous distress, "to think of sending an alderman to awe a crowd! Why, my Lord, if they were even so many babies, fed on mother's milk, what do you think they'd care for an alderman! Will *you* come?"

"I!" said the Lord Mayor, most emphatically: "Certainly not."

"Then what," returned the old gentleman, what am I to do? Am I a citizen of England? Am I to have the benefit of the laws? Am I to have any return for the King's Taxes?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said the Lord Mayor; "what a pity it is you're

a catholic! Why couldn't you be a protestant, and then you wouldn't have got yourself into such a mess? I'm sure I don't know what's to be done.—There are great people at the bottom of these riots.—Oh dear me, what a thing it is to be a public character!—You must look in again in the course of the day.—Would a javelin-man do?—Or there's Philips the constable,—*he's* disengaged,—he's not very old for a man at his time of life, except in his legs, and if you put him up at a window he'd look quite young by candle-light, and might frighten 'em very much.—Oh dear!—well,—we'll see about it."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Haredale, pressing the door open as the porter strove to shut it, and speaking rapidly, "My Lord Mayor, I beg you not to go away. I have a man here, who committed a murder eight-and-twenty years ago. Half-a-dozen words from me, on oath, will justify you in committing him to prison for re-examination. I only seek, just now, to have him consigned to a place of safety. The least delay may involve his being rescued by the rioters."

"Oh dear me!" cried the Lord Mayor. "God bless my soul—and body—oh Lor!—well I!—there are great people at the bottom of these riots, you know.—You really mustn't."

"My Lord," said Mr. Haredale, "the murdered gentleman was my brother; I succeeded to his inheritance; there were not wanting slanderous tongues at that time, to whisper that the guilt of this most foul and cruel deed was mine—mine, who loved him, as he knows, in Heaven, dearly. The time has come, after all these years of gloom and misery, for avenging him, and bringing to light a crime so artful and so devilish that it has no parallel. Every second's delay on your part loosens this man's bloody hands again, and leads to his escape. My Lord, I charge you hear me, and despatch this matter on the instant.

"Oh dear me!" cried the chief magistrate; "these an't business hours, you know—I wonder at you—how ungentlemanly it is of you—you mustn't—you really mustn't.—And I suppose *you* are a catholic too?"

"I am," said Mr. Haredale.

"God bless my soul, I believe people turn catholics a' purpose to vex and worrit me," cried the Lord Mayor. "I wish you wouldn't come here; they'll be setting the Mansion House afire next, and we shall have you to thank for it. You must lock your prisoner up, sir—give him to a watchman—and—and call again at a proper time. Then we'll see about it!"

Before Mr. Haredale could answer, the sharp closing of a door and drawing of its bolts, gave notice that the Lord Mayor had retreated to his bedroom, and that further remonstrance would be unavailing. The two clients retreated likewise, and the porter shut them out into the street.

"That's the way he puts me off," said the old gentleman, "I can get no redress and no help. What are you going to do, sir?"

"To try elsewhere," answered Mr. Haredale, who was by this time on horseback.

"I feel for you, I assure you—and well I may, for we are in a common cause," said the old gentleman. "I may not have a house to offer you to-night; let me tender it while I can. On second thoughts though," he

added, putting up a pocket-book he had produced while speaking, "I'll not give you a card, for if it was found upon you, it might get you into trouble. Langdale—that's my name—vintner and distiller—Holborn Hill—you're heartily welcome, if you'll come."

Mr. Haredale bowed his head, and rode off, close beside the chaise as before; determining to repair to the house of Sir John Fielding, who had the reputation of being a bold and active magistrate, and fully resolved, in case the rioters should come upon them, to do execution on the murderer with his own hands, rather than suffer him to be released.

They arrived at the magistrate's dwelling, however, without molestation (for the mob, as we have seen, were then intent on deeper schemes), and knocked at the door. As it had been pretty generally rumoured that Sir John was proscribed by the rioters, a body of thief-takers had been keeping watch in the house all night. To one of them, Mr. Haredale stated his business, which appearing to the man of sufficient moment to warrant his arousing the justice, procured him an immediate audience.

No time was lost in committing the murderer to Newgate; then a new building, recently completed at a vast expense, and considered to be of enormous strength. The warrant being made out, three of the thief-takers bound him afresh (he had been struggling, it seemed, in the chaise, and had loosened his manacles); gagged him, lest they should meet with any of the mob, and he should call to them for help; and seated themselves, along with him, in the carriage. These men being all well armed, made a formidable escort; but they drew up the blinds again, as though the carriage were empty, and directed Mr. Haredale to ride forward, that he might not attract attention by seeming to belong to it.

The wisdom of this proceeding was sufficiently obvious, for as they hurried through the city they passed among several groups of men, who, if they had not supposed the chaise to be quite empty, would certainly have stopped it. But those within keeping quite close, and the driver tarrying to be asked no questions, they reached the prison without interruption, and, once there, had him out, and safe within its gloomy walls, in a twinkling.

With eager eyes and strained attention, Mr. Haredale saw him chained, and locked and barred up in his cell. Nay, when he had left the jail, and stood in the free street, without, he felt the iron plates upon the doors, with his hands, and drew them over the stone wall, to assure himself that it was real; and to exult in its being so strong, and rough, and cold. It was not until he turned his back upon the jail, and glanced along the empty streets, so lifeless and quiet in the bright morning, that he felt the weight upon his heart; that he knew he was tortured by anxiety for those he had left at home; and that home itself was but another bead in the long rosary of his regrets.



CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

THE prisoner, left to himself, sat down upon his bedstead: and resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin upon his hands, remained in that attitude for hours. It would be hard to say, of what nature his reflections were. They had no distinctness, and, saving for some flashes now and then, no reference to his condition or the train of circumstances by which it had been brought about. The cracks in the pavement of his cell, the chinks in the wall where stone was joined to stone, the bars in the window, the iron ring upon the floor,—such things as these, subsiding strangely into one another, and awakening an indescribable kind of interest and amusement, engrossed his whole mind; and although at the bottom of his every thought there was an uneasy sense of guilt, and dread of death, he felt no more than that vague consciousness of it, which a sleeper has of pain. It pursues him through his dreams, gnaws at the heart of all his fancied pleasures, robs the banquet of its taste, music of its sweetness, makes happiness itself unhappy, and yet is no bodily sensation, but a phantom without shape, or form, or visible presence; pervading everything, but having no existence; recognizable everywhere, but nowhere seen, or touched, or met with face to face, until the sleep is past, and waking agony returns.

After a long time, the door of his cell opened. He looked up; saw the blind man enter; and relapsed into his former position.

Guided by his breathing, the visitor advanced to where he sat; and stopping beside him, and stretching out his hand to assure himself that he was right, remained, for a good space, silent.

"This is bad, Rudge. This is bad," he said at length.

The prisoner shuffled with his feet upon the ground in turning his body from him, but made no other answer.

"How were you taken?" he asked. "And where? You never told me more than half your secret. No matter; I know it now. How was it, and where, eh?" he asked again, coming still nearer to him.

"At Chigwell," said the other.

"At Chigwell! How came you there?"

"Because I went there, to avoid the man I stumbled on," he answered. "Because I was chased and driven there, by him and Fate. Because I was urged to go there, by something stronger than my own will. When I found him watching in the house she used to live in, night after night, I knew I never could escape him—never! and when I heard the Bell—"

He shivered; muttered that it was very cold; paced quickly up and down the narrow cell; and sitting down again, fell into his old posture.

"You were saying," said the blind man, after another pause, "that when you heard the Bell—"

"Let it be, will you?" he retorted in a hurried voice. "It hangs there yet."

The blind man turned a wistful and inquisitive face towards him, but he continued to speak, without noticing him.

"I went to Chigwell, in search of the mob. I have been so hunted and beset by this man, that I knew my only hope of safety lay in joining them. They had gone on before; I followed them, when it left off."

"When what left off?"

"The Bell. They had quitted the place. I hoped that some of them might be still lingering among the ruins, and was searching for them when I heard—" he drew a long breath, and wiped his forehead with his sleeve—"his voice."

"Saying what?"

"No matter what. I don't know. I was then at the foot of the turret, where I did the—"

"Ay," said the blind man, nodding his head with perfect composure, "I understand."

"I climbed the stair, or so much of it as was left; meaning to hide till he had gone. But he heard me; and followed almost as soon as I set foot upon the ashes."

"You might have hidden in the wall, and thrown him down, or stabbed him," said the blind man.

"Might I? Between that man and me, was one who led him on—I saw it, though he did not—and raised above his head a bloody hand. It was in the room above that *he* and I stood glaring at each other on the night of the murder, and before he fell he raised his hand like that, and fixed his eyes on me. I knew the chase would end there."

"You have a strong fancy," said the blind man, with a smile.

"Strengthen yours with blood, and see what it will come to."

He groaned, and rocked himself, and looking up for the first time, said, in a low, hollow voice:

"Eight-and-twenty years! Eight-and-twenty years! He has never changed in all that time, never grown older, nor altered in the least degree. He has been before me in the dark night, and the broad sunny day; in the twilight, the moonlight, the sunlight, the light of fire, and lamp, and candle; and in the deepest gloom. Always the same! In company, in solitude, on land, on ship-board; sometimes leaving me alone for months, and sometimes always with me. I have seen him, at sea, come gliding in the dead of night along the bright reflection of the moon in the calm water; and I have seen him, on quays and market-places, with his hand uplifted, towering, the centre of a busy crowd, unconscious of the terrible form that had its silent stand among them. Fancy! Are you real? Am I? Are these iron fetters, rivetted on me by the smith's hammer, or are they fancies I can shatter at a blow?"

The blind man listened in silence.

"Fancy! Do I fancy that I killed him? Do I fancy that as I left the chamber where he lay, I saw the face of a man peeping from a dark door, who plainly showed me by his fearful looks that he suspected what I had done? Do I remember that I spoke fairly to him—that I drew nearer—nearer yet—with the hot knife in my sleeve? Do I fancy how *he* died? Did he stagger back into the angle of the wall into which I had hemmed him, and, bleeding inwardly, stand, not fall, a corpse before me? Did I see him, as I see you now, erect and on his feet—but dead!"

The blind man, who knew that he had risen, motioned him to sit down again upon his bedstead; but he took no notice of the gesture.

"It was then I thought, for the first time, of fastening the murder upon him. It was then I dressed him in my clothes, and dragged him down the back stairs to the piece of water. Do I remember listening to the bubbles that came rising up when I had rolled him in? Do I remember wiping the water from my face, and because the body splashed it there, in its descent, feeling as if it *must* be blood?"

"Did I go home when I had done? And oh, my God! how long it took to do! Did I stand before my wife, and tell her? Did I see her fall upon the ground; and, when I stooped to raise her, did she thrust me back with a force that cast me off as if I had been a child, staining the hand with which she clasped my wrist? Is *that* fancy?"

"Did she go down upon her knees, and call on Heaven to witness that she and her unborn child renounced me from that hour; and did she, in words so solemn that they turned me cold—me, fresh from the horrors my own hands had made—warn me to fly while there was time; for though she would be silent, being my wretched wife, she would not shelter me? Did I go forth that night, abjured of God and man, and anchored deep in hell; to wander at my cable's length about the earth, and surely be drawn down at last?"

"Why did you return?" said the blind man.

"Why is blood red? I could no more help it, than I could live without breath. I struggled against the impulse, but I was drawn back, through every difficult and adverse circumstance, as by a mighty engine. Nothing could stop me. The day and hour were none of my choice. Sleeping and waking, I had

been among the old haunts for years—had visited my own grave. Why did I come back? Because this jail was gaping for me, and he stood beckoning at the door.”

“You were not known?” said the blind man.

“I was a man who had been twenty-two years dead. No. I was not known.”

“You should have kept your secret better.”

“*My secret? Mine?* It was a secret, any breath of air could whisper at its will. The stars had it in their twinkling, the water in its flowing, the leaves in their rustling, the seasons in their return. It lurked in strangers’ faces, and their voices. Everything had lips on which it always trembled—*My secret!*”

“It was revealed by your own act at any rate,” said the blind man.

“The act was not mine. I did it, but it was not mine. I was obliged at times to wander round, and round, and round that spot. If you had chained me up when the fit was on me, I should have broken away, and gone there. As truly as the loadstone draws iron towards it, so he, lying at the bottom of his deep grave, could draw me near him when he would. Was that fancy? Did I like to go there, or did I strive and wrestle with the power that forced me?”

The blind man shrugged his shoulders, and smiled incredulously. The prisoner again resumed his old attitude, and for a long time both were mute.

“I suppose then,” said his visitor, at length breaking silence, “that you are penitent and resigned; that you desire to make peace with everybody (in particular, with your wife who has brought you to this); and that you ask no greater favour than to be carried to Tyburn as soon as possible? That being the case, I had better take my leave. I am not good enough to be company for you.”

“Have I not told you,” said the other fiercely, “that I have striven and wrestled with the power that brought me here? Has my whole life, for eight-and-twenty years, been one perpetual struggle and resistance, and do you think I want to lie down and die? Do all men shrink from death—I most of all!”

“That’s better said. That’s better spoken, Rudge—but I’ll not call you that again—than anything you have said yet,” returned the blind man, speaking more familiarly, and laying his hand upon his arm. “Lookye,—I never killed a man myself, for I have never been placed in a position that made it worth my while. Farther, I am not an advocate for killing men, and I don’t think I should recommend it or like it—for it’s very hazardous—under any circumstances. But as you had the misfortune to get into this trouble before I made your acquaintance, and as you have been my companion, and have been of use to me for a long time now, I overlook that part of the matter, and am only anxious that you shouldn’t die unnecessarily. Now I do not consider that at present it is at all necessary.”

“What else is left me?” returned the prisoner. “To eat my way through these walls with my teeth?”

“Something easier than that,” returned his friend. “Promise me that you will talk no more of these fancies of yours—idle, foolish things, quite beneath a man—and I’ll tell you what I mean.”

"Tell me," said the other.

"Your worthy lady with the tender conscience; your scrupulous, virtuous, punctilious, but not blindly affectionate wife—"

"What of her?"

"Is now in London."

"A curse upon her, be she where she may!"

"That's natural enough. If she had taken her annuity as usual, you would not have been here, and we should have been better off. But that's apart from the business. She's in London. Scared, as I suppose, and have no doubt, by my representation when I waited upon her, that you were close at hand (which I, of course, urged only as an inducement to compliance, knowing that she was not pining to see you), she left that place, and travelled up to London."

"How do you know?"

"From my friend the noble captain—the illustrious general—the bladder, Mr. Tappetit. I learnt from him the last time I saw him, which was yesterday, that your son who is called Barnaby—not after his father I suppose—"

"Death! does that matter now!"

"—You are impatient," said the blind man calmly; "it's a good sign, and looks like life—that your son Barnaby had been lured away from her by one of his companions who knew him of old, at Chigwell; and that he is now among the rioters."

"And what is that to me? If father and son be hanged together, what comfort shall I find in that?"

"Stay—stay, my friend," returned the blind man, with a cunning look, "you travel fast to journeys' ends. Suppose I track my lady out, and say thus much: 'You want your son, ma'am—good. I, knowing those who tempt him to remain among them, can restore him to you, ma'am—good. You must pay a price, ma'am, for his restoration—good again. The price is small, and easy to be paid—dear ma'am, that's best of all.'"

"What mockery is this?"

"Very likely, she may reply in those words. 'No mockery at all,' I answer: 'Madam, a person said to be your husband (identity is difficult of proof after the lapse of many years) is in prison, his life in peril—the charge against him, murder. Now, ma'am, your husband has been dead a long, long time. The gentleman never can be confounded with him, if you will have the goodness to say a few words, on oath, as to when he died, and how; and that this person (who I am told resembles him in some degree) is no more he than I am. Such testimony will set the question quite at rest. Pledge yourself to me to give it, ma'am, and I will undertake to keep your son (a fine lad) out of harm's way until you have done this trifling service, when he shall be delivered up to you, safe and sound. On the other hand, if you decline to do so, I fear he will be betrayed, and handed over to the law, which will assuredly sentence him to suffer death. It is, in fact, a choice between his life and death. If you refuse, he swings. If you comply, the timber is not grown, nor the hemp sown, that shall do him any harm.'"

"There is a gleam of hope in this!" cried the prisoner, starting up.

"A gleam!" returned his friend, "a noon-blaze; a full and glorious daylight. Hush! I hear the tread of distant feet. Rely on me."

"When shall I hear more?"

"As soon as I do. I should hope, to-morrow. They are coming to say that our time for talk is over. I hear the jingling of the keys. Not another word of this just now, or they may overhear us."

As he said these words, the lock was turned, and one of the prison turn-keys appearing at the door, announced that it was time for visitors to leave the jail.

"So soon!" said Stagg, meekly. "But it can't be helped. Cheer up, friend. This mistake will soon be set at rest, and then you are a man again! If this charitable gentleman will lead a blind man (who has nothing in return but prayers) to the prison-porch, and set him with his face towards the west, he will do a worthy deed. Thank you, good sir. I thank you very kindly."

So saying, and pausing for an instant at the door to turn his grinning face towards his friend, he departed.

When the officer had seen him to the porch, he returned, and again unlocking and unbarring the door of the cell, set it wide open, informing its inmate that he was at liberty to walk in the adjacent yard, if he thought proper, for an hour.

The prisoner answered with a sullen nod; and being left alone again, sat brooding over what he had heard, and pondering upon the hopes the recent conversation had awakened; gazing abstractedly, the while he did so, on the light without, and watching the shadows thrown by one wall on another, and on the stone-paved ground.

It was a dull, square yard, made cold and gloomy by high walls, and seeming to chill the very sunlight. The stone, so bare, and rough, and obdurate, filled even him with longing thoughts of meadow-land and trees; and with a burning wish to be at liberty. As he looked, he rose, and leaning against the door-post, gazed up at the bright blue sky, smiling even on that dreary home of crime. He seemed, for a moment, to remember lying on his back in some sweet-scented place, and gazing at it through moving branches, long ago.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a clanking sound—he knew what it was, for he had startled himself by making the same noise in walking to the door. Presently a voice began to sing, and he saw the shadow of a figure on the pavement. It stopped—was silent all at once, as though the person for a moment had forgotten where he was, but soon remembered—and so, with the same clanking noise, the shadow disappeared.

He walked out into the court and paced it to and fro; startling the echoes, as he went, with the harsh jangling of his fetters. There was a door near his, which, like his, stood ajar.

He had not taken half-a-dozen turns up and down the yard, when, standing still to observe this door, he heard the clanking sound again. A face looked out of the grated window—he saw it very dimly, for the cell was dark and the bars were heavy—and directly afterwards, a man appeared, and came towards him.

For the sense of loneliness he had, he might have been in the jail a year. Made eager by the hope of companionship, he quickened his pace, and hastened to meet the man half way—

What was this! His son!



They stood face to face, staring at each other. He shrinking and cowed, despite himself; Barnaby struggling with his imperfect memory, and wondering where he had seen that face, before. He was not uncertain long, for suddenly he laid hands upon him, and striving to bear him to the ground, cried:

“Ah! I know! You are the robber!”

He said nothing in reply at first, but held down his head, and struggled with him silently. Finding the younger man too strong for him, he raised his face, looked close into his eyes, and said,

“I am your father.”

God knows what magic the name had for his ears; but Barnaby released his hold, fell back, and looked at him aghast. Suddenly he sprung towards him, put his arms about his neck, and pressed his head against his cheek.

Yes, yes, he was; he was sure he was. But where had he been so long, and why had he left his mother by herself, or worse than by herself, with her poor foolish boy? And had she really been as happy as they said. And where was she? Was she near there? She was not happy now, and he in jail? Ah, no.

Not a word was said in answer; but Grip croaked loudly, and hopped about them, round and round, as if enclosing them in a magic circle, and invoking all the powers of mischief.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOS. HARRIS & SON'S



ACHROMATIC TELESCOPES.

Warranted unequalled by any other house at the prices. On receiving a remittance a telescope will be sent, CARRIAGE FREE, TO ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM, and exchanged if not approved. No tourist or seaside visitor should be without one.

- A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off £0 13 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 12 miles off 1 10 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 16 miles off 2 2 0
- A pocket telescope to show objects 20 miles off 4 0 0

THOS. HARRIS & SON, Opticians to the Royal Family, No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, established 60 years. Recollect, not related to, nor connected with, a house of the same name.

GERMAN UMBRELLAS,

Twenty-one Shillings each,

At W. & J. SANGSTER'S,

Manufacturers to H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent Street, and 94, Fleet Street.—Established A.D. 1777.

J. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S very superior PATENT and other METALLIC PENS may be had of all Stationers, Booksellers, and other dealers in Pens throughout the United Kingdom.—The best test of the celebrity which these Pens have attained with the Public is the great and regularly increasing demand for them.—The number of Pens manufactured at the works of **JOSEPH GILLOTT**,

From Oct. 1837 to Oct. 1839, was 35,808,452
 or 2,984,037 2-3rd doz.
 or 248,669 gro. 9 doz. 8 pens.

And from Oct. 1838 to Oct. 1839, was 44,654,702
 or 3,721,225 2-12th doz.
 or 310,102 gro. 1 doz. 2 pens.

Please observe—all the genuine Pens are marked in full, **JOSEPH GILLOTT**. Wholesale and for Exportation at the manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham-street, Birmingham.

FLUTES.—Eight-keyed **COCOA FLUTES**, with patent head, double springs, plates to the C keys, the keys, tips, &c. of the best silver, 5l. 5s., or German silver, 2l. 12s. 6d. These instruments are made of the choicest wood, finished with great care, and warranted perfect in tone. Manufactured by **H. FETUM**, Teacher of the Flute, 17, Northumberland-street, Strand.

PATOW'S PATENT COFFEE URN makes excellent Coffee as speedily as Tea. Sold by all Ironmongers and at 145, Ho. born. Urns from £1. Pots from 6s.

PATOW'S PAT. GAS BURNER & DEGRATER & Burner pre-vents changes of light, smoke and waste, 6s.

CHINA.—**J. T. BRAMELD** respectfully calls attention to his extensive stock of **CHINA, GLASS, IRON-STONE, and EARTHENWARE**, at his Show Rooms, The Griffin, 232, Piccadilly, top of the Haymarket, and 56, Great Windmill Street. Agent for **ROBINS' ROYAL FILTERS**.—Sept. 1841.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

CHEAP STANDARD WORKS

In the "ROMANCIER," uniform with the "Waverley Novels."
ANDREW WINPENNY, COUNT DE DEUX SOUS. 3 vols. 1s. 3d.
GUY RIVERS, THE OUTLAW. 4 vols. 1s. 3d.
RINALDO RINALDINI, THE BANDIT CAPTAIN. 2 vols. 10d.
MAY MARTIN; or THE MONEY DIGGERS. 2 vols. 10d.
FATAL REVENGE; or THE HOUSE OF MONTORIO. 4 vols. 1s. 4d.
WOMAN'S REVENGE; or THE TRIBUNAL OF BLOOD. 2 vols. 7d.
HOWARD PINCKNEY. (The last new American Novel.) 3 vols. 11d.
PAUL THE SPANISH SHARPER, THE PATTERN OF ROGUES. 2 vols. 11d.
EDRIC THE FORESTER; or MYSTERIES OF THE HAUNTED CHAMBER. 2 vols. 7d.
ROMANCE OF THE CASTLE. 2 vols. 9d.
 Forming Three Volumes, bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. each.

DE FOE'S COMPLETE WORKS.

Uniform with Chambers' Edition of Standard Works.

COLONEL JACK. 1s. 4d. **MOLL FLANDERS.** 1s. 4d.
MEMOIRS OF A CAVALIER. 1s. 4d.
ROXANA, THE FORTUNATE MISTRESS. 1s. 6d.
DUNCAN CAMPBELL. 1s.
NEW VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. 1s.
JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE. 1s. 4d.
MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON. 1s. 4d.
ROBINSON CRUSOE. Being the only correct reprint extant. 3s. 6d.
LIFE OF DE FOE. With Plates. By W. HAZLITT, Esq. 2s.
CAPTAIN SINGLETON'S LIFE AND PIRACIES. 1s. 6d.
 Forming and completing the whole of De Foe's Novels, in two volumes, price 10s. 6d. each, bound.
 London: John Clements, Pall-mall; Simpkin & Marshall, Sherwood, and Strange, Paternoster-row. Haywood, Manchester; Smith, Liverpool; Smith, Aberdeen; Machen, Dublin; Guest & Watts, Birmingham.

FASHIONABLE PERFUMES.

ROYAL EXTRACT OF FLOWERS. ESSENCE OF SWEET-BRIAR. These Bouquets, combining piquancy with durability, have obtained the enviable title of the leading fashionable Perfumes of the day.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA BOUQUET, THE ROYAL ALBERT BOUQUET, and the new Perfume for 1841, **THE PRINCESS ROYAL BOUQUET.**
 Manufactured and sold by **RIGGE, BROCKBANK, and RIGGE, 35, New Bond-street, London.**

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY

Furnishes innumerable proofs of the high estimation in which **GOWLAND'S LOTION** is held by the most distinguished possessors of brilliant complexions. This elegant preparation comprehends the preservation of the complexion, both from the effects of cutaneous malady and the operation of variable temperature, refreshing its delicacy, and sustaining the brightest tints with which beauty is adorned. "Robert Shaw, London," is engraved on the stamp.—Prices, 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., quarts, 8s. 6d. Sold by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

PURE CARBONATE OF SODA 1s.; Tar-taric Acid 2s.; Tasteless Salts 1s. per lb. Seidlitz Powders for 18 Glasses 1s. 6d. Ginger Beer and Lemonade Powders for 18 Glasses 1s. Soda Water ditto for 24 Glasses 1s.—At Griffiths's, 41, Clerkenwell Green.

REFORM YOUR LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

GENTLEMAN'S
 Superfine Dress Coat - 2 7 6
 Extra Saxony, the best that is made - 2 15 0
 Superfine Frock Coat, silk, - 2 10 0
 Backskin or double-milled Cassimere Trousers, 17s. 6d. to 1 5 0
 New Patterns, Summer Trouser, 10s. 6d. per pair, or 3 pr. 1 10 0
 Summer Suits, 17s. 6d. to 1 0 0
 Spangled Silk Vests, 8s. 6d. to 10 0
 Waistcoats, 10s. 6d. each, or 3 1 0
 Morning Dressing Gowns - 0 15 0
 Peterborough Great Coats and Pelerines - 1 10 0
 Silk or Velvet Collars, bound, and lined - 1 10 0
 Cloth Goggles, lined - 1 10 0
 Army Cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9 1/2 yards round - 2 10 0
 Scardie Hunting Coat - 3 3 0
 Capital Shooting Jackets - 1 1 0

CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR.
 Originated by E. P. D. & SON, are universally adopted by CLERGYMEN and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, as being MORE REGULAR and ECONOMICAL. THEIR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED. —
 Two Suits per Year, Superfine 7 7—Extra Saxony, the best that is made 8 6
 Three Suits per Year, ditto 10 17—Extra Saxony, ditto 12 5
 Four Suits per Year, ditto 14 7—Extra Saxony, ditto 15 15
 (THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN,
 Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus, explanatory of their system of business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be dispatched immediately to wait on them.

REGIMENTALS AND NAVAL UNIFORMS.
FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING:
 Skeleton Dresses - 0 18 0—Camlet Cloaks - 0 6 6
 Tunic and Hussar Suits - 1 10 0—Cloth Cloaks - 0 15 6

STATE LIVERIES SPLENDIDLY MADE.
 Footman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3 0—Great Coat, with Cap, £2 15 0

E. P. DOUDNEY & SON,
49, LOMBARD STREET, 1784.
 Established

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BATH AND ITS CELEBRATED HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
In a few days will be published, by Tilt and Bogue, Fleet-street, London; and Simms and Son, Bath,

THE INVALIDS' and VISITERS' HAND-BOOK to the HOT MINERAL SPRINGS of BATH. By Dr. GRANVILLE, Author of "Spas of Germany," "Spas of England," &c. Bath is the Queen of Spas, the waters are almost identical with those of Baden-Baden, and highly efficacious in cases of gout, palsy, chronic rheumatism, nervous derangement, weakness, contraction or stiffness of the limbs or joints, cutaneous eruptions, dyspepsia and deranged health arising from impaired digestive powers, &c. The springs pour forth unceasingly the vast quantity of 160 gallons of the mineral water per minute, at a natural temperature of about 116° Fahrenheit. The entire establishment having undergone extensive improvements under the direction of the new lessees, now present the most splendid suite of baths and pump-rooms in Europe, and include, besides public and private baths, reclining, douche, vapour, shampooing, hot-air, sulphur, lavement, tepid swimming, and shower baths. Terms for drinking, bathing, &c., with every other particular required by parties about to visit Bath, may be obtained (gratis) on application addressed to the superintendent of the baths. The Bath waters supplied in bottles. Agents for London—Mr. Green, Chemist, Tothill-street, Westminster; Mr. S. Sainsbury, Saline Chemist, 177, Strand. London to Bath, (via Great Western Railway,) three hours and a half.

EIGHTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,
SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

FIFTH EDITION. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,
SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

In One Volume, small 8vo, price 3s. boards,
SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.

By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen."

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR FOR 1842. Price 15s.

JEFFERYS & NELSON beg to announce the publication of their Musical Annual for 1842; containing upwards of One Hundred pages of New Songs, Duets, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Pianoforte Pieces, &c. &c., none of which have ever before appeared in print. The Illustrations, by John Brandard, are superb specimens of Chromo-lithography, and the book is altogether the best musical volume ever offered to the Public. 21, Soho Square, London.

LUXURY IN SHAVING.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S AMBROSIAL SHAVING CREAM, patronised by PRINCE ALBERT.—This inestimable Cream possesses all the good qualities of the finest Naples Soap, without the disagreeable smell inseparable from that article in a genuine state. It is of a white pearly appearance, produces a creamy lather, which will not dry on the face, and emits in use the delightful flavour of the almond. Invented and prepared by her MAJESTY'S PERFUMERS, JOHN GOSNELL & CO., successors to Price and Gosnell, at the original establishments, 160, Regent-street, and 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street. Proprietors of PRINCE ALBERT'S BOUQUET, Royal Victoria Bouquet, Soap Tablets without angles, &c.

Bound in cloth, gill edges, price 2s. 6d.

THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING.

By the late Captain BARABBAS WHITEFEATHER, Knight of every Order of the Fleece, S. C. A. M. P. and C. U. R. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

Second Edition, with Additions. In One Volume, small 8vo, price 4s. 6d. boards,

A PAPER—OF TOBACCO.

Treating of the Rise, Progress, Pleasures, and Advantages of Smoking, with Remarks on the Use and Abuse of the Fascinating Weed, Anecdotes of Distinguished Smokers, and AN ESSAY, TRITICAL, CRITICAL, PRACTICAL, AND THEORETICAL, ON SNUFF.

By JOSEPH FUME.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ," AND WOODCUTS.

POCKET TRAVELLING MAPS,

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

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.

BEDFORDSHIRE	ENGLAND	LANCASHIRE	SHROPSHIRE
BERKSHIRE	ESSEX	LEICESTERSHIRE	SOMERSETSHIRE
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE	GLOUCESTERSHIRE	LINCOLNSHIRE	STAFFORDSHIRE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE	HAMPSHIRE	MIDDLESEX	SUFFOLK
CHESHIRE	HEREFORDSHIRE	MONMOUTHSHIRE	SURREY
CORNWALL	HERTFORDSHIRE	NORFOLK	SUSSEX
CUMBERLAND	HUNTINGDONSHIRE	NORTHAMPTONSHIRE	WARWICKSHIRE
DERBYSHIRE	ISLE OF WIGHT	NORTHUMBERLAND	WESTMORELAND
DEVONSHIRE	ISLES OF MAN,	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE	WILTSHIRE
DORSETSHIRE	JERSEY, AND GUERNSEY	OXFORDSHIRE	WORCESTERSHIRE
DURHAM	KENT	RUTLANDSHIRE	

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, 136, STRAND.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.