

New-York Tribune.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

"I desire you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more."—HARRISON.

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BARNABY RUDGE.

A New Work by

CHAPTER II.

"A strange story!" said the man, who had been the cause of the narration. "Stranger still, if it comes about as you predict. Is that all?"
A question so unexpected nettled Solomon Daisy not a little. By dint of relating the story very often, and ornamenting it (according to village report) with a few flourishes, suggested by the various hearers from time to time, he had come by degrees to tell it with great effect; and "Is that all?" after the climax, was not what he was accustomed to.
"Is that all?" he repeated; "yes, that's all, sir. And enough, too, I think."

"I think so, too. My horse, young man. He is but a hack, hired from a roadside posting-house, but he must carry me to London to-night."

"To-night?" said Joe.
"To-night," returned the other. "What do you stare at? This tavern would seem to be a House of Call for all the gaping idlers of the neighborhood!"

At this remark, which evidently had reference to the scrutiny he had undergone, as mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the eyes of John Willet and his friends were diverted with marvellous rapidity to the copper boiler again. Not so with Joe, who, being a mettlesome fellow, returned the stranger's angry glance with a steady look, and rejoined:
"It's not a very bold thing to wonder at your going on to-night; surely you have been asked such a harmless question in an inn before, and in better weather than this. I thought you might not know the way, as you seem strange to this part."

"The way," repeated the other, irritably.
"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I'll—humph—I'll find it," replied the man, waving his hand, and turning on his heel. "Landlord, take the reckoning here."

John Willet did as he was desired, for on that point he was seldom slow, except in the particular of giving change, and testing the goodness of any piece of coin that was proffered to him by the application of his teeth or his tongue, or some other test, or, in doubtful cases, in a long series of tests, terminating in its rejection. The guest then wrapped his garments about him, so as to shelter himself as effectually as he could from the rough weather, and, without any word or sign of farewell, betook himself to the stable-yard. Here Joe (who had left the room on the conclusion of their short dialogue,) was protesting himself and the horse from the rain under the shelter of an old pent-house roof.

"He's pretty much of my opinion," said Joe, patting the horse upon the neck. "I'll wager that your stopping here to-night would please him better than it would please me."

"He and I are of different opinions, as we have been more than once on our way here," was the short reply.

"So I was thinking before you came out, for he has felt your spurs, poor beast!"

The stranger adjusted his coat-collar about his face, and made no answer.

"You'll know me again, I see," he said, marking the young fellow's earnest gaze when he had sprung into the saddle.

"The man's worth knowing, master, who travels a road he don't know, mounted on a jaded horse, and leaves good quarters to do it on such a night as this."

"You have sharp eyes and a sharp tongue, I find."

"Both, I hope, by nature; but the last grows rusty sometimes for want of using."

"Use the first loss, too, and keep their sharpness for your sweateaters, boy," said the man.

So saying, he shook his hand from the bridle, struck him roughly on the head with the butt-end of his whip, and galloped away; dashing through the mud and darkness with a headlong speed, which few badly-mounted horsemen would have dared to venture, even had they been thoroughly acquainted with the country, and which, to one who knew nothing of the way he rode, was attended at every step with great hazard and danger.

The roads, even within twelve miles of London, were at that time ill-paved, seldom repaired, and very badly made. The way this rider traversed had been ploughed up by the wheels of heavy wagons, and rendered rotten by the frosts and thaws of the preceding winter, or probably of many winters. Great holes and gaps had worn into the soil, which, being now filled with water from the late rains, were not easily distinguishable, even by day; and a plunge into any one of them might have brought down a sure-footed horse than the poor beast now urged forward to the utmost extent of his powers. Sharp flints and stones rolled from under his hoofs continually; the rider could scarcely see beyond the animal's head, or further on either side than his own arm would have extended. At that time, too, all the roads in the neighborhood of the metropolis were infested by foot-pads or highwaymen, and it was a night, of all others, in which any evil-disposed person of this class might have pursued his unlawful calling with little fear of detection.

Still, the traveler dashed forward at the same reckless pace, regardless alike of the dirt and wet which flew about his head, the profound darkness of the night, and the probability of encountering some desperate characters abroad. At every turn and angle, even where a deviation from the direct course might have been less expected, and could not possibly be seen until he was close upon it, he guided the bridle with an unerring hand, and kept the middle of the road. Thus he sped onward, raising himself in the stirrups, leaning his body forward until it almost touched the horse's neck, and flourishing his heavy whip above his head with the fervor of a madman.

There are times when the elements, being in unusual commotion, those who are bent on daring enterprises, or agitated by great thoughts, whether of good or evil, feel a mysterious sympathy with the tumult of nature, and are roused into corresponding violence. In the midst of thunder, lightning, and storm, many tremendous deeds have been committed; men, self-possessed before, have given a sudden loose to passions they could no longer control. The demons of wrath and despair have striven to emulate those who ride the whirlwind and direct the storm; and man, lashed into madness, with the roaring winds and boiling waters, has become for the time as wild and merciless as the elements themselves.

Whether the traveler was possessed by thoughts which the fury of the night had heated and stimulated into a quicker current, or was merely impelled by some strong motive to reach his journey's end, or to sweep more like a hunted phantom than a man, nor checked his pace until, arriving at some cross-roads, one of which led by a longer route to the place where he had lately started, he bore down so suddenly on a vehicle which was coming toward him, that, in the effort to avoid it, he well-nigh pulled his horse upon his haunches, and narrowly escaped being thrown.

"Yoho!" cried the voice of a man. "What's that? who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied the traveler.

"A friend!" repeated the voice. "Who the devil calls himself a friend, and rides like that, abusing Heaven's gifts in the shape of horse-flesh, and endangering not only his own

neck, which might be no great matter, but the necks of other people?"

"You have a lantern there, I see," said the traveler, dismounting; "lend it me for a moment. You have wounded my horse, I think, with your shaft or wheel."

"Wounded him?" cried the other; "if I have not killed him, it's no fault of yours. What do you mean by galloping along the king's highway like that, eh?"

"Give me the light," returned the traveler, snatching it from his hand, "and don't ask idle questions of a man who is in no mood for talking."

"If you had said you were in no mood for talking before, I should, perhaps, have been in no mood for lighting," said the voice; "how's ever, as it's the poor horse that's damaged, and not you, one of you is welcome to the light, at all events; but it's not the crusty one."

The traveler returned no answer to this speech, but, holding the light near to his panting and reeking beast, examined him in limb and carcase. Meanwhile, the other man sat very composedly in his vehicle, which was a kind of chaise, with a depository for a large bag of tools, and watched his proceedings with a careful eye.

The looker on was a round, red-faced, sturdy young man, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good-living, good-sleeping, good humor, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young, and in full vigor. With such people the grey head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

The person whom the traveler had so abruptly encountered was of this kind—bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age, at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and cloaks—one of which passed over his crown and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three-cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty finger-marks upon his face give it any other than an old and comical expression, through which its natural good humor shone with undiminished lustre.

"He is not hurt," said the traveler at length, raising his hand and the light together.

"You have found that out at last, have you?" rejoined the old man. "My eyes have seen more light than yours, but I wouldn't change with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? I could have told you he wasn't hurt five minutes ago. Give me the light, friend; ride forward at a gentle pace, and good night!"

In handing up the lantern, the man necessarily cast his rays full on the speaker's face. Their eyes met at the instant—He suddenly dropped it and crushed it with his foot.

"Saw you never a locksmith before, that you start as if you had come upon a ghost?" cried the old man in the chaise; "or is this," he added hastily, thrusting his hand into the tool-bag, and drawing out a hammer, "a scheme for robbing me? I know these roads, friend. When I travel them I carry nothing but a few shillings, and not a crown's worth of them. I tell you plainly, to save us both trouble, that there's nothing to be got from me but a pretty strong arm, considering my years, and this tool, which mayhap, from long acquaintance with it, I can use pretty briskly. You shall not have it all your own way, I promise you, if you play at that game." With these words he stood upon the defensive.

"I am not what you take me for, Gabriel Vardon," said the other.

"Then what and who are you?" returned the locksmith.

"You know my name, it seems. Let me know yours."

"I have not gained the information from any confidence of yours, but from the inscription on your cart, which tells it to all the town," replied the traveler.

"You have better eyes for that than you have for your horse, then," said Vardon, descending nimbly from his chaise.

"Who are you? Let me see your face."

While the locksmith alighted, the traveler had regained his saddle, from which he now confronted the old man, who, moving as the horse moved in chafing under the tightened rein, kept close behind him.

"Let me see your face, I say."

"Stand off!"

"No masquerading tricks," said the locksmith, "and takes at the chink to-morrow how Gabriel Vardon was frightened by a surly voice and a dark night. Stand! Let me see your face."

Finding that further resistance would only involve him in a personal struggle with an antagonist by no means to be despised, the traveler threw back his coat, and, stooping down, looked steadily at the locksmith.

Perhaps two men may more powerfully contrasted, never opposed each other face to face. The ruddy features of the locksmith so set off and heightened the excessive pallor of the man on horseback that he looked like a bloodless ghost, while the moisture, which had hardened hard brought out upon his skin, hung there in dark and heavy drops, like dews of agony and death. The countenance of the old locksmith was lighted up with the smile of one expecting to detect in this unpromising stranger, some latent roguery of eye or lip which should reveal a familiar person in that arch disguise, and spoil his jest. The face of the other, sullen and fierce, and shrinking too, was that of a man who stood at bay; while his firmly-closed jaws, his peckered mouth, and, more than all, a certain stealthy motion of the hand within his breast, seemed to announce a desperate purpose very foreign to acting or child's play.

Thus they regarded each other for some time in silence.

"Humph!" he said, when he had scanned his features. "I don't know you."

"Don't desire to?" returned the other, muffling himself as before.

"I don't," said Gabriel. "To be plain with you, friend, you don't carry in your countenance a letter of recommendation."

"It's not my wish," said the traveler. "My humor is to be avoided."

"Well," said the locksmith bluntly, "I think you'll have your humor."

"I will, at any cost," rejoined the traveler. "In proof of it, lay this to heart—that you were never in such peril of your life as you have been within these five minutes; when you are within ten minutes of breathing your last, you will not be nearer death than you have been to-night!"

"Ay!" said the sturdy locksmith.

"Ay! and a violent death."

"From whose hand?"

"From mine," replied the traveler.

With that he put spurs to his horse, and rode away; at first plunging heavily through the mire at a smart trot, but gradually increasing in speed until the last sound of his horse's hoofs died away under the wind, when he was again hurrying on at the same furious gallop which had been his pace when the locksmith first encountered him.

CHAPTER III.

Gabriel Vardon remained standing in the road with the broken lantern in his hand, listening in stupefied silence until no sound reached his ear but the moaning of the wind and the fast-falling rain, when he struck himself one or two smart blows in the breast by way of rousing himself, and broke into an exclamation of delight.

"What in the name of wonder can this fellow be?—a madman? a highwayman? a cut-throat? If he had not scoured off so fast, we'd have seen who was in most danger, he or I. I never was nearer death than I have been to-night! I hope I may be no nearer to it for a score of years to come; if so, I'll be content to be no farther from it. My stars! A pretty brag this to a stout man—pooh, pooh!"

Gabriel resumed his seat, and, looking wistfully up the road by which the traveler had come, murmured in a half-whisper: "The Maypole—two miles to the Maypole. I came the other road from the Warren after a long day's work at locks and bells, on purpose that I should not come by the Maypole

and break my promise to Martha by looking in—there's resolution! It would be dangerous to go on to London without a light, and it's four miles, and a good half-mile besides, to the Halfway-house, and between this and that is the very place where one needs a light most. Two miles to the Maypole! I told Martha I wouldn't; I said I wouldn't, and I didn't—there's resolution!"

Repeating these two last words very often, as if to compensate for the little resolution he was going to show by piquing himself on the great resolution he had shown, Gabriel Vardon quietly turned back, determining to get a light at the Maypole, and to take nothing but a light.

When he got to the Maypole, however, and Joe, responding to his well-known hail, came running out to the horse's head, leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a delicious perspective of warmth and brightness—when the ruddy gleam of the fire, streaming through the old red curtains of the common room, seemed to bring with it, as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and a fragrant odor of steaming frog and rare tobacco, all steeped as it were in the cheerful glow—when the shadows flitting across the curtain showed that those inside had risen from their snug seats, and were making room in the snugest corner (how well he knew that corner!) for the honest locksmith, and a broad glare suddenly streaming up bespoke the goodness of the crackling log from which a brilliant train of sparks was doubtless at that moment whirling up the chimney in honor of his coming—when, superadded to these enticements, there stole upon him from the distant kitchen a gentle sound of frying, with a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savory smell that made even the boisterous wind perfume, Gabriel felt his firmness oozing rapidly away. He tried to look stoically at the tavern, but his features would relax into a look of fondness. He turned his head the other way, and the cold, black country seemed to frown him off, and to drive him for a refuge into its hospitable arms.

"The merciful man, Joe," said the locksmith, "is merciful to his beast. I'll get out for a little while."

And how natural it was to get out! And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be ridding himself along through dirty roads, encountering the rude bullets of the wind and pelting of the rain, when there was a clean floor covered with crisp white sand, a well-washed hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked man—when there were these things, and company disposed to make the most of them, all ready to his hand, and entreating him to enjoyment!

Such were the locksmith's thoughts when first seated in the snug corner, and slowly recovering from a pleasant defect of vision—pleasant, because occasioned by the wind blowing in his eyes, which made it a matter of sound policy and duty to himself, that he should take refuge from the weather, and tempted him for the same reason to aggravate a slight cough, and declare he felt but poorly. Such were still his thoughts for more than a full hour afterward, when, supper over, he still sat with shivering jovial face, in the same warm nook, listening to the cricket-like chirrup of little Solomon Daisy, and bearing no unimportant or slightly respected part in the social gossip round the Maypole fire.

"I wish he may be an honest man, that's all," said Solomon, winding up a variety of speculations relative to the stranger, concerning whom Gabriel had compared notes with the company, and so raised a grave discussion; "I wish he may be an honest man."

"So we all do, I suppose, don't we?" observed the locksmith.

"I don't," said Joe.

"No!" cried Gabriel.

"No. He struck me with his whip, the coward, when he was mounted, and I afoot, and I should be better pleased that he tarred out what I think him."

"And what may that be, Joe?"

"No good, Mr. Vardon. You may shake your head, father, but I say no good, and will say no good, and I would say no good a hundred times over, if that would bring him back to have the drabbing he deserves."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said John Willet.

"I won't father. It's all along of you that he dared to do what he did. Seeing me treated like a child, and put down like a fool, he plucks up a heart and has a fling at a fellow that he thinks—and may well think too—hasn't a grain of spirit. But he's mistaken, as I'll show him, and as I'll show all of you before long."

"Does the boy know what he's saying of?" cried the astonished John Willet.

"Father," returned Joe, "I know what I say, and mean well—better than you do when you hear me. I can bear with you, but I cannot bear with the contempt that you're treating me in the way you do bring upon me from others every day. Look at other young men of my age. Have they no liberty, no will, no right to speak? Are they obliged to sit munched, and are they ordered about till they are the laughing-stock of young and old? I'm a by-word all over Chigwell, and I say—and it's fairer my saying so now than waiting till you are dead, and I have got your money—I say that before long I shall be driven to break such bounds, and that when I do, it won't be me that you'll have to blame, but your own self, and no other."

John Willet was so amazed by the exasperation and boldness of his hopeful son, that he sat as one bewildered, staring in a ludicrous manner at the boiler, and endeavoring, but quite ineffectually, to collect his tardy thoughts, and invent an answer. The guests, scarcely less disturbed, were equally at a loss, and at length with a variety of muttered, half-expressed condolence, and pieces of advice, rose to depart, being at the same time slightly maddened with liquor.

The honest locksmith alone addressed a few words of consistent and sensible advice to both parties, urging John Willet to remember that Joe was nearly arrived at man's estate, and should not be ruled with too tight a hand, and exhorting Joe himself to bear with his father's caprices and rather endeavor to turn them aside by temperate remonstrance than by ill-tempered rebellion. This advice was received as such advice usually is. On John Willet it made almost as much impression as on the sign outside the door, while Joe, who took it in the best part, avowed himself more obliged than he could well express, but politely intimated his intention, nevertheless, of taking his own course uninfluenced by any body.

"You have always been a very good friend to me, Mr. Vardon," he said, as they stood without the porch, and the locksmith was equipping himself for his journey home; "I take it very kind in you to say all this, but the time's nearly come when the Maypole and I must part company."

"Rolling stones gather no moss, Joe," said Gabriel.

"Not moss-stones much," replied Joe. "I'm little better than one here, and see about as much of the world."

"Then what would you do, Joe?" pursued the locksmith, stroking his chin reflectively. "What could you be? where could you go, you see?"

"I must trust to chance, Mr. Vardon."

"A bad thing to trust to, Joe. I do not like it. I always tell my girl, when we talk about a husband for her, never to trust to chance, but to make sure beforehand, that she has a good man and true, and then chance will neither make her nor break her. What are you depending about there, Joe?"

"Nothing gone in the harness, I hope!"

"No, no," said Joe—finding, however, something very engaging to do in the way of strapping and buckling—"Miss Dolly quite well!"

"Hearty, thankye. She looks pretty enough to be well, and good too."

"She's always both, sir."

"So she is, thank God!"

"I hope," said Joe, after some hesitation, "that you won't tell this story against me—this of my having been beat like the boy they'd make of me,—at all events, till I have met this man again and settled the account—it'll be a better story then."

"Why, who should I tell it to?" returned Gabriel, "They know it here, and I'm not likely to come across anybody else who would care about it."

"That's true enough," said the young fellow, with a sigh. "I quite forgot that. Yes, that's true!"

So saying, he raised his face, which was very red,—no doubt from the exertion of strapping and buckling as aforesaid, and giving the reins to the old man who had by this time taken his seat, sighed again and bid him good night.

"Good night!" cried Gabriel. "Now think better of what we have just been speaking of, and don't be rash, there's a good fellow; I have an interest in you and would't have you cast yourself away. Good night!"

Returning his cheerless farewell with cordial good will, Joe Willet lingered until the sound of wheels ceased to vibrate in his ears, and then, shaking his head mournfully, reentered the house.

Gabriel Vardon wended his way toward London, thinking of a great many things, and most of all of flaming terms in which to relate his adventure, and so account satisfactorily to Mrs. Vardon for visiting the Maypole, despite certain solemn covenants between himself and that lady. Thinking begets not only thought, but drowsiness occasionally, and the more the locksmith thought, the more sleep he became.

A man may be very sober—or at least firmly set up his legs on that neutral ground which lies between the confines of perfect sobriety and slight tipsiness, and yet feel a strong tendency to mingle up present circumstances with others which have no manner of connexion with them; to confound all consideration of persons, things, times, and places; and to jumble his disjointed thoughts together in a kind of mental kaleidoscope, producing combinations as unexpected as they are transitory. This was Gabriel Vardon's state, as nodding in his dog sleep, and leaving his horse to pursue a road with which he was well acquainted, he got over the ground unconsciously, and drew nearer and nearer home. He had roused himself once when the horse stopped until the turnpike gate was opened, and had cried a lusty "good night" to the toll-keeper, but then he woke out of a dream about picking a lock in the stomach of the great Mogul, and even when he did wake, mixed up the turnpike man with his mother-in-law who had been dead twenty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that he soon relaxed, and joggled heavily along, quite insensible to his progress.

And now he approached the great city, which lay outstretched before him like a dark shadow on the ground, reddening the sluggish air with a deep dull light, that told of liberties of public ways and shops, and swarms of busy people. Approaching nearer and nearer yet, this halo began to fade and the causes which produced it slowly to develop themselves. Long lines of lighted streets might be faintly traced, with here and there a lighter spot where lamps were clustered; after a time these grew more distinct, and the lamps themselves visible—light yellow specks that seemed to be rapidly snuffed out one by one as intervening obstacles hid them from the sight. The sounds arose—the striking of church clocks, the distant bark of dogs, the hum of traffic in the streets; then outlines might be traced—all steeples looming in the air, and piles of unequal roofs oppressed by chimneys; then the noise swelled into a louder sound, and forms grew more distinct and numerous still, and London—visible in the darkness by its own faint light, and not by that of Heaven—was at hand.

The locksmith, however, all unconscious of his near vicinity, still joggled on, half sleeping and half waking, when a loud cry at no great distance ahead, roused him with a start.

For a moment or two he looked about him like a man who had been transported to some strange country in his sleep, but soon recognising familiar objects, rubbed his eyes lazily and might have relaxed again, but that the cry was repeated, not once, or twice, or three, but many times, and each time, if possible, with increased vehemence. Thoroughly aroused, Gabriel who was a bold man and not easily daunted, made straight to the spot, urging on his stout little horse as if for life or death.

The matter indeed looked sufficiently serious, for, coming to the place where the cries had proceeded, he descried the figure of a man extended in an apparently lifeless state upon the pathway, and hovering round him another person with a torch in his hand, which he waved in the air with a wild impetuosity, redoubling meanwhile those cries for help which had brought the locksmith to the spot.

"What's this to do?" said the old man, lighting—"How's this—what—Barnaby?"

The bearer of the torch shook his long loose hair back from his eyes, and thrusting his face eagerly into that of the locksmith, fixed upon him a look which told his history at once. He was an idiot.

"You know me, Barnaby," said Vardon.

The idiot nodded—no once or twice, but a score of times, and that with a frantic exaggeration which would have kept his head in motion for an hour, but that the locksmith held his finger, and fixing his eye sternly upon him cause him to desist, then pointed to the body with an inquiring look.

"There's blood upon him," said Barnaby with a shudder.

"It makes me sick."

"How came it there?" demanded Vardon.

"Stood, steel, stood!" replied the idiot fiercely, imitating with his hand the thrust of a sword.

"Is he robbed?" said the locksmith.

Barnaby caught him by the arm, and nodded "Yes," then pointed towards the city.

"Oh!" said the old man, bending over the body and looking round as he spoke into Barnaby's pale face, strangely lighted up by something which was not intellect. "The robber made off that way, did he? Well, well, never mind that just now. Hold your torch this way—a little further off—so. Now stand quiet while I try to see what harm is done."

With these words, he applied himself to a closer examination of the prostrate form, while Barnaby, holding the torch as he had been directed, looked on in silence, fascinated by interest or curiosity, but repelled nevertheless by some strong and secret horror which convulsed him in every nerve.

As he stood at that moment half shrinking back and half bending forward, both his face and figure were full in the strong glare of the link, and as distinctly revealed as though it had been broad day. He was about three and twenty years old, and though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his wild and restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion and the glassy lustre of his large, protruding eyes. Startling as his aspect was, his features were good, and there was something plaintive in his worn and haggard look. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than a dead one, and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there—apparently by his own hands—with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was worn and soiled, and poorest where it was the best. A pair of tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken and now trailed negligently down his back; girded to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-colored ends of ribands and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The fluttered and confused disposition of the motley scraps that formed his dress bespoke in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face.

"Barnaby," said the locksmith, after a hasty but careful inspection, "this man is not dead, but he has a wound in his side, and is in a fainting fit."

"I know him, I know him!" said Barnaby, clapping his hands.

"Know him?" repeated the locksmith.

"Hush!" said Barnaby, laying his finger on his lips. "He went out to-day a wooing. I wouldn't for a light guinea that he should ever get a wooing again, for if he did some eyes would grow dim that are now as bright as—see, when I talk of eyes the stars come out. Whose eyes are they? If they are angel's eyes, why do they look down here and see good men hat and only wink and 'spackle all the night'?"

"Now God help this silly fellow," murmured the perplexed locksmith. "Can he know this gentleman? His mother's house is not far off; I had better see if she can tell me who

he is—Barnaby, my man, help me to put him in the chaise, and we'll ride home together."

"I can't touch 'em," cried the idiot, falling back, and shuddering as with a strong spasm; "he's bloody."

"It's in his nature, I know," muttered the locksmith, "it's cruel to ask him, but I must have help—Barnaby—good Barnaby—help Barnaby—if you know this gentleman, for the sake of his life and every body's life that loves him, help me to raise him and lay him down."

"Cover him up then, wrap him close—don't let me see it—smell it—hear the word. Don't speak the word—don't."

"No, no, I'll not. There, you see he's covered now—Gently. Well done,