

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Is that all?" cried Hugh, with an indifferer air. "I knew of that." "Truly I might have known you did," said Gashford, smiling and folding up the document again. "Your friend, I might have guessed—indeed I did guess—was sure to tell you."

Smiling at the simplicity of the poor idiot, Gashford betook himself to Welbeck Street by a different path from that which he knew the rioters would take, and sitting down behind a curtain in one of the upper windows of Lord George Gordon's house, waited impatiently for their coming.

ceived with that appetite for the marvellous and love of the terrible, which have normally been among the natural characteristics of mankind since the creation of the world. These accounts, however, appeared, to many persons at that day—as they would to us at the present, but that we know them to be matter of history—so monstrous and improbable, that a great number of those who were resident at a distance, and who were credulous enough on other points, were really unable to bring their minds to believe that such things could be, and rejected the intelligence they received on all hands as wholly fabulous and absurd.

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Table for December 1905 with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and the Advent of Christ. Includes dates for First, Second, Third, and Fourth Sunday of Advent, and the Octave of Christmas.

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"Duty, duty, bold Barnaby!" cried Hugh, assuming his wildest and most rapid manner, and thrusting into his hand his staff and flag which leaned against the wall. "Mount guard without loss of time, for we are off upon our expedition. Up, Dennis, and get ready! Take care that no one turns the straw upon my bed beneath it—eh? Now, master, quick! What you have to say, say speedily, for the little captain, and a cluster of 'em are in the fields, and only waiting for us. Sharp's the word, and strike's the action. Quick!"

There still remained the fourth body, and for that the secretary looked with a most intense eagerness. At last it came up. It was numerous, and composed of picked men, for as he gazed down among them, he recognized many upturned faces which he knew well—those of Simon Tappertit, Hugh and Dennis in the front, of course. They halted and cheered, as the others had done, but when they moved again they did not, like them, proclaim what design they had. Hugh merely raised his hat upon the bluegeon he carried, and glancing at a spectator on the opposite side of the way, was gone.

laughter, groans, plunder, fear, and rain! "Nearly all the time while John looked on at this bewildering scene, Hugh kept near him, and though he was the loudest, wildest, most destructive villain there, he saved his old master's bones a score of times. Nay, even when Mr. Tappertit, expelled by liquor, came up, and in assertion of his prerogative politely kicked John Willet on the shins, Hugh bade him return the compliment, and if old John had had sufficient presence of mind to understand this whispered direction, and to profit by it, he might no doubt, under Hugh's protection, have done so with impunity.

It is questionable whether old John Willet, even then, would have thought of the rioters, but for the cries of his cook and housemaid, who ran screaming upstairs and locked themselves into one of the old garrets—shrieking dismally when they had done so, by way of rendering their place of refuge perfectly secret and secure. These two females did afterwards depone that Mr. Willet in his consternation uttered but one word, and called that up the stairs in a stentorian voice, six distinct times. But as this word was a monosyllable which, however inoffensive when applied to the quaquated it denotes, is highly reprehensible when used in connection with females of unimpeachable character, many persons were inclined to believe that the young women labored under some hallucination caused by excessive fear, and that their ears deceived them.

about an ordinary every Sunday at two o'clock. "You won't be hurt I tell you, Jack—do you hear me?" roared Hugh, impressing the assurance upon him by means of a heavy blow on the back. "He's so dead scared, he's wool-gathering, I think. Give him a drop of something to drink here. Hand over, one of you." A glass of liquor being passed forward, Hugh poured the contents down old John's throat. Mr. Willet feebly smacked his lips, thrust his hand into his pocket, and inquired what was to pay, adding as he looked vacantly round, that he believed there was a trifle of broken glass— "He's out of his senses for the time, it's my belief," said Hugh, after shaking him, without any visible effect upon his system, until his keys rattled in his pocket. "Where's that Dennis?" The word was again passed, and presently Mr. Dennis with a long cord bound about his middle, something after the manner of a friar, came hurrying in, attended by a body-guard of half a dozen of his men. "Come! Be alive here!" cried Hugh, stamping his foot upon the ground. "Make haste!" (To be Continued.)

"Brisk as ever!" said the secretary as he adjusted it for him as he desired. "A man need be brisk to-day, there is brisk work afoot," said Gashford. "There is, is there?" said Gashford. He said it with such a provoking assumption of ignorance that Hugh, looking over his shoulder and angrily down upon him, replied: "Is there! You know there is! Who knows better than you, master, that the first great step to be taken is to have examples of these witnesses, and frighten all men from appearing against us or any of our body, any more?"

CHAPTER LIV. Rumors of the prevailing disturbances had, by this time, begun to be pretty generally circulated through the towns and villages round London, and the tidings were everywhere reported.

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