

the angry fire, and lash it into madness. Everything was steeped in one prevailing red; the glow was everywhere; nature was drenched in blood; still the remorseless crying of that awful voice—the bell—the bell!

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

We give another extract, presenting a vivid picture of the riot to which allusion is made above, the result of which was the total destruction of the Haredale mansion:—

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

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

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

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

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

Slowly, and in small clusters, with hoarse hurrahs and repetitions of their usual cry, the assembly