

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER XXI.

Old John did not walk near the Golden Key, for between the Golden Key and the Black Lion there lay a wilderness of streets—as everybody knows who is acquainted with the relative bearings of Clerkenwell and Whitechapel—and he was by no means famous for pedestrian exercises. But the Golden Key lies in our way, though it was out of his; so to the Golden Key this chapter goes.

The Golden Key itself, fair emblem of the locksmith's trade, had been pulled down by the rioters, and roughly trampled under foot. But, now it was hoisted up again in all the glory of a new coat of paint, and showed more bravely even than in days of yore. Indeed the whole house-front was spruce and trim, and so freshened up throughout, that if there yet remained at large any of the rioters who had been concerned in the attack upon it, the sight of the old, goodly, prosperous dwelling, so revived, must have been to them as gall and worm-wood.

The shutters of the shop were closed, however, and the window-blinds above were all pulled down, and in place of its usual cheerful appearance the house had a look of sadness and an air of mourning, which the neighbors, who in old days had often seen poor Barnaby go in and out, were at a loss to understand. The door stood partly open, but the locksmith's hammer was unheard; the cat sat moping on the ashly forge; all was deserted, dark, and silent.

On the threshold of this door, Mr. Haredale and Edward Chester met. The younger man gave place, and both passing in with a familiar air, which seemed to denote that they were tarrying there or were well-acquainted to go to and fro unquestioned, shut it behind them.

Entering the old back parlor, and ascending the flight of stairs, abrupt and steep, and quaintly fashioned as of old, they turned into the best-room—the pride of Mrs. Varden's heart, and erst the scene of Migg's household labors.

"Varden brought the mother here last evening, he told me?" said Mr. Haredale.

"She is above stairs now—in the room over here," Edward rejoined. "Her grief, they say, is past all telling. I needn't add—for that you know beforehand, sir—that the care, humanity, and sympathy of these good people have no bounds."

"I am sure of that. Heaven repay them for it, and for much more! Varden is out?"

"He returned with your messenger, who arrived almost at the moment of his coming home himself. He was out the whole night—but that of course you know. He was with you the greater part of it?"

"He was. Without him, I should have lacked my right hand. He is an older man than I, but nothing can conquer him."

"The cheeriest stoutest-hearted fellow in the world."

"He has a right to be. He has a right to be. A better creature never lived. He reaps what he has sown—no more."

"It is not all men," said Edward, after a moment's hesitation, "who have the happiness to do that."

"More than you imagine," returned Mr. Haredale. "We note the harvest more than the seed-time. You do so in me."

In truth his pale and haggard face, and gloomy bearing, had so far influenced the remark, that Edward was, for the moment, at a loss to answer him.

was not very difficult to read a thought so natural. But you are mistaken nevertheless. I have had my share of sorrows—more than the common lot, perhaps—but I have borne them ill. I have broken where I should have bent; and have mused and brooded when my spirit should have mixed with all God's great creation.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Haredale, "it the men who learn endurance, are they who call the whole world brother. I have turned from the world, and I pay the penalty."

Edward would have interposed, but he went on without giving him time. "It is too late to evade it now. I sometimes think, that if I had to live my life once more, I might amend this fault—not so much, I discover when I search my mind, for the love of what is right, as for my own sake. But even when I make these better resolutions, I instinctively recoil from the idea of suffering again what I have undergone; and in this circumstance I find the unwelcome assurance that I should still be the same man, though I could cancel the past, and begin anew, with its experience to guide me."

"Nay, you make too sure of that," said Edward.

"You think so," Mr. Haredale answered, "and I am glad you do. I know myself better, and therefore distrust myself more. Let us leave this subject for another—not so far removed from it as it might seem."

"I have done you wrong, sir, and I ask your forgiveness—in no common phrase, or show of sorrow; but with earnestness and sincerity. In the same spirit, I acknowledge to you both that the time has been when I connived at treachery and falsehood—which if I did not perpetrate myself, I still permitted—to rend you two asunder."

"You judge yourself too harshly," said Edward. "Let these things rest."

"They rise up in judgment against me when I look back, and not now for the first time," he answered. "I cannot part from you without your full forgiveness; for busy life and I have little left in common now, and I have regrets enough to carry into solitude to the stock."

"You bear a blessing from us both," said Emma. "Never mingle thoughts of me—of me who owe you so much love and duty—with anything but undying affection and gratitude for the past, and bright hopes for the future."

"The future," returned her uncle, with a melancholy smile, "is a bright word for you, and its image should be wreathed with cheerful hopes. Mine is of another kind, but it will be one of peace and free, I trust, from care or passion. When you quit England I shall leave it too. There are cloisters abroad, and now that the two great objects of my life are set at rest, I know no better home. You droop at that, forgetting I am growing old, and that my course is nearly run. Well, we will speak of it again—not once or twice, but many times, and you shall give me cheerful counsel, Emma."

"And you will take it?" asked his niece.

"I'll listen to it," he answered, with a kiss, "and it will have its weight, be certain. It is better and more fitting that the circumstances attendant on the past, which wrought your separation, and sowed between you suspicion and distrust, should not be entered on by me."

"Much, much better," whispered Emma.

"I avow my share in them," said Mr. Haredale, "though I held it, at the time, in detestation. Let no man turn aside, ever so slightly, from the broad path of honor, on the plausible pretence that he is justified by the goodness of his end. All good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and may be counted so at once, and left alone."

He looked from her to Edward, and said in a gentler tone: "In goods and fortune you are now nearly equal. I have been her faithful steward, and to that remnant of a richer property which my brother left her, I desire to add, in token of my love, a poor pittance, scarcely worth the mention, for which I have no longer any need. I am glad you go abroad. Let our ill-fated house remain the ruin it is. When you return, after a few thriving years, you will command a better and a more fortunate one. We are friends?"

Edward took his extended hand, and grasped it heartily. "You are neither slow nor cold in your response," said Mr. Haredale, doing the like by him, "and when I look upon you now, and know you, I feel that I would choose you for her husband. Her father had a generous nature, and you would have pleased him well. I give her to you in his name, and with his blessing. If the world and I part in this act, we live on happier terms than we have lived for many a day."

name, and with his blessing. If the world and I part in this act, we live on happier terms than we have lived for many a day. He placed her in his arms, and would have left the room, but that he was stopped in his passage to the door by a great noise at a distance, which made them start and pause. It was a loud shouting, mingled with boisterous exclamations, that rent the very air. It drew nearer and nearer every moment, and approaching so rapidly, that, even while they listened it burst into a deafening confusion of sounds at the street corner.

"This must be stopped—quieted," said Mr. Haredale, hastily. "We should have foreseen this, and provided against it. I will go out to them at once."

But, before he could reach the door and before Edward could catch up his hat and follow him, they were again arrested by a loud shriek from above stairs, and the locksmith's wife, bursting in, and fairly running into Mr. Haredale's arms, cried out:

"She knows it all, dear sir! she knows it all! We broke it out to her by degrees, and she is quite prepared."

Having made this communication, and furthermore thanked Heaven with great fervor and heartiness, the good lady, according to the custom of matrons on all occasions of excitement, fainted away directly.

They ran to the window, threw up the sash, and looked into the crowded street. Among a dense mob of persons, of whom not one was for an instant still, the locksmith's ruddy face and burly form could be descried, beating about as though he was struggling with a rough sea. Now, he was carried back a score of yards, now onward nearly to the door, now back again, now forced against the opposite houses, now against those adjoining his own; now carried up a flight of steps, and greeted by the outstretched hands of half a hundred men, while the whole tumultuous concourse stretched their throats, and cheered with all their might. Though he was really in a fair way to be torn to pieces in the general enthusiasm, the locksmith, nothing discomposed, echoed their shouts till he was hoarse as they, and in a glow of joy and right good-humor, waved his hat until the daylight shone between his brim and crown.

But in all the bandying from hand to hand, and strivings to and fro, and sweepings here and there, which—saying that he looked more jolly and more radiant after every struggle—troubled his peace of mind no more than if he had been a straw upon the water's surface, he never once released his firm grasp of an arm, drawn tight through his. He sometimes turned to clap this friend upon the back, or whisper in his ear a word of staunch encouragement, or cheer him with a smile, but his great care was to shield him from the pressure, and force a passage for him to the Golden Key. Passive and timid, scared, pale, and wondering, and gazing at the throng as if he were newly risen from the dead, and left himself a ghost among the living, Barnaby—not Barnaby in the spirit, but in flesh and blood, with pulses, sinews, nerves, and beating heart, and strong affections—clung to his stout old friend, and followed where he led.

And thus, in course of time, they reached the door, held ready for their entrance by no unwilling hands. Then slipping in, and shutting out the crowd by main force, Gabriel stood before Mr. Haredale and Edward Chester, and Barnaby, rushing up the stairs, fell upon his knees beside his mother's bed.

"Such is the blessed end, sir," cried the gantling locksmith, to Mr. Haredale, "of the best day's work we ever did. The rogues! it's been hard fighting to get away from 'em. I almost thought, once or twice, they've been too much for us with their kindness!"

They had striven, all the previous day, to rescue Barnaby from his impending fate. Failing in their attempts, in the first quarter to which they addressed themselves, they renewed them in another. Failing there, likewise, they began afresh at midnight and made their way not only to the judge and jury who had tried him, but to men of influence at court, to the young Prince of Wales, and even to the antechamber of the king himself. Successful at last, in awakening an interest in his favor, and an inclination to inquire more dispassionately into his case, they had an interview with the minister, in his bed, so late as eight o'clock that morning. The result of a searching inquiry (in which they, who had known the poor fellow from his childhood, did other good service besides bringing it about) was, that between eleven and twelve o'clock a free pardon to Barnaby Rudge was made out and signed, and intrusted to a horse-

soldier for instant conveyance to the place of execution. This courier reached the spot just as the cart appeared in sight, and Barnaby being carried back to jail, Mr. Haredale, assured that all was safe, had gone straight from Bloomsbury Square to the Golden Key, leaving Gabriel the grateful task of bringing him home in triumph.

"I needn't say," observed the locksmith, when he had shaken hands with all the males in the house, and hugged all the females, five and forty times, at least, "that, except among ourselves, I didn't want to make a triumph of it. But, directly we got into the street we were known, and this hubbub began. Of the two," he added, as he wiped his crimson face, "and after experience of both, I think I'd rather be taken out of my house by a crowd of enemies, than escorted home by a mob of friends!"

It was plain enough, however, that this was mere talk on Gabriel's part, and that the whole proceeding afforded him the keenest delight; for the people continuing to make a great noise without, and to cheer as if their voices were in the freshest order, and good for a fortnight, he sent upstairs for Grip (who had come home at his master's back, and had acknowledged the favors of the multitude by drawing blood from every finger that came within his reach), and with the bird upon his arm, presented himself at the first-floor window, and waved his hat again until it dangled by a shred, between his fingers and thumb. This demonstration having been received with appropriate shouts, and silence being in some degree restored, he thanked them for their sympathy, and taking the liberty to inform them that there was a sick person in the house, proposed that they should give three cheers for King George, three more for Old England, and three more for nothing particular, as a closing ceremony. The crowd assenting, substituted Gabriel Varden for the nothing particular, and giving him one over, for good measure, dispersed in high good-humor.

What congratulations were exchanged among the inmates at the Golden Key, when they were left alone, what an overflowing of joy and happiness there was among them; how incapable it was of expression in Barnaby's own person, and how he went wildly from one to another, until he became so far tranquilized as to stretch on the ground beside his mother's couch, and fall into a deep sleep, are matters that need not be told. And it is well they happened to be of this class, for they would be very hard to tell, were their narration ever so indispensable.

Before leaving this bright picture, it may be well to glance at a dark and very different one which was presented to only a few eyes, that same night.

The scene was a churchyard; the time, midnight; the persons, Edward Chester, a clergyman, a grave-digger, and the four bearers of a homely coffin. They stood about a grave which had been newly dug, and one of the bearers held up a dim lantern—the only light there—which shed its feeble ray upon the book of prayer. He placed it for a moment on the coffin, when he and his companions were about to lower it down. There was no inscription on the lid.

The mould fell solemnly upon the last house of this nameless man; and the rattling dust left a dismal echo even in the accustomed ears of those who had borne to its resting-place. The grave was filled in to the top, and trodden down. They all left the spot together.

"You never saw him living?" asked the clergyman, of Edward.

"Often, years ago, not knowing him for my brother."

"Never since?"

"Never. Yesterday, he steadily refused to see me. It was urged upon him, many times, at my desire."

"Still he refused? That was hardened and unnatural."

"Do you think so?"

"I infer that you do not?"

"You are right. We hear the world wonder, every day, at monsters of ingratitude. Did it ever occur to you who had borne it to its resting-place, that it often looks for monsters of affection, as though they were things of course?"

They reached the gate by this time, and bidding each other good-night, departed on their separate ways.

CHAPTER XXII.

That afternoon, when he had slept off his fatigue, had shaved, and washed, and dressed, and freshened himself from top to toe; when he had dined, comforted himself with a pipe, an extra Toby, a nap in the great arm chair, and a quiet chat with Mrs. Garden on everything that had happened, as happening, or about to happen, within the sphere of their domestic concern; the locksmith sat himself down at the table in the little back parlor, the rosiest, cosiest, merriest, heartiest, best-contented old buck in Great Britain or out of it.

There he sat, with his beaming eye on Mrs. V., and his shining face suffused with gladness, and his capacious waistcoat smiling in every wrinkle, and his jovial humor peeping from under the table in the very plumpness of his legs, a sight to turn the vinegar of misanthropy into purest milk of human kindness. There he sat, watching his wife as she decorated the room with flowers for the greater honor of Dolly and Joseph Willet, who had gone out walking, and for whom the tea-kettle had been singing gayly on the hob full twenty minutes, chirping as never kettle chirped before, for whom the best service of real undoubted china, patterned with divers round-faced mandarins holding up broad umbrellas, was now displayed in all its glory, to tempt whose appetites a clear, transparent, juicy ham, garnished with cool green lettuce-leaves, and fragrant cucumber, reposed upon a shady table, covered with a snow-

white cloth; for whose delight, preserves and jams, crisp cakes and other pastry, short to eat, with cunning twists, and cottage loaves, and rolls of bread both white and brown, were all set forth in rich profusion; in whose youth Mrs. Varden herself had grown quite young, and stood there in a gown of red and white, symmetrical in figure, buxom in bodice, ruddy in cheek and lip, faultless in ankle, laughing in face and mood, in all respects delicious to behold—there sat the locksmith among all and every one of these delights, the sun that shone upon them all, the centre of the system, the source of light, heat, life and frank enjoyment in the bright household world.

And when had Dolly ever been the Dolly of that afternoon? To see how she came in arm-in-arm with Joe, and how she made an effort not to blush or seem at all confused; and how she made believe she didn't care to sit on his side of the table, and how she coaxed the locksmith in a whisper not to joke, and how her color came and went in a little restless flutter of happiness, which made her do everything wrong, and yet so charmingly wrong that it was better than right!—why, the locksmith could have looked on at this (as he mentioned to Mrs. Varden when they retired for the night) for four and twenty hours at a stretch, and never wished it done.

The recollections, too, with which they made merry over that long-protracted tea! The glee with which the locksmith asked Joe if he remembered that stormy night at the Maypole when he first asked after Dolly—the laugh they all had, about that night when she was going out to the party in the sedan-chair—the unmerciful manner in which they rallied Mrs. Varden about outting those flowers outside that very window—the difficulty Mrs. Varden found in joining the laugh against herself, at first, and the extraordinary perception she had of the joke when she overcame it—the confidential statements of Joe concerning the precise day and hour when he was first conscious of being fond of Dolly, and Dolly's blushing admissions, half volunteered and half extorted, as to the time from which she dated the discovery that she "didn't mind" Joe—here was an exhaustless fund of mirth and conversation!

Then, there was a great deal to be said regarding Mrs. Varden's doubts and motherly alarms, and shrewd suspicions; and it appeared that from Mrs. Varden's penetration and extreme sagacity nothing had ever been hidden. She had known it all along. She had seen it from the first. She had always predicted it. She had been aware of it before the principals. She had said within herself (for she remembered the exact words) "that young Willet is certainly looking after our Dolly, and I must look after him." Accordingly, she had looked after him, and had observed many little circumstances (all of which she named) so exceedingly minute that nobody else could make anything out of them even now, and had, it seemed from first to last, displayed the most unbounded tact and most consummate generalship.

(To be Continued.)

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While people from the United States are largely flocking to the Canadian West, people from Canada continue to flock to the United States. This appears to be the only reciprocity now in sight.

One of the reforms to be introduced in the British Parliament is the payment of salaries to members. This would relieve the Labor Party and Home Rulers, as they have to pay their members out of their own pockets. Another proposal is to change the season of meeting to accommodate the poorer members. In Ireland Dublin Castle is to be uprooted and abolished. Jury packing is to be discontinued. The Transvaal is to have responsible government. The remnant of the Union Party in Parliament contains hardly one man of ability or distinction. Balfour and Chamberlain are both failing in health.

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WELL KNOWN IN JARVIS, ONT.

Haldimand County Councillor tells how Psychine cured his Lung Troubles

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There is a proof of what Psychine does. It not only cures Colds and kills the germs of La Grippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consumption if you use

PSYCHINE (Pronounced Si-keen)

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WELL KNOWN IN JARVIS, ONT.

Haldimand County Councillor tells how Psychine cured his Lung Troubles

"I contracted a series of colds from the changing weather," says Mr. Bryce Allen, a well-known resident of Jarvis, Ont., and a member of Haldimand County Council for his district, "and gradually my lungs became affected. I tried medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but got no relief. With lungs and stomach diseased, nervous, weak and wasted, I began to use Psychine. With two months' treatment I regained my health. To-day I am as sound as a bell, and give all the credit to Psychine."

There is a proof of what Psychine does. It not only cures Colds and kills the germs of La Grippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consumption if you use

PSYCHINE (Pronounced Si-keen)

white cloth; for whose delight, preserves and jams, crisp cakes and other pastry, short to eat, with cunning twists, and cottage loaves, and rolls of bread both white and brown, were all set forth in rich profusion; in whose youth Mrs. Varden herself had grown quite young, and stood there in a gown of red and white, symmetrical in figure, buxom in bodice, ruddy in cheek and lip, faultless in ankle, laughing in face and mood, in all respects delicious to behold—there sat the locksmith among all and every one of these delights, the sun that shone upon them all, the centre of the system, the source of light, heat, life and frank enjoyment in the bright household world.

And when had Dolly ever been the Dolly of that afternoon? To see how she came in arm-in-arm with Joe, and how she made an effort not to blush or seem at all confused; and how she made believe she didn't care to sit on his side of the table, and how she coaxed the locksmith in a whisper not to joke, and how her color came and went in a little restless flutter of happiness, which made her do everything wrong, and yet so charmingly wrong that it was better than right!—why, the locksmith could have looked on at this (as he mentioned to Mrs. Varden when they retired for the night) for four and twenty hours at a stretch, and never wished it done.

The recollections, too, with which they made merry over that long-protracted tea! The glee with which the locksmith asked Joe if he remembered that stormy night at the Maypole when he first asked after Dolly—the laugh they all had, about that night when she