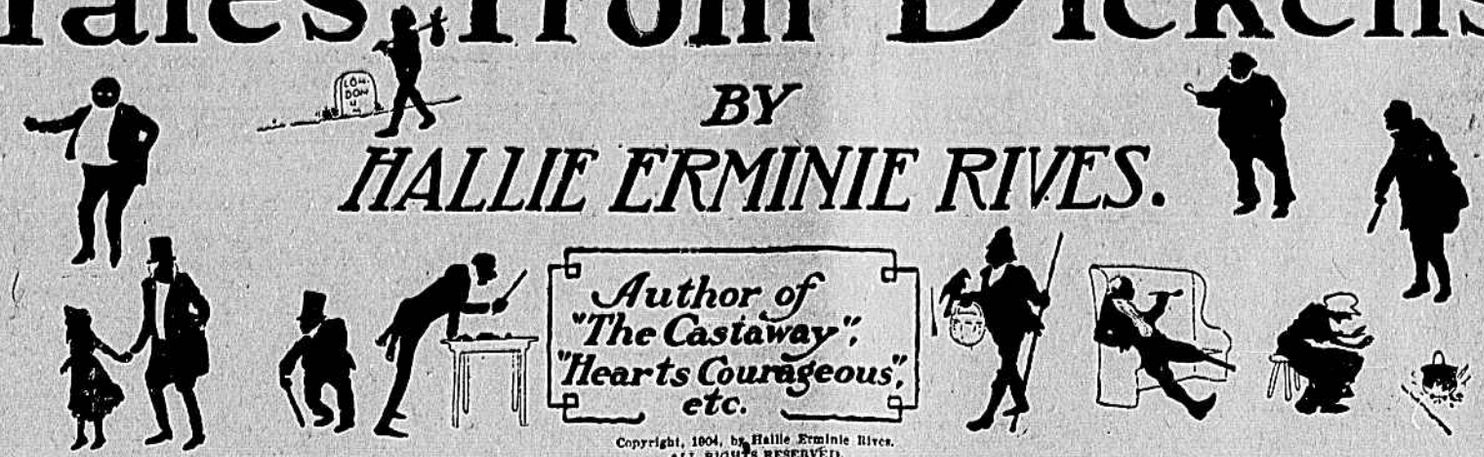
Tales from Dickens.

BY HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Charles Dickens



Author of "The Castaway", "Hearts Courageous", etc.

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Hallie Erminie Rives

...BARNABY RUDGE...

1.—Barnaby's Boyhood.

MANY years ago a gentleman named Reuben Haredale lived at a house called "The Warren," near the city of London. His wife was dead and he had one baby daughter, Emma.

One morning he was found murdered in his house, which had been robbed. Both the gardener and the steward, Mr. Rudge, were missing, and some people thought one had done it and some thought the other. But some days later a disfigured body was found in a pond on the grounds which, by its clothes and a watch and ring, was recognized as that of Rudge, the missing steward. Then, of course, every one believed the gardener had murdered both, and the police searched for him a long time, but he was never found.

The same day this cruel murder was discovered, a baby was born to Mrs. Rudge, the wife of the steward—a pretty boy, though with a birth mark as red as blood on the wrist, and a strange look of terror on the baby face. He was named Barnaby, and his mother loved him all the more because it was soon seen he was weak-minded, and could never be in his right senses. She, herself, poor woman! seemed never able to forget the horror of that day.

Geoffrey Haredale, the brother and heir of the murdered man took up his abode at "The Warren" and adopted the baby Emma, his niece, as his own daughter. He was kind to Mrs. Rudge also. Not only did he let her live, rent free, in a house he owned, but he did many a kind deed secretly for her half-witted son as he grew older.

Barnaby Rudge grew up a strange, weird creature. His hair was long and red and hung in disorder about his shoulders. His skin was pale, his eyes bright and his clothes he trimmed most curiously with bits of gaudy lace and bright ribbons and glass toys. He wore a cluster of broken peacock feathers in his hat and girded at his side was the broken hilt of an old sword without a blade. But strangest of all was a little wicker basket he always carried on his back. When he set this down and opened it, there hopped out a tame raven who would cock its head on one side and say hoarsely and very knowingly:

"Halloa! Halloa! Halloa! What's the matter here? Keep up your spirits. Never say die. I'm a devil; I'm a devil; I'm a devil! Hurrah!"

Then it would whistle or make a noise like the drawing of a cork out of a bottle, repeated a great many times, and flap its wings against its sides as if it were bursting with laughter.

This raven was named Grip and was Barnaby's constant companion. People used to say it was 120 years old (for ravens live a very long time), and some said it knew altogether too much to be only a bird. But Barnaby would hear nothing against it, and, next to his mother, loved it better than anything in the world.

Barnaby knew that folk called him half-witted, but he cared little for that. Sometimes he would laugh at what they said. "Why," he would say, "how much better to be silly than as wise as you! You don't see shadowy people like those that live in sleep—not you. Nor eyes in the knotted panes of glass, nor swift ghosts when it blows hard, nor do you hear voices in the air, nor see men stalking in the sky—not you. I lead a merrier life than you, with all your cleverness. You're the dull men. We're the bright ones. Ha, ha! I'll not change with you, not I."

Haredale, who had been so kind to Barnaby's mother, was a burly, stern man who had few acquaintances and lived much alone. When first he came to live at "The Warren" an enemy of his, Sir John Chester, had circulated suspicious rumors about him, so that some came half to believe, he himself had had something to do with his brother's murder. These whispers so affected Haredale that as time passed he grew gloomy and morose and lived in a seclusion, thinking only how he could solve the mystery of the murder, and loving more and more the little Emma as she grew into a beautiful girl. He neglected "The Warren" so that the property looked desolate and ruined, and at length superstitious people in the neighborhood came to mutter that it was haunted by the ghost of Rudge, the steward, whose body had been found in the pond. The old bell ringer of the nearby church even claimed to have seen this ghost once, when he went, late one night, to wind the church clock. But, of course, others, who knew there were no such things as ghosts, only smiled at these stories.

Sir John Chester, who hated Haredale so, was just as smooth and smiling and elegant as the other was rough. Haredale had been Sir John's drudge and scapegoat at school and had despised him. And as the years went by he came to hate him more bitterly for the following reason:

His son Edward saw and fell in love with Emma, Haredale's niece, and she loved him in return. Sir John had been all his life utterly selfish and without conscience. He had little money and was much in debt and wanted his son to marry an heiress so that he, himself, could continue his life of pleasure. Edward, however, gave his father to understand that he would never give up his love for Emma, so Sir John determined to part them by some trick.

Emma had a close friend named Dolly Varden, the daughter of a locksmith. Dolly was a pretty, dimpled, roguish little flirt, as rosy and sparkling and fresh as an apple, and had a great many lovers. One of them was her father's apprentice, who lived in the same house. His name was Sim Tappertit—a conceited, bragging, empty-headed young man with a great opinion of his own good looks. When he looked at his thin legs, which he admired exceedingly, he could not see how it was that Dolly could help worshipping him.

Tappertit had ambitions of his own and thought himself a great man who was kept down by a tyrannical master, though the good-natured locksmith was the kindest man in London. He had formed a society of apprentices whose toast was "Death to all masters, life to all apprentices, and love to all fair damsels." He was their leader. He had made them all keys to fit their masters' doors, and at night, when they were supposed to be asleep in bed, they would steal out to meet in a dirty cellar owned by an old blind man, where they kept a skull and crossbones and signed high-sounding oaths with a pen dipped in blood, and did other silly things. The object of the society was to hurt, annoy, wrong and pick quarrels with such of their master as happened not to please them. With such cheap fooleries Tappertit had convinced himself that he was fit to be a great general.

But with all his smirking, Dolly Varden only laughed at him. To tell the truth she was very fond of young Joe Willet, whose father kept the Maypole Inn, very near "The Warren," where her friend Emma Haredale lived. Joe was a good, brave fellow, and was head over ears in love with Dolly, but Dolly was a coquette, and never let him know how much she cared for him. Joe was not contented at home, for his father seemed to think him a child and did not treat him according to his years, so that but for leaving Dolly Varden he would have long ago run away to seek his fortune.

Both Joe and Dolly knew how Edward Chester loved Emma Haredale, and they used sometimes to carry notes from one to the other, since the hatred of Sir John for Emma's uncle prevented the lovers from meeting. Sir John found this out, and bribed a hostler at the Maypole Inn to spy for him and prevent, if he could, these letters passing. This hostler was an uncouth, drunken giant that people called "Maypole Hugh" as strong as an ox, and cruel and cunning. Hugh watched carefully, and from time to time would go to Sir John's house in London and report what he had seen.

2.—The Mysterious Stranger and Who He Was.

ABOUT this time resident in the neighborhood of "The Warren" and the Maypole Inn began to tell tales of a mysterious man who roamed about the country side. He was seen often and by many persons, always at night, skulking in the shadow or riding furiously on a horse. He was fierce and haggard and discourteous to travelers, wore a slouch hat which he never took off, and generally kept the lower part of his face muffled in a handkerchief. He always went alone. Some said he slept in churchyards, others that he never slept at all, and still others that he was a wicked man who had sold his soul to the evil one.

One night he paused at the Maypole Inn, and a little while after he had gone Varden the locksmith, Dolly's father, as he drove home, found Edward Chester lying in the road, having been wounded and robbed of his money. Barnaby Rudge had seen the attack and was bending over him. He had been too frightened to give aid, but from his description Varden knew the robber was the stranger who had stopped at the inn. The honest locksmith took Edward into his chaise, drove him to Barnaby's house, which was near by, and left him in care of Mrs. Rudge, where a doctor soon dressed the wound, which was not serious.

Next day Mr. Varden came to see how the wounded man was. As he sat talking with Mrs. Rudge a tapping came at the window. She went to the door. The locksmith heard her cry out, and sprang forward to find standing there, to his astonishment, the robber of the night before. He grasped at him, but the woman threw herself before him, clasped his arm and begged him, for her life's sake, not to pursue the man.

The locksmith had known Barnaby's mother all his life, but so strange was her action now (especially since she refused to answer any question, beseeching him to ask her nothing), that he almost wondered if she herself could be in league with a crimedoer. Her apparent agony touched him, however, and, raising no alarm, he went home in great puzzle of mind.

He would have been far more disturbed if he had known the whole truth. For the mysterious stranger he had seen, who by night had haunted the neighborhood, was none other than Mrs. Rudge's husband, the father of Barnaby, the steward who everybody believed had been murdered with Reuben Haredale, his master, and whose body had been found in the pond. Rudge himself had committed that wicked deed. He had killed both Haredale and the gardener, and to cover the crime had put his own clothes, his watch and ring on the latter's body and sunk it in the pond. When he told his wife what he had done she had shrank fearfully from him, declaring that, although being his wife she would not give him up to justice, yet she would never own him or shelter him. He had fled then with the money he had stolen, and that night, while she lay sick with horror, Barnaby had been born with his poor crazed brain, the look of terror in his baby face and the birthmark of blood on his wrist.

For many years the guilty wretch had wandered the earth, but he could not escape the knowledge of his deed. And at last his conscience had driven him back to the scene of his crime, friendless, penniless, fearful of the sunlight, slinking by night like a ghost about the house in which he had murdered his master, and hounding his miserable wife for money with which to buy food and drink. The poor woman had kept her terrible secret, giving him every coin she could save, striving so that Barnaby, unhappy born as he was, should never have the shame of having his father suffer death on the gallows. When he had come to her house that day he had thought her alone, and she had saved him from capture only by begging the locksmith to stay his hand.

After his narrow escape from Varden Rudge hid himself in a narrow street. When the next dawn came, as he searched for some dark den in which he might lie sheltered till another night, he saw Sim Tappertit issuing with his noisy apprentice crew from the cellar in which they held their meetings. He entered its door, made friends with the villainous blind man who kept it and there established his headquarters.

Once more, one night after the wounded Edward had been taken to his own home, Rudge hunted out his trembling wife and demanded money, threatening to bring harm to Barnaby if she refused him, and she gave him all she had.

But this time dread of him made her desperate. When morning came she went to Haredale and told him that she and her son could no longer live on his bounty, and next day, with Barnaby, who carried on his back his beloved raven, "Grip," she left the house afoot, telling no one where they were going lest her husband find her out, and pushed far into the country to find a home in some obscure village. And though Rudge, the murderer, and the blind man (who was much more crafty and cunning than many men with eyesight) searched for them everywhere, it was a long time before they found any trace.

Perhaps Joe and Dolly Varden missed poor cheery Barnaby more than any one else. But several events occurred soon after this that gave them other things to think of.

Maypole Hugh, the savage hostler, had continued his spying work for Edward's father, and Sir John determined it was high time to break off his son's attachment for Emma Haredale. One day, as Dolly was carrying a letter from Emma at "The Warren" to Edward, as she passed through the fields, Hugh attacked her, throwing his arms around her and pretending to make coarse love to her. She was dreadfully frightened and screamed as loud as she could. Joe, as it happened, was walking within sound of her voice, and ran like the wind to her aid. In another moment Hugh had leaped the hedge and disappeared and Dolly was sobbing in her rescuer's arms. She was afraid to tell Joe who had frightened her, for fear the hostler would take his revenge by harming him, so she only said she had been attacked by a man whom she had never seen before.

In her scare she had forgotten all about the letter she had carried, and now she discovered it was gone. They searched, but it was nowhere to be found.

This, of course, was because Hugh had stolen it. It was to get the letter that he had frightened her, and was soon on his way to carry it to Sir John, which Dolly did not guess. She wrote to Emma telling her of the mishap, and this note, Joe, to whom she intrusted it, not knowing any reason to distrust the hostler, gave to Hugh to deliver. So Sir John got both missives in the end.

Emma Haredale, not knowing why Edward returned no answer, was hurt, and thought him cold. Sir John, seizing his opportunity, told her one day (pretending sorrow while he did so) that his son, naturally fickle, had fallen in love with some one else, to whom he was soon to be married. Emma, not dreaming the father of the man she loved could be such a false liar, believed him, and when Edward wrote her, speaking of his poverty and telling her he was going to leave England to try to better his prospects, she thought his manly letter only an excuse to part from her.

Proud, though heart-broken, she did not answer it, and so, thanks to his father's deceitful and selfish scheming, Edward sailed away to the West Indies, hopeless and despairing.

Another left England at the same time whose departure meant far more to Dolly Varden. This was Joe. His father, the inn keeper, had been restraining him more and more, until his treatment had become the jest of the countryside, and Joe had chafed to the point of rebell on at the jibes that continually met him. One day, at the jeer of an old enemy of his, his wrath boiled over. He sprang upon him, thrashed him soundly in the inn before the assembled guests, and then, knowing his father would never forgive him, he went to his own room and barricaded the door. That night he let himself down from his window and before daylight was in London.

He went first to the locksmith's house to tell Dolly he had run away and that he loved her, but Dolly, being a flirt, only laughed. To tell the truth, she was so very fond of him that she didn't like to show him how sorry she was. So the poor fellow went away thinking she cared very little (though as soon as he was out of sight she nearly cried her eyes out), and enlisted as a soldier, and that same night he started from London to fight in the war in America. And it was a long time before either her or Edward Chester was heard of again.

3.—Barnaby Gets Into Trouble.

FIVE years went by, and Edward Chester remained in the West Indies and prospered. For five years Joe Willet fought in the war in America. And for five years Barnaby Rudge with his mother and Grip, the raven, lived unmolested in their little village and were happy.

At the end of the five years three things happened at about the same time: Edward started back to England from the West Indies with a fair fortune in his pocket; Joe was sent back from America with one arm gone, and Barnaby and his mother left their village home again, secretly, and set out for London, hoping to lose themselves in its hugeness. The wily blind man, the companion now of Rudge the murderer, had found them out!

He came one day and took all the money Mrs. Rudge had been able to lay by in these five years except a single gold piece. He told her he would return in a week for more and that if she had not got it then he would entice Barnaby away to join in the evil of his father. She set out the next morning, and afoot they trudged all the weary way to the great city.

Though they knew nothing of it, there was great excitement brewing in London. Lord George Gordon, a noble, but deluded enthusiast led astray by flattering schemes till he believed he had a God-given mission to rid England of all Catholics, had, some time before this, begun to hold meetings and to stir up the people with the cry of "No Popery." He professed to believe that the religious liberty of the country was in danger of being overthrown and that the Pope in Rome was plotting to make his religion supreme. And this idea he talked continually wherever he went. He was a slender, sallow man who affected clothes of severe black and wore his hair smooth and precise combed, but his bright, restless eyes and his expression of uncertainity made it apparent that he was no man to lead, but was rather himself the misled dupe of others.

One of these schemers who ruled him was his secretary, Gashford, a man of repulsive face, with beetling brows and great flapped ears. He had been a thief and a scoundrel all his life, and had wormed himself into Lord George's confidence by base flattery, until now he fooled his master easily into believing that the wild rabble who flocked to hear him, and the idle scum who yelled themselves hoarse at his meetings, were crowds of reputable citizens who believed as he did, and were ready to follow his leadership. Gashford had drawn into his train even Dennis, the hangman of London, and the foolish lord, ignorant of the fellow's true calling, thought him a man to trust.

For many weeks this handing together of all the lawless characters of London had gone on, till one had only to shout "No Popery" on any street corner to draw a crowd bent on mischief. Respectable folk grew afraid and kept closer to their houses, and criminals and street vagabonds grew bolder and bolder.

As may be guessed, Sim Tappertit, the one-time apprentice of Varden, the locksmith, rejoiced at this excitement as a chance to show his talent for leadership. His apprentice society had now become the "United Bulldogs," and he himself, aiding the schemes of Gashford, strutted about among the crowds with an air of vast importance.

Sir John Chester watched the trouble gather with amusement. His old enemy, Haredale, he knew was a Catholic, and, as this movement, if it grew bold enough, meant harm to all of that religion, he sincerely hoped for its success. He was too wily to aid it publicly, but he sent Maypole Hugh, who was still his spy, to Gashford; and the brawny hostler, who savagely longed for fighting and plunder, joined with the secretary and with Dennis, the hangman, to help increase the turmoil.

A day had been set on which Lord George Gordon had declared he would march to Parliament at the head of 40,000 men to demand the passing of a law to forbid all Catholics to enter the country. This vast rabble-army gathered in a great field, under the command of these sorry leaders—the misguided Lord, Dennis, the hangman, Tappertit, Hugh, the hostler, Gashford, the secretary, and other ruffians picked for their boldness and daring. The mob thus formed covered an immense area. All wore blue cockades in their hats or carried blue flags, and from them went up a hoarse roar of oaths, ribald songs, and shouts that rent the air.

Such was the scene upon which Barnaby and his mother came as they walked into London. They knew nothing of its cause or its meaning. His mother saw its rough disorder with terror, but the confusion, the waving flags and the shouts had got into Barnaby's brain. To him this seemed a splendid host marching to some noble cause. He watched with sparkling eyes, longing to join it.

Suddenly Maypole Hugh rushed from the crowd with a shout of recognition, and, thrusting a flagstaff into Barnaby's hands, drew him into the ranks. His mother shrieked and ran forward, but she was thrown to the ground; Barnaby was whirled away into the moving mass and she saw him no more. Barnaby enjoyed that hour of march with all his soul, and the louder the howling the more he was thrilled. The crowd surrounded the houses of Parliament and resisted all commands of the police to disperse, until a regiment of mounted soldiers charged them. Barnaby thought this brave work and held his ground valiantly, even knocking one soldier off his horse with the flagstaff, and withdrew only when others dragged him to a place of safety.

That night, grown bolder, the drunken mob tore down, pillaged and burned all the Catholic chapels within their reach, and, with Hugh and Dennis, the hangman, poor crazed Barnaby ran at its head, covered with dirt, his garments torn to rags, singing and leaping with delight. He thought he was the most courageous of all, that he was helping to destroy the country's enemies, and that when it was over he and his mother would be rich and she would always be proud that he was so noble and so brave.

The golden cups, the candlesticks and the money they stole from the burned chapels Hugh and the hangman buried under the heap of straw in the tavern which they had made their headquarters, and left Barnaby to guard the place. He counted this a sacred trust, and when soldiers came to arrest all in the building he refused to fly in time. He even fought them single handed and felled two before he was knocked down with the butt of a musket and handcuffed.

While he had been resisting, "Grip" had been busily plucking away the straw from the hidden plunder; now his hoarse croak showed them the hoard and they unearthed it all. At length, closing ranks around Barnaby, they marched him off to a barracks, from which he was taken to Newgate Prison, where a blacksmith put irons on his arms and legs and he and the raven were locked in a cell.

While Barnaby was guarding the tavern room, Hugh, egged on by his master, Sir John Chester, had proposed the burning and sacking of "The Warren," where Haredale still lived with Emma, his niece, and Dolly Varden, now her companion. The crowd agreed gladly, since Haredale was a Catholic and that same day in London had given evidence to the police against the rioters who had burned the chapels. They rushed away, marched hastily across the fields, tied the old host of the Maypole Inn to his chair, drank all the liquor they could find and then rushed to "The Warren." There they put the servants to flight, burst in the doors, staved the wine casks in the cellar, split up the costly furniture with hammers and axes and set fire to the building, so that is soon burned to the ground.

Haredale, in London, saw the red glare in the sky and rode posthaste to the place, but found on his arrival only ruins and ashes. He believed that Emma and Dolly had had time to escape to safety; but while he was searching the grounds for some sign of them he saw in the starlight a man hiding in a broken turret. He drew his sword and advanced. As the figure moved into the light he rushed forward, flung himself upon him and clutched his throat.

"Villain!" he cried in a terrible voice, "dead and buried as all men supposed, at last, at last I have you! You, Rudge, slayer of my brother and of his faithful servant! Double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God!"

Bound and fettered in his carriage, Haredale took Rudge back to London and had him locked in Newgate Prison.

4.—How Barnaby Prospered at Last.

HAREDALE sought vainly next day for Emma and Dolly Varden. He could not believe they had lost their lives in the burning building, yet he was filled with anxiety because of their disappearance. Could he have know what had happened he would have been even more fearful.

Sim Tappertit had seen his chance at last to possess himself of the lovely Dolly whom he had hopelessly pursued when he was an apprentice of the locksmith, and he had bribed Hugh and the hangman to aid him. While the mob occupied at the front of the house this precious pair entered from the back, seized the two girls and put them by force into a carriage. This they guarded at a distance till the burning was done; then, with Tappertit on the box and surrounded by his ruffians, the carriage was driven into the city.

Emma had spent the day in fear that her uncle Haredale had been killed with other Catholics in London, and at this new and surpassing fright she had now fainted. Dolly, though no less concerned, fought bravely though vainly. Often in that long ride she wished that Joe, her vanished lover, were there to rescue her as he had rescued her once from Maypole Hugh. She had determined when she reached the London streets to scream as loudly as she could for help; but before they came to the city Hugh climbed into carriage and sat between them, threatening to choke either if she made a noise. In this wise they were driven to a miserable cottage, and in the dirty apartment to which they were taken Dolly threw herself upon the unconscious Emma and wept pitifully, unmindful of the jeers of Hugh and of the hangman.

When Tappertit entered the room suddenly, Dolly, not knowing his part in the plot, screamed with joy and threw herself into his arms, crying:

"I knew it! My dear father's at the door! Heaven bless you for rescuing us!"

But she saw in an instant her mistake, when the ridiculous braggart laid his hand on his breast and told her, now that he no longer was an apprentice, but a famous leader of the people, he had chosen to be her husband. With this announcement he left them.

Meanwhile Mrs. Rudge, day and night, had searched everywhere for Barnaby. In one of the riots she was injured, and was taken to a hospital, and while she lay there she heard with agony that her son had been so active in the disturbances that a price had been put by the Government on his head.

But in his present trouble Barnaby had found an old friend that he did not guess. Joe Willet, just returned with his one empty sleeve from his five years of soldiering in America, had been with the soldiers in the barracks when Barnaby had been brought there on his way to prison. He soon discovered who the boy's rioting companions had been and took them word of his plight, for he knew it meant death to Barnaby unless he escaped.

Maypole Hugh, Tappertit and the hangman were all itching for more disorder, and this news gave them an excuse. They went out at once, and gathered the mob together to attack Newgate Prison and to release all the prisoners. They themselves led the procession. The house of Varden, Dolly's father, was on their way; they stopped there, and, in spite of the lusty fight he made, carried the locksmith with them to compel him to open the prison gates with his tools.

This he refused to do, and they would doubtless have killed him but for two men who dragged him from their clutches just in time. These two men were the one-armed Joe and Edward Chester, just returned from the West Indies, whom the former had met by accident that day. They took the locksmith to his home, while the raging crowd brought furniture from neighboring houses and built a bonfire of it to burn down the great prison gate.

From this same mob Haredale himself had a narrow escape. He was staying at a house near by, which, belonging to a Catholic was itself attacked. He tried to escape across the roof, but was recognized from the street by the giant, Hugh. The cellar luckily had a back door into a lane, and with the assistance of Joe and Edward, who had hastened to the rear to aid him, he escaped that way.

Hugh, during that terrible time, while the mob was burning houses everywhere and the soldiers firing on the rioters in every quarter of London, seemed to bear a charmed life. He rode a great brewer's horse and carried an ax, and wherever the fight was thickest there he was to be found.

Never had such a spectacle been seen in London as when the prison gate fell and the crowd rushed from cell to cell smashing the iron doors to release the prisoners, some of whom, being under sentence of death, had never expected to be free again. Rudge, the murderer, knowing nothing of what the uproar meant, suffered tortures, thinking in his guilty fear that the hordes were howling for his life. When he was finally released and in the open street he found Barnaby aside him.

They broke off their fetters, and that night took refuge in a shed in a field. Next day Rudge sent Barnaby to try to find the blind man, his wily partner, in whose wits he trusted to help them get away. Barnaby brought the blind man, and brought also Hugh, whom he found wounded in the street, but in so doing he was seen by Dennis, the hangman.

This villainous sneak, knowing that the daring of the rioters had reached its limit, and that they must soon be scattered and subdued, and thinking to purchase pardon for himself by a piece of treachery, without delay brought soldiers, who surrounded the shed. The blind man, attempting to run away, was shot dead and the others, Rudge, Hugh and poor innocent Barnaby, were captured.

Then, highly satisfied with his work, the hangman set out for the house where Sim Tappertit had confined Emma Haredale and Dolly Varden. He wanted them well out of the way, lest they should testify that he had helped to burn "The Warren" and to kidnap them. He had thought of a plan to have them taken to a boat in the river and conveyed where their friends would never find them, and to carry them off he chose Gashford, Lord George Gordon's secretary, who was the more willing as he had fallen in love with Emma's beauty.

But this wicked plan was never to be carried out. The very hour that Gashford came on this pitiless errand, while he roughly bade Emma prepare to depart, the doors flew open. Men poured in, led by Edward Chester, who knocked Gashford down; and in another moment Emma was clasped in her uncle's embrace, and Dolly, laughing and crying at the same time, fell into the arms of her father. Their place of concealment had been discovered a few hours before and the three men had lost no time in planning their capture.

Dennis, the hangman, in spite of his previous treachery, was caught in the trap and taken straightway to jail, and Simon Tappertit, wounded and raging, watched Dolly's departure from the floor, where he lay with his wonderful legs, the pride and glory of his life, crushed into shapeless ugliness. The famous riots were over. Lord George Gordon was a prisoner, hundreds were being arrested, and London was again growing quiet.

Mrs. Rudge, poor mother! at last found Barnaby where he lay chained in his cell and condemned to death. Day after day she never left him, while Varden, the locksmith, and Haredale worked hard for his release. They carried his case even to the King, and at the last moment, while he rode on his way to the execution, his pardon was granted.

Of the rest who died on the scaffold, Rudge, the murderer, was hanged reviling all men to the last; Maypole Hugh died glorying in his evil life and with a jest on his lips, and Dennis, the hangman, was dragged to the gallows cringing shrieking for mercy.

A few weeks after Emma Haredale was married to Edward Chester and sailed with him back to the West Indies, where he had established a flourishing business.

Before this, however, his father, Sir John Chester, was well punished for his hard heart and bad deeds by the discovery that Maypole Hugh, the hostler, was really his own unacknowledged son, whose mother he had deserted many years before. But even this blow, and the marriage of his son, Edward, to the niece of his lifelong enemy, did not soften him. He still hated Haredale with his old venom and loved to go to the ruins of "The Warren" and gloat over its destruction.

On one of these excursions he met and taunted Haredale beyond all endurance. The two men drew their swords and fought a duel which ended by Haredale's running Sir John through the heart. Haredale left England at once, entered a convent in a foreign country and spent his few remaining remorseful years in severe penance.

Lord George Gordon, the poor deluded noble who had been the cause of all this disorder, finally died, harmless and quite crazy, in Newgate Prison. Sim Tappertit, in spite of his active part in the riots, was luckier, for he got off with two wooden legs and lived many years, a corner bootblack.

Joe, of course, married Dolly Varden, and the locksmith gave her such a generous marriage portion that he was able to set up in business, succeeding his father as landlord of the old Maypole Inn, and there they lived long and happily.

Barnaby Rudge, after the death of his father, gradually became more rational and was everywhere a great favorite with old and young. He and his mother lived always on the Maypole farm, and there were never two happier souls than they.

As for Grip, the raven, he soon forgot his jail experience and grew sleek and glossy again. For a whole year he never uttered a word till one sunny morning he suddenly broke out with "I'm a devil. I'm a devil. I'm a devil!" in extraordinary rapture. From that time on he talked more and more, and as he was only 150 years old when Barnaby was gray headed (a mere infant for a raven) he is very probably talking yet.

TAPPPERBIB TOLD HER THAT HE WAS NO LONGER AN APPRENTICE, BUT A FAMOUS LEADER OF THE PEOPLE.

BARNABY AND HIS MOTHER LEAVE THEIR VILLAGE HOME AGAIN.

"Suchards"
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