







CHARACTERS

Mr. AKERMAN, head jailer at Newgate.

Mr. (afterwards SIR JOHN) CHESTER, an elegant and polite, but heartless and unprincipled gentleman.

EDWARD CHESTER, his son; a handsome young man, in love with Miss Haredale.

TOM COBB, a chandler and post-office keeper at Chigwell.

GENERAL CONWAY, a Member of Parliament.

SOLOMON DAISY, parish clerk and bellringer of Chigwell.

NED DENNIS, a hangman, and a ringleader of the Gordon rioters.

MR. GASHFORD, a sly, treacherous man; Lord George Gordon's secretary.

MARK GILBERT, a member of a secret society formed by the London apprentices to resist the tyranny of their masters.

COLONEL GORDON, a Member of Parliament.

LORD GEORGE GORDON, a Member of Parliament, and chief instigator of the Protestant or "No Popery" riots.

TOM GREEN, a soldier.

JOHN GRUEBY, servant to Lord George Gordon.

Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, a country gentleman, stern, rough, and abrupt, but honest and unselfish.

Hugh, a wild, athletic, gipsy-looking young fellow; hostler at the Maypole Inn, afterwards a leader in the Gordon riots.

MR. LANGDALE, a portly, choleric old gentleman; a vintner and distiller.

PHIL PARKES, a tall, tacitum man; a ranger.

PEAK, valet to Sir John Chester.

BARNABY RUDGE, a fantastic, half-crazed youth.

Mr. RUDGE, father of Barnaby, and formerly steward to Mr. Reuben Haredale.

STAGG, a blind man; proprietor of a drinking cellar.

SIMON TAPPERTIT, apprentice to Mr. Gabriel Varden, and Captain of the "Prentice Knights."

MR. GABRIEL VARDEN, a frank, hearty, honest old locksmith.

JOE WILLET, the son of John Willet; a broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow, in love with Dolly Varden.

JOHN WILLET, a burly, large-headed, obstinate man; landlord of the Maypole Inn at Chigwell

viii Characters

MISS EMMA HAREDALE, nince to Mr. Geoffrey Haredale.

Miss Miggs, the single domestic servant to Mrs. Varden; a sour and shrewish woman.

MRS. RUDGE, the mother of Barnaby.

DOLLY VARDEN, the daughter of Mr. Gabriel Varden; a bright, fresh, good-humoured, coquettish girl.

MRS. MARTHA VARDEN, mother of the preceding; a plump and buxom woman; but of somewhat uncertain temper.

PREFACE

Ir the object an author has had, in writing a book, cannot be discovered from its perusal, the probability is that it is either very deep, or very shallow. Hoping that mine may lie somewhere between these two extremes, I shall say very little about it, and that, only in reference to one point.

No account of the Gordon Riots having been to my knowledge introduced into any Work of Fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features, I was led to project this Tale.

It is unnecessary to say, that these shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at nought the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful; all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well, to profit by even so humble and familiar example as the "No Popery" Riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty.

However imperfectly those disturbances are set forth in the following pages, they are impartially painted by one who has no sympathy with the Romish Church, although he acknowledges, as most men do, some esteemed friend among the followers of its creed.

It may be observed that, in the description of the principal outrages, reference has been made to the best authorities of that time, such as they are; and that the account given in this Tale, of all the main features of the Riots, is substantially correct.

It may be further remarked, that Mr. Dennis's allusions to the flourishing condition of his trade in those days, have their foundation in Truth, not in the Author's fancy. Any file of old Newspapers, or odd volume of the Annual Register, will prove this with terrible ease.

Even the case of Mary Jones, dwelt upon with so much pleasure by the same character, is no effort of invention. The facts were stated, exactly as they are stated here, in the House of Commons. Whether they afforded as much entertainment to the merry gentlemen assembled there, as some other most affecting circumstances of a similar nature mentioned by Sir Samuel Romilly, is not recorded.

It is a great pleasure to me to add in this place—for which I have reserved the acknowledgment—that for a beautiful thought, in the last chapter but one of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, I am indebted to Mr. Rogers. It is taken from his charming Tale, *Ginevra*:—

"And long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what,"

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,
November 1841.