

CHAPTER CXXXVIII

The Escape, and the Retreat in Caen Wood, Hampstead

While Mr. Lupin talked, he did not lose time, but he was working away at the lock of the door at the end of the passage. After a few moments there was a crackling sound, and then the lock yielded to the exertion of Mr. Lupin, and went back into its home. The door, with a wheezing sound, slowly opened.

“All’s right,” whispered Lupin. “The less we say now, Todd, the better, for our voices will go farther now that we shall be clear of this passage. Come on. Follow me!”

They both emerged into the night air; and crouching down, Lupin ran along the little yard in which they were, and which was not above half a dozen yards across. He paused at a door, and then suddenly starting away from it, he muttered —

“It is not this one. Ah! This is it! Stand quite close up against the wall, and then there will be the less chance of any one seeing you. I must work away at this door.”

“Where does it lead to?” whispered Todd.

“To the chapel.”

Todd screwed himself up into the smallest space that he possibly could against the wall, close to the door, while Lupin tried to open it. That door for more than ten minutes baffled him. Probably that fact was owing in some degree to the circumstance of his being in the dark, for of course, before emerging from the vaulted passage, he had thought it prudent to extinguish the little light he had.

“It baffles you,” said Todd, in a voice of great anxiety.

“As yet, yes. No. It is open.”

Todd breathed more freely.

“Come in,” said Lupin. “Come in. We have done wonders as yet, my friend, and we will do wonders yet, I think, if Providence only looks with a gracious — There I go again. When shall I forget that chapel, I wonder?”

“It don’t matter,” said Todd. “I used to find a little religion answer very well myself.”

“Not a doubt of it. Now, then, that the door is fast, we may muster up a light again.”

With the aid of one of his matches, Lupin again illuminated the little wax end of the candle, and then Todd found that he was in a small kind of vestibule from which a green baize door led directly into the chapel. In fact, that was the entrance by which the lower class of offenders confined in Newgate were brought to the chapel on Sundays. The little building looked much larger by the faint light of that one candle than it really was, and Todd glared around him with a feeling of terror, as he had not felt since he had left his cell. Perhaps, after all, a good deal of that was owing to the low temperature of the chapel, that lent a chill to his system.

“Look at that seat,” said Lupin, pointing to one. “Do you know what it is?”

“Only a seat,” said Todd. “Is there anything particular in it?”

“Nothing, except the kind of interest it might have for you, as being the one upon which the condemned prisoners sit, on the Sunday previous to their execution, that is all.”

Todd turned aside with a shudder.

“Enough,” he said. “Enough. That is enough. Let us get on, and not waste time in idle talking about such idle matters as these. I do not feel very well.”

“And I,” said Lupin, “would give a few bright pieces out of those hundreds that you have hidden, for a glass of brandy. But that’s not to be thought of now. This is a door that leads from the chapel to the Governor’s house, through which the parson, and the Governor and Sheriffs come on the occasion of Sunday service here. It is by that we must attempt an escape in this place.”

Sweeney Todd, and Mr. Lupin looked like two spectres, as they crept noiselessly through the chapel of Newgate; but Lupin appeared to know perfectly well the route which it was necessary for him to take, and he soon went up three small steps, and applied his ear to the panel of a door to listen, as he said —

“Through here lies our route.”

“Is all still?” said Todd.

“Quite. I don’t believe, except ourselves, there is any one up and about in Newgate except a couple of lazy fellows in the vestibule; but we are too far off them to be in any danger of their overhearing us. This door will not give any trouble. Ah!”

“What is the matter?”

"It is bolted on the other side."

"Then we are foiled?"

"Not at all. It will take us a little time to unbolt it, that's all. Hand me the chisel."

Todd handed it to him; and then holding the light for Lupin, the latter set to work upon the panelling of the door, to cut away sufficient of it to enable him to get his head through, to draw back the bolts, one of which was at the top of the door and another at the bottom of it.

The door, though, was not built for strength, for it was scarcely imagined that it would ever be attacked, so that the panelling was only of an ordinary character; and as the chisel was a good one, and Mr. Lupin was tolerably expert in its use, the chips from the wood soon began noiselessly to fall about him. He worked in a circle, so that when he should get fairly through the panel, there would be quite space enough for him to get his arm through, and unfasten both the bolts; and this he completed in about ten minutes.

"I should never have got on without you," said Todd. "The only notion I had of the affair, was to try and fight my way out of the prison, and if I fell in doing so, I was no worse off than I should be on Monday morning — or, indeed, rather better, for I could not endure the agony of waiting for death."

"They would not have killed you."

"They must."

"Nay, they will go through fire and water here, and suffer anything, rather than that a man should escape the gallows. They would have flung themselves upon you, and overpowered you by numbers, and on Monday morning, if you had a breath of life left in you, you would have been dragged out to death."

Todd shuddered.

"And you so innocent, too," added Lupin. "But it is the innocent that in this world, verily, are chastened away."

"You are getting into your old habit of preaching again," said Todd, roughly.

"So I am. I am much obliged to you, my friend, to put me in mind of it. Very much obliged. I was for a moment preaching; but here is the door open, and now I beg that you will tread as though you trod upon a mine, for we do not know what persons in this portion of this confounded building may be upon the alert."

"Oh, that we were only in the open air!" said Todd.

“Hush! Hush!”

The villain Lupin, almost as bad in his way as Todd was in his, now shaded the little light with his hands, and crept on slowly and cautiously, until he reached the staircase, which was nicely empanelled, and up that he slowly took his way. Before he got to the top of it, he blew out the light, and waiting there until Todd was close to him, he said, in the smallest possible whisper —

“Follow me, and be careful, I am afraid the light might gleam through some keyhole, and betray us. Come on, and recollect that a slip or a stumble may be fatal. Think that the rope is about your neck.”

“I will,” said Todd. “I will. I almost seem to feel it actually. Oh, yes, I will be very careful.”

“Hush! Hush! Are you mad to go on talking so?”

Todd said no more, and Lupin crept on until he got right to the top of the stairs. Then holding by a balustrade that was continued along the landing, he reached the head of another flight of steps, which led directly down to the hall or passage of the Governor’s house. Lupin was terribly afraid that Todd would come upon these second stairs at unawares, and stumble down some of them, so he waited at the head of them, until Todd touched him, and then he whispered the one word, “Stairs.”

“Yes,” replied Todd, and then Lupin commenced the descent, followed by his trembling companion, and for the matter of that, Lupin himself shook now like an aspen leaf.

The steps were fourteen in number, and then, by the feel of a mat at the foot of them, Lupin was satisfied that he had actually gained the hall of the Governor’s house. Todd was close behind him.

“Stop!” whispered Lupin, and Todd stopped as suddenly as though he had been some piece of machinery that could be in a moment arrested in its progress.

Lupin well knew now that without a light it would be folly to attempt opening the door of the Governor’s house, which, as a matter of course, was well secured; and very reluctantly he lit another match, and ignited the wax candle-end again. He placed Todd in such a position on the mat at the foot of the stairs, that his bulky tall form acted as a screen against the rays of the light ascending the staircase, and then, with something of his old nervousness and abject fear of manner and expression, he narrowly scrutinized the door.

“Curses on all these precautions!” he muttered. “We may be detained here until morning.”

In good truth, the door of the Governor's house was very well fastened up, and Mr. Lupin might well feel a little staggered at the sight of it. A chain that was up across it, he easily removed, and the bolts offered no obstacles; but what was the most serious consisted of a small, but exquisitely made lock that was on the door, and the key of which, no doubt, at such an hour was under the Governor's pillow.

Todd at that moment would have given anything to be able just to say —

"How are you getting on?" but in such a place, with, for all he knew to the contrary, the Governor of Newgate within a dozen yards of him, he dared not open his lips.

And now Lupin brought all his old skill to bear upon that one little lock upon the Governor's door, and yet it resisted him. One five minutes' attempt to pick it was to him pretty conclusive evidence that it was not to be done.

He had the chisel in his pocket, and in despair he inserted it between the door and the post. It broke short off by the handle. Lupin uttered a groan, which was echoed by Todd, and then they both stood glaring at each other in solemn silence. Todd crept towards Lupin, and leaning forward he whispered faintly —

"It can't be done?"

"No," said Lupin, "that lock stops us."

"Lost — lost!" said Todd. "We are lost, then?"

"Hush. Let me think. The key of this lock is with the Governor, of course. Now, Todd, you are a man of strong nerves, you know, or else it would have been quite impossible for you to have gone through life in the way you have done. What do you say to going and trying to get the key?"

"I — I?"

"Yes, to be sure. I have, up to this moment, you know, done all the work, and if this lock had not baffled me, I would have done the remainder cheerfully; but could you not take one of these files — the end of it is very sharp — and persuade the Governor to give up the key?"

"Kill him, you mean?"

"You may call it killing."

"If I thought it could be done with anything like a certainty of result, I would make no more of the life of the Governor than — than —"

Todd was at a loss for a simile, and Lupin helped him out of the difficulty by saying —

“Giving a man a clean shave for one penny, or eating a veal pie.”

Todd nodded.

“Now, hark you,” continued Lupin, speaking in the same very low whisper, indeed, that he had conducted the conversation in. “It is quite a maddening thing, you see, to find that there is nothing between us and liberty but this door. Every moment is of the greatest possible importance. Will you do it?”

“Are you mad?”

“No. I am quite sane, I confess, though that I have not the pluck to do it. You ought to be a man of courage. What is it to you, if you were to murder everybody in this house, so that you got this door open? That is the great object, the only object; and to you, you know, three or four more deaths will not make much consequence.”

“My friend,” said Todd, with a sickly smile, “I am afraid you believe the calumnies that have been heaped upon my innocent head. But, if nothing can be done, but what you say, I will make the attempt. There are two files, though, and they are equally sharp. Do you take one, and I will take the other.”

“You want me with you?”

“I do, most, surely.”

“Well — well; if it must be so, it must. I will come. Let us set about it at once, and — ”

Before Mr. Lupin could say another word, there came a sharp rap at the door from the outside with the knocker; and so sudden and so utterly unexpected was the sound at such an hour, that Lupin and Todd fell on each other in their hurry to escape, they knew not where.

CHAPTER CXXXIX
The Chase through Smithfield, and the Murder

They were afraid to speak, were those two murderers, as they now stood trembling in the passage of the Governor's house in Newgate. They could only be conscious of each other's presence by the hard breathing which their fears gave rise to, and as Lupin had extinguished the little light, the most intense darkness reigned around them.

Bang — bang — bang! Went the knocker upon the door of the Governor's house again.

"Lost — lost!" said Todd.

If Lupin was not the most hardened villain of the two, he was certainly at that moment the most courageous. He aimed a blow at Todd in the dark to give effect to his admonition for silence; but it did not take effect. Todd, however, was quite still now, and in the course of a few moments the knock at the door was repeated a third time. Then Lupin whispered to Todd —

"Keep yourself up as close against the wall as you can. Some one will come to the door, and you can throttle whoever it is, while I take the key of the little lock from them."

"Yes," said Todd, faintly.

The word had hardly escaped his lips, when a flash of light from above came streaming down into the passage, and from each side of the door, close to the passage wall, against which they screwed themselves into as small a compass as possible, they saw a man approaching.

The person who came to answer the knock at the Governor's door was evidently only just roused from sleep, for he was looking heavy, and yawning as he came. The candle he carried swayed to and fro in his hand, and it was very unlikely that he would see anything that was not remarkably close to his nose.

"Ah, dear me" he yawned. "Can't people come at reasonable times? Who'd be a Governor's clerk, I wonder, to — ah, dear! — Get up at all hours of the night in Newgate. Ah, heigho!"

Mr. Lupin wanted to say only two words to Todd, and those were "Kill him;" but he was afraid even to whisper them, lest Todd should not be equally discreet in reply. He knew he could whisper softly enough; but he thought his companion might not be so accomplished in that particular, so he was silent.

Before the individual who had announced himself to be the Governor's clerk could get into the passage down the flight of stairs, the person on the outside of the door got impatient, and executed another rather startling rap.

“Oh, bother you,” said the clerk. “I only wish you were at the bottom of the Thames. I’m coming, stupid; don’t you see the light through the little bit of glass at the top of the door, that — ah, dear! How gapish I am — you keep hammering away there, as if you thought we were all deaf or stupid?”

The clerk was evidently wakening up, but as he carried the light right in front of his eyes, he had not the smallest chance of seeing either Mr. Todd or Lupin, and in that way he reached the passage, or hall it might be called from courtesy.

To be sure, how could he for one moment suspect to find two of the most notorious criminals in all Newgate snugly hidden in the hall? We must consider how very improbable such a thing was, before we blame the clerk for any imprudence in the matter.

The grand object of Lupin, who kept his sharp little ferret looking eyes upon the clerk as he descended, was to note if he had a key with him at all; if he had, there could be no doubt of its being the key of the little lock that had so baffled his, Lupin’s, attempts to open it, upon the door of the Governor’s house. To his great satisfaction he saw that, dangling from the clerk’s finger by a piece of tape, he did carry a key, and Lupin at once naturally concluded it was the one he wanted.

“Only just let me find out now,” said the clerk, “that this is something about nothing, and won’t I make a riot about it in the morning. To rouse a fellow out of his bed, it is really too bad, as if any kind of thing could not be just as well done in the day time as in the middle of night. Now stupid, who are you?”

These last words he addressed to the person outside, by placing his mouth close to the keyhole.

A voice responded something, the only recognisable word of which was “donkey.”

“What do you say?” cried the clerk, again. “You are — a — a — donkey, do you say?”

“No,” said the voice from the outside through the keyhole. “But you are.”

“Oh, am I, you infernal vagabond? I’ll soon let you know what’s what, I will, you rascal.”

With this the clerk began to open the door, and the moment he got the key in the little lock, so that Mr. Lupin was thoroughly aware it was the one he wanted, he sprung upon the unfortunate clerk, and dashing his head against the door, which was heavily plated with iron, he knocked him insensible in a moment.

To open the lock was the work of an instant, and the door creaked upon its hinges.

"Who are you?" said Lupin.

"A messenger from the Secretary of State," said the man on the outside, "and I shall report your insolence."

"Don't," said Lupin.

"Indeed, I shall."

"Then take that."

With the file he dealt him a frightful wound in the face, and then they both rolled down the whole flight of steps together, for Mr. Lupin had overbalanced himself with that blow. Todd sprang over them both, and gained the open street, just as a watchman who was opposite began to spring his rattle at seeing such a scuffle going on at the Governor's door. The messenger from the Secretary of State, notwithstanding his wound, grappled with Lupin, but that rascal got hold of him by his hair, and knocked his head against the pavement until he was quite dead. Then rising, he cried —

"Through Smithfield, Todd! Follow me."

"I will," said Todd, and off they both set, pursued by the single watchman, who had happened to be the sole witness to the whole affair, and who, finding himself outstripped by the two men, wisely stopped at the corner of Giltspur Street to spring his rattle, which he did with a vengeance that soon brought others to his assistance.

"An escape from Newgate!" the watchman kept crying — "An escape from Newgate! There they go — through Smithfield; two men, one very big and the other not so big! An escape from Newgate!"

These cries soon sent about a dozen persons on the trail of the fugitives, and as the alarm was understood at the prison, four of the most bold and skillful men upon the premises at once started in pursuit. From the watchman who still stood at the end of Giltspur Street, they heard in what direction the prisoners had gone, and they did not lose a moment in dashing after them, calling out as they went —

"Fifty pounds reward for two prisoners escaped from Newgate! Fifty pounds reward for them!"

These words summoned up many an idler who was trying to dream away the night in the pens of Smithfield, and the officers soon got together a rabble host for the pursuit of Todd and his villanous companion.



The Astonished Watchman. — Leaving Newgate Behind.

But these officers with their fifty pounds reward were rather late in the field. It was the few persons who first heard the rattle and the outcries of the watchman, who were close upon the heels of the men, and they kept them well in sight right across Smithfield and so on towards Barbican. Todd heard the shouts of the pursuers, but he did not look back, for fear of losing time by so doing; and the fact was, that Mr. Lupin was so fleet of foot that it required all the exertion of Todd to keep up with him at all. Upon any less exciting occasion it is extremely doubtful if Todd could have kept up such a race; but as it was, he seemed to lose his wind, and then in some mysterious way to get on without any at all. Mr. Lupin crossed Aldersgate Street, and dashed down Barbican. He then turned down the first opening he came to on the right, and he did so, not because he was making for any known place of safety, but because he knew that a labyrinth of small streets were thereabouts, amid the intricacies of which he hoped to baffle his pursuers; and it was certainly under the circumstances very good policy in him to take the course he did.

From the moment of so abruptly turning out of Barbican, they were both out of sight of their pursuers, who had been able to keep them steadily in view up to this; but although that was the case, they were not without their perils, for a watchman met them both and aimed a blow at Lupin's legs with his stick, crying in an Irish brogue —

“Stop that, my beauty — Stop that anyway!”

Lupin sprang upon him like an enraged tiger, and turning the stick from his hands, he laid him flat with one blow of it and on he rushed, carrying it with him as a defence against the attack of any one else.

They now turned a corner and met a string of half drunken gents of the period, arm in arm, and occupying the whole breadth of the pavement. Lupin

avoided them by swerving into the roadway, but they caught hold of Todd, crying —

“Here’s the devil. Let’s make him an offer for his tail!”

Certainly, Sweeney Todd was not at that moment disposed for trifling, and he laid about him with his immense fists in such style that the gents were all rolling in the kennel in a moment or two; and then, however, before Todd could again reach Mr. Lupin so closely as he had been, he heard a loud shout of —

“There’s one of them. Come on! — Come on!”

That was no drunken shout, and Todd immediately felt that the danger was imminent. He rushed on at increased speed, and just got up to Lupin at the corner. They turned it together, and then Todd managed to say —

“They come — they come!”

“Officers?” said Lupin.

“Yes, I think so. On — on. Oh, push on!”

“This way.”

Lupin crossed the road, and sprung down a narrow court; but even as he did so, came that voice, crying —

“There they go. Stop them — stop them! There they go! Fifty pounds reward!”

A frightful oath burst from Todd’s lips, as he emerged from the court still close upon the heels of Lupin. They were now in a tolerably wide street, and they saw but one individual in it, and he was evidently, by the curious manner in which he sometimes favoured the kerbstone by walking upon it for a few paces, and then lumbered up against the house, just a little gone in intoxication.

This individual, after some fumbling in his pocket, produced a latch key, and having staggered up the steps of a house, he made some ineffectual attempts to open the door.

“Hold!” said Todd to Lupin. “Anything is better than this race for life. We can hide in the passage of that house until the pursuit is past. Come.”

“A good thought,” said Lupin.

By this time the inebriated individual had succeeded in opening the street door with his latchkey, and he was so elated at having performed the feat, that he stopped to laugh before he entered the house. The moment, however, that he did get into the passage, Todd sprung up the steps, and very adroitly placed

his foot against the door, so that when the person from within slammed it as he thought shut, it was a good two inches off that condition. It was then amusing to hear him, with drunken gravity and precision, as he thought, shooting the bolts into their sockets, after which, often tumbling on his way, he went along the passage, and upstairs.

Todd opened the door.

"Come," he said.

"All's right," said Lupin.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" cried a chorus of voices at the corner of the street.

"Indeed," said Lupin, "the Lord be good to you all."

He stepped into the house after Todd, and very quietly closed the door. The passage was profoundly dark, and there they both stood, those two convicted murderers, listening to what was taking place outside their place of refuge. They heard the sounds of several voices, and it was quite evident that just about that spot the pursuers were baffled, and did not know now which course to take after the fugitives, who were so snugly ensconced so near them.

CHAPTER CXL
Todd and Lupin Escape to Caen Wood

“What’s to be done?” said a voice.

“I’ll be hanged if I know,” said another, “and yet I feel sure that they came this way. I thought how it would be when they took to all these streets. Lord bless you, we might have passed them in some doorway easy enough — a dozen times.”

“So we might,” said the other voice. “All we can do now, is to go round to the different outlets of the city, and give an alarm.”

“Well, I won’t give it up yet,” said a third person; “I feel quite sure they are lingering somewhere about here, and I’ll be on the watch yet for a time, and hunt about quietly. You be off and give the notice to the watch, and leave Johnson and I to do what we can.”

“Very good — I wish you luck.”

There was a scuffle of feet, and it was quite clear that some of the men had gone off at a quick pace, leaving, no doubt, the two only in the street.

“Well,” whispered Lupin. “Well, my friend, what do you think of all this?”

“I don’t know what to think,” said Todd. “I’m very tired.”

“Ah, and so am I, but that can’t be helped. I ain’t used to such a run as we have had. But it won’t do us any harm. If we can get off, it will be a world’s wonder, I can tell you. It ain’t now every day that a fellow gives Newgate the go-by.”

“No — no, and I must say that I did not myself expect it. But I was prepared to cheat the hangman.”

“Pho! That’s a poor enough look out.”

“Yes, but it’s a something. She did it.”

“She? Who the deuce is she?”

“Mrs. Lovett.”

“Oh, I recollect. I have heard of her — I have heard of her. She was the nice creature who lived in Bell Yard, wasn’t she, and accommodated the folks with pies?”

“Yes,” said Todd, and if Lupin had seen the horrible contortion of visage with which he accompanied the word, even he, with all his nerve in such matters, might well have been excused for a sudden accession of terror. “Well,” added Todd, after a pause, “you are a man of judgment Mr. Lupin, and all I want to know now, is what you mean to do?”

“Get away from here as soon as possible. But it won’t be quite safe to try it yet. This house is very quiet, and no doubt everybody is in bed and asleep, so I shall get a light and look about a little. It would be quite a providential thing to find something to eat.”

“Yes, and to drink,” said Todd.

“Just so. I would give something handsome now, if I had it, for a good glass of brandy. That run has made me first hot and then shivery all over; but who knows what luck may be in store for us? Come now — here’s a light, and we shall soon, by the help of providence, see what sort of a crib we have got into.”

It was lucky for them both that Lupin had retained about him the means of getting a light, for if he had not, they would have been left to conjectures merely regarding their position. He ignited one of the little pieces of wax ends, and when the small flame rose and began to burn steadily, he held up the piece of candle, so they both looked curiously about them.

The hall of the house in which they were was well got up. A handsome table and some old carved chairs were in it, with some crests upon the backs, and upon numerous pegs hung hats, cloaks, and coats.

“Humph,” said Lupin, “this is the very place for us, I shall take the great liberty of making free with some gentleman’s coat and hat, and I think you had better do the same.”

Todd at once practically acquiesced in the suggestion, by slipping on a large cloak with sleeves, and placing upon his head a hat richly bound with silver lace.

“Upon my word,” said Lupin, “you almost look respectable.”

“Do I?” said Todd. “It isn’t then on account of the company I am in.”

Lupin smiled, as he said —

“Very good — very good, but the less we cut at each other, my friend, the better.”

“You began it,” said Todd.

“So I did, so we will say no more about it, as yours was the hardest hit. How do I look in the cloak and hat?”

“Just nice,” said Todd, making a frightful face.

Lupin laughed again.

“Come,” he said, “now that we have a little time to spare, let us see if these people keep a good larder. If they do and they lock it up at night, they will find that the cat has been at it by the morning, I rather think. Tread as lightly as you can, Todd, and keep down your voice as you have done. Sounds go so far in the night time.”

“They do,” said Todd. “I have heard them at odd times.”

Lupin led the way along the hall, at the end of which was the staircase, and to the right of that a door which was not fast, so that they passed on quite easily to the domestic portion of the house, and soon found the way to a kitchen, which was upon the same floor. Then they opened a door that led into a little sort of outhouse, paved with red bricks, and in one corner of that was a larder, or safe, well stocked with provisions. Lupin took from it a magnificent quarter of venison, with scarcely a quarter of a pound cut from it; and that, with some bread were the only viands that he felt disposed to take from the larder.

“It will be wholesome,” he said, “and do us a world of good, by the aid of Providence; and we don’t know what we may have to go through yet, in this world of woe. Amen!”

“You fancy you are in the chapel again.”

“Dear me; yes, I do — I do. Well, well, it don’t matter — it don’t matter. Come, friend Todd. Let us recruit ourselves a little. Oh, that I could find the way to the wine cellar of these people; and yet that should not be a difficult matter. Let us think. It must be somewhere hereabouts.”

“There is a door,” said Todd, pointing to one at the end of the outhouse. “It seems to be locked, and if so, it is no doubt that of the cellar.”

“We will try it,” said Lupin.

With this he quickly opened the door, by the aid of his picklocks, which no ordinary lock could withstand the fascinations of for a moment, and then sure enough the supposition of Todd was found to be correct, for a goodly collection of bottles in long rows presented themselves to the eye. Lupin at once laid hold of a bottle, and breaking off the neck of it he decanted a quantity of its contents into his throat, rubbing his stomach as he did so in a most ludicrous kind of way, to indicate how much he enjoyed the draught.

“Nectar,” he said, when he took the bottle from his mouth to enable himself to breathe; “nectar.”

"Is it?" said Todd, as he seized upon another bottle. "I am partial generally to something a trifle stronger than wine; but if it be really good, I have no particular objection to a drop."

With this Todd finished off half a bottle of the rich and rare old port that was in the cellar. They then worked away at the haunch of venison; and having made a very hearty meal, they looked at each other as though they would both say — "What next?"

"You say you have money?" said Lupin.

"True," said Todd.

"But not here of course, my friend; and who knows what difficulties we may find in our way before we reach your nice little hoard? Where did you say it was?"

"Hidden beneath a tree in Caen Wood, close to the village of Hampstead. I went one night, and myself placed the cash there in case of accidents."

"And how much do you suppose, my friend, there is?"

"I know what there is. I put away two thousand pounds, and that you know will be a thousand pounds for you, and another for me. I purpose in that manner equitably to share it, for I am not ungrateful for the great assistance you have been to me in this escape from Newgate."

If Mr. Lupin had not swallowed two thirds of a bottle of old port wine, the probability is that he would have detected that Todd was deceiving him, by the whining canting tone in which he spoke. The fact was, that Todd had not one farthing hidden in Caen Wood; but he thought it highly desirable while there existed any danger, and while Mr. Lupin was likely to be useful to him, to keep up such a delusion.

"Well," added Lupin, "you really are a liberal fellow; but as, I say, there is no knowing what good a trifle may be to us before we reach your snug two thousand pounds in Caen Wood, I propose to see what we can get in this house. People who keep such a good cellar, and such a capital larder, ought to have something in the place worth the taking in the way of cash."

"Yes, but I am afraid it will be hazardous," said Todd.

"A little, perhaps; but with this carving knife, don't you think we might make things pleasant?"

"That is possible. Well, if anything worth having is to be got, let us set about it at once; for I think we have spent time enough in this house; and no doubt our friends are upon the move off, if they have not gone long before this."

“Come on, then.”

They both left the kitchen, and each being armed with a knife, they cautiously opened all the room doors on that floor; but they only found the usual furniture of such apartments, and it was quite clear that no cash was to be had in that portion of the premises.

“Come upstairs,” said Lupin, with a look of savage determination. “Come on, Todd; we will see what can be done upstairs.”

They carefully ascended the staircase, but they only just peeped into the drawing room, and then they went up to the floor upon which the bedrooms were situated. They paused at the first door they came to, and Lupin very carefully tried the lock. It was only on the latch, and in the room a rushlight was burning. They both crept in, and their footsteps made no noise upon the soft carpeting of the apartment. A bed was in the room, and upon it lay a young lady. Lupin gave a hideous grin as he looked at her, and then stooping down by the bedside he said, in a whisper —

“If you scream, everybody in this house will be murdered! — If you scream, everybody in this house will be murdered! If you — Oh, that will do.”

The young lady awakened with a start, but the words that were twice repeated still rung in her ears, and scream she did not, but she looked half dead from fright.

“Now, my dear,” said Lupin, “Providence has brought us to your bedside, and if you make any disturbance, we mean to submit you and the whole of the family to the operation of a carving knife, the Lord willing. All we want is money, and if we can get that quietly, we will go and not so much as ask your pretty little lips for a kiss.”

“Oh, Heaven protect me!” said the young lady.

“A — men!” said Lupin. “Now my dear, who is in the house besides you?”

“My father, the alderman, and my mother, and the servants above stairs. — Oh, spare my parents.”

“Very good, where can any money be got hold of?”

“Will a hundred pounds content you?”

“Yes,” said Todd, putting his head between the curtains at the foot of the bed. The young lady gave a faint cry, and Mr. Lupin flourished the carving knife over her — “Where are the hundred pounds?” he said, “and we will go.”



The Murderers in the Young Lady's Chamber.

"In my father's room. It is the next room. His purse is on the dressing table. If you will let me go and get it, I will give it to you upon your promise then to leave the house."

"How are we to trust you not to say that we are here?"

"I swear by all that is holy — I use the name of the great God. Oh, indeed you may trust me."

"Go," said Lupin.

The young lady got out of bed, and both Todd and Lupin followed her from the room. She crossed the landing, and at once opened the door of a room. Then they heard a man's voice say — "Who's that?" and the young lady replied —

"Only me, father. I want something out of your room. I shall not be a minute."

"Bless the girl," said a female voice — "What can she want?"

In a minute or two the young lady came back to the landing where Todd and Lupin were waiting for her.

"Now," said Lupin in a low voice — "Now, my little dear, have you got it?"

"Quick — quick!" said Todd, "or you die. I am half a mind to cut your throat as it is, just for the pleasure of the thing."

The young lady stood just upon the threshold of the door of her father's room, and then as Lupin held up his light, she raised both her hands, in each of which

was a horse pistol, and presenting one at Lupin's head and one at Todd's, she said —

“Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!”

CHAPTER CXLI
The Murder at Caen Wood, Hampstead

It would be quite impossible to describe the effect that was produced upon Lupin and Sweeney Todd, by this heroic conduct on the part of the young lady, from whom they did not in the least expect any such active resistance to their proceedings.

Lupin was constitutionally, by far the greater coward of the two, and when he saw the bright barrel of the pistol in such startling and unexpected contiguity to his head, he at once stepped back, and missing his footing, fell down the stairs to the landing place immediately below that flight.

Todd thought that there would be just a chance of dashing in upon the young lady and disarming her of her pistols; but now that both of them were levelled at him, and she began to cry out "Help! Help! Thieves!" again, louder than before, he reluctantly abandoned the idea, and turning, he bounded down the staircase.

The young lady leant over the stairhead and fired one of the pistols after him, which so accelerated the movements of Todd, that he tumbled right over Mr. Lupin, and fell down all the way to the hall with Lupin after him.

Under any other circumstances than the dangerous and exciting ones in which they were in, no doubt they would both of them have been too much hurt to do anything but lie on their backs in the hall; but the feeling that if they were taken it would be to death, was sufficient to rouse them, and they both scrambled to their feet.

Lupin got the street door open, and dashed out closely followed by Todd. A watchman tried to stop them, but him they felled with a blow, and then off went Lupin down a cross street, that led him into Old Street Road, and with Todd at his heels, who was very faint.

"Stop, stop!" panted Todd, "stop!"

"What for?" said Lupin.

"I cannot run so fast. Are you hurt? Oh, that I had a knife at that girl's throat!"

Lupin paused, and held by a post at the corner of a street, and swore dreadfully, as he too panted a little for breath, although he was by no means so much used up as Todd was. But then Lupin was a younger man, and much lighter on his feet, than our old friend of murdering notoriety.

"Oh, dear," said Todd. "What's to be done now?"

"Nothing."

“Nothing, did you say? But, my dear friend, something must be done. We have positively wasted half the night, and we are without money, and half dead. I am covered with bruises from head to foot by the fall down the staircase, and it will be daylight in another half hour or so at the utmost.”

“Ah,” said Lupin, “we must breakfast somewhere, I’m thinking, my friend.”

“And so am I.”

“Well, well, we have made certainly a mess of our adventure at the alderman’s; but it can’t be helped now. The idea, only to think of it now, Todd, of you and I, two such men as we are, and as the world refutes us to be, being beaten back, and, you may say, thrown down two pair of stairs, by a girl of sixteen or thereabouts.”

Todd growled out some malediction.

“It was the will of Providence,” said Lupin. “But who is this? Stand aside, Todd, and let this old gentleman pass on. We may as well not be seen and described by any one.”

“Do you think he may likely have enough about him,” whispered Todd, “to pay our expenses for the day?”

“A lucky thought. It is more than likely that he has. Knock him down and rob him, Todd. There’s not a soul in sight. Give him one of the knocks you used to give the poor devils you made the pies of, you know.”

“Be quiet,” said Todd, “I am amazed that a man of your profound sense and sagacity, should give ear to such idle rumours about me! I am really both shocked and surprised, Mr. Lupin!”

“Amen!” said Lupin. “You rob the old man, and we won’t quarrel about any such nonsense, Todd. Here he comes, grinning like an old polecat. What business has a man of that age out at such a time as this?”

“None,” said Todd, “except to provide us with a little money.”

Todd cast a keen glance around him, and was convinced that the report of Mr. Lupin that no one was in sight was quite correct, so he stepped up to the old man, and said —

“Good morning, sir.”

“Thieves! Thieves!” cried the old man, and began to run, but Todd put out one of his long legs and tripped him up. Then pouncing upon him, he extracted a well filled purse from his pocket, and holding it up to Lupin, he said —

"This will do?"

"Rather," replied Lupin. "Come on."

Off set Lupin again on a run, rather to the discomfiture of Todd, who had not had such a scampering about for a long time indeed; but yet he felt the necessity of getting as soon as possible out of the immediate vicinity of the old man whom they had just robbed, so they did not stop until they got right away on the northern side of Finsbury Square.

That side of the ancient square of Finsbury was not built then; and beyond it, where there is now such a squalid and uninviting neighbourhood, there was nothing but fields.

"Now," said Lupin. "Let us look at the purse!"

"Here it is," said Todd.

"It's very light!"

The fact was, that notwithstanding the speed at which he was compelled to run to keep up with Lupin, or rather to keep a few paces only behind him, Todd had contrived to abstract the better part of the contents from the purse, and to pocket them; for the story with which he had tickled the ears of Lupin of his having any money concealed in Caen Wood, Hampstead, was a mere delusion, got up for the purpose of making him, Lupin, more than commonly solicitous concerning his, Todd's, safety in the escape from Newgate.

"Yes," replied Todd, "it is light, but such as it is it may be of some service to us. Take it, Mr. Lupin, and you can be the treasurer: you know I can trust to you."

"Implicitly," said Lupin, as turning out the contents of the purse into his hand, he said — "Here are four guineas and a half, and about six or seven shillings in loose silver."

"Better than nothing," said Todd, with a look of great philosophy. "Our first care now is to get a breakfast."

"I don't know," said Lupin. "I took quite enough at the alderman's to last me some time. I should say, get out of London as quickly as we possibly can; and when we are at Caen Wood, we can, at our ease, consider what course we will feel inclined to take with our money in our pockets."

"A couple of thousands," said Todd.

"Exactly so. I move that we strike across the fields now at once, and make for Highgate and Hampstead, so that at each step we shall be leaving some danger behind us."

“Agreed,” said Todd. “Come on! For my part I should like very much to find a conveyance of some sort; but that, I suppose, is impossible.”

“Quite! Besides, on foot we are much less likely to be recognised and described. Come on, Todd; you ought to be able to walk to Hampstead, surely, after the little trifling exercise that you have had only.”

“Trifling, do you call it?” said Todd, making one of his most hideous faces. “Trifling! I have not a bone in my body that don’t ache. Trifling? I am one mass of bruises from top to toe, and I never, in all my life, felt so exhausted; but yet the love of life and of liberty will lend me strength; so, come on; I will go on to Hampstead, and I will reach it, my friend, unless I drop by the way.”

“Well spoke,” said Lupin.

They now pursued a course which led them rapidly by the back of the City Road, and through the now well populated district called Hoxton; and keeping on in that way they crossed the high road near to Stamford Hill, and soon began to get a good view of the heights of Highgate and Hampstead in the distance.

“Brandy,” said Todd, “brandy!”

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“My good friend, I can’t get on without some brandy. I am rather used to a little stimulant at times, so I must have it. Then we have no risk now to run by going into a public house.”

“I don’t know that, Todd. But if you can’t do without, some brandy you must have. To be sure, we are in luck’s way, so far, that we are provided with hats and coats from the alderman’s hall, and, therefore, people cannot have a description of us. The first quiet little hotel we come to, Todd, I promise you that I will not object to our stopping at, so that you may have your drop.”

“Yes,” said Todd, “that will do. My good friend, it is the only thing that keeps me up. When I used to feel a little down in spirits I poured some other spirits down, and then I get up again.”

“Exactly. Here we are, at an old roadside house called the Adam and Eve, which will be the very thing. They may take you for Adam and me for Cain or Abel. — Come along.”

They halted at the door of the little public house, but upon going in they found the landlord and landlady bargaining with a man who was hawking something, and the following words came upon the startled ears of Todd.

“Only threepence, sir, I assure you, and the most exact likeness of Sweeney Todd, the murderer; taken while he was on his trial at the Old Bailey. You will

see what a look he has, and the artist has been most successful in the squint: and only threepence.”

“He will be hanged on Monday, of course?” said the publican’s wife.

“Oh yes, ma’am, in course, and there’s expected such a crowd as never was known at the execution.”

“No doubt of it. Well, I’ll give twopence.”

“And a drop of ale,” said the publican.

“Here you are, master, you shall have it. A capital likeness. If you was only now to catch a sight of the original Todd, you’d know him in a moment by the look of this picture, particularly the squint.”

“Come in,” whispered Lupin to Todd.

“Oh no — no — I don’t want the brandy now.”

“But I do. Your speaking about it, has got me into the mind of wanting some now; so come on and let us have it, my friend, at once. Why, you are not afraid that the portrait is too good a likeness, are you?”

“Oh dear, I don’t know,” said Todd. “I believe I have a remarkable nose, and rather an engaging look about the eyes. — Come along.”

“A quartern of the best brandy,” said Lupin.

Todd felt that now the safest thing he could do, was to brave the matter out, as anything in the shape of a retreat would be much worse than actually making an appearance at the bar of the public house; and then it was truly ridiculous to see the manner in which Todd strove to alter the cast of his features, by protruding one lip, and putting on what he thought as a kind of satisfied smirking smile, extremely difficult, indeed, for his usual expression of face.

There was only one slight comfort he felt, and that was in the circumstance that the news of their escape from Newgate had not yet reached that place.

“A nice, bracing morning, gentlemen,” said the publican.

“Very, by the goodness of providence,” said Lupin.

“Amen!” said Todd.

“I have just, gentlemen, been buying a portrait of the execrable Todd; and if either of you have happened to see him in London, perhaps you can tell me if it is at all like the villain. We frighten our children now, if they misbehave

themselves at all, and tell them that Todd is coming to make them into pies, and then they are as quiet as possible. Ha! Ha!”

“How funny,” said Todd,

“Well,” said Lupin, as he looked at the twopenny portrait of Todd, with a pretended critical air, “I don’t think it’s like him at all. I saw him at Newgate; and my friend here, is more like him than this picture.”

“You don’t say so, sir?” said the landlord.

“He! He!” laughed Todd — “Ho! Ho!”

How he wished at that moment that he could have taken Lupin by the throat and strangled him!

The brandy was duly discussed, and Lupin having paid for it out of the contents of the old gentleman’s purse, took a courteous adieu of the landlord, and with Todd left the house.

“Gracious goodness!” exclaimed Todd, “How could you dream of saying what you did about me at the bar?”

“My good friend, that was for the express purpose of drowning suspicion for you. I saw the landlady staring at you most fixedly, and so I said it on purpose, for fear she should really begin to think you could be no other than Todd the murderer — the execrable Todd, with whom they frighten the children.”

“Oh, well,” said Todd, “don’t say anything more about it. I am quite satisfied. Indeed, I am more than satisfied, my dear friend.”

“I thought you would be, when you come to think — ”

“Oh, dear, yes.”

“You may depend, Todd, that the greatest safety always runs alongside of the greatest danger; and that when you think that your fortunes are at the lowest, you may not unfrequently be upon the point of a highly favourable change: and it’s all by the goodness of Providence.”

“Bother you!” said Todd. “I do believe, if you were to live for a hundred years, you would not forget your chapel experience.”

“Perhaps not; but I made a good bit of money that way, taking one thing with another, Mr. Todd.”

CHAPTER CXLII
Caen Wood and Hampstead in the Old Times

In such discourse as this, the precious pair beguiled the way to Highgate, from which they proposed crossing to Hampstead.

Notwithstanding the liberal potations that they had taken at the Alderman's house; and notwithstanding the brandy that had since been discussed, they neither of them felt any the worse for the imbibition. Probably, the active exercise they took carried off all bad effects. But, certainly, when they reached Highgate, both Todd and Lupin were hungry.

"Let us turn into the Old Gatehouse Tavern," said Lupin.

"Don't you think a more obscure place," suggested Todd, "would be better for us, as we do not by any means court popularity?"

"No; there is more safety in a large place like the Gatehouse, where plenty of guests are coming and going continually, than in a little bit of a public house where we should be looked at, and scrutinised from top to toe, from the moment we went in to the moment we came out."

"Very good," said Todd. "I think you reason well enough upon the point, and I give in to your better judgment completely. Ah! My good friend, I really don't know what I should have done at all without you."

"Been hanged!" said Lupin.

Todd gave a shudder, which was a tolerably convincing proof of how fully he agreed in what Mr. Lupin said; and then they went into the Old Gatehouse Tavern, at Highgate, where they had a very plentiful breakfast; and by getting into a corner of the room, in which they sat, they did not attract any observation beyond the mere casual regards of the visitors to the house.

Before they left though, Todd had the horror of hearing a great confusion of voices in the passage, and in a few moments one of the waiters came into the room, quite bursting with his news.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the notorious Todd, and a man named Lupin, who was a murderer likewise, have escaped from Newgate!"

"Escaped?" said Lupin. "You don't say so?"

"Dear me, when?" said Todd.

"Last night, gentlemen, last night; and — coming — coming!"

The waiter was compelled to leave the room, as a bell rung violently.

“Let us go,” said Todd.

“Yes, I think, now that the news has reached here, it will be wise to do so.”

“Come along, then.”

Todd rose in a moment; but Lupin in a whisper strictly cautioned him not to show any symptoms of hurry or alarm; and he was so far master of himself to see the necessity of such a caution, so that they both got safely out of the Gatehouse Tavern, and took the route to Hampstead by Swains Lane, without having anything said to them.

“This is an escape indeed,” said Todd.

“Yes,” said Lupin, “you may depend that in a very little time there will be some officers at the Gatehouse; but if we can get to the wood within the next half hour, I think we are safe enough. What do you think?”

“I think that if our safety depends upon getting into Caen Wood in half an hour, we ought to be there in half the time.”

“Do you? Then come on for a run.”

“Oh, dear,” said Todd. “I am all aches and pains, and not at all fit for running; but I suppose I must. Don’t go very fast, Mr. Lupin, or I shall never be able to keep up with you.”

“Then you go first and run as fast as you can without greatly distressing yourself, and I will adopt my speed to yours.”

“That will be better,” said Todd.

Off they both set down Swains Lane, and as the first part of that well-known thoroughfare from Highgate to Hampstead goes downhill, they got on speedily with very little exertion; but when the foot of the little slope was reached it was quite another thing, and Todd was fast subsiding into a walk, when Lupin cried to him —

“We are pursued!”

At these words, Todd fell flat in the roadway.

“Up — up!” said Lupin, “There is a turn in the lane just ahead of us, and when we reach that we must get over the hedge and hide. I don’t know that they are actually after us, but there are horsemen in the lane coming from Highgate.”

Todd got up as far as his hands and knees, and then, as his ears were close to the ground, he said —

"We are lost, for I can hear horsemen coming from the other direction too."

"The deuce you can!"

Mr. Lupin stooped to listen, and in a moment he was assured of the fact. He seized Mr. Todd by the collar, saying —

"Now, Todd, if you want to escape, rouse yourself and follow me; but if you don't care about it, say so at once, and I will look after my own safety."

"Care about it?" cried Todd, "what else do you suppose I care about in all the world?"

"Come on, then."

"Here I am. Oh, yes I'm coming on — as quick as you like now, Lupin. The dread of capture banishes all fatigue. I can now run like a hunted hare."

"There is no occasion," said Lupin. "This way. We must hide now; speed would do us but little good against horsemen. — This way."

Lupin ran on until he got to the turn of the lane, which hid the horsemen from Highgate effectually from their view; and as the mounted party coming from the direction of Hampstead had not got so far as to appear, he thought it was just the place to halt at.

"Now, Todd," he said, "we must get over the hedge here, and our only chance of safety, if these men are really on the lookout for us, is to hide in the meadow."

Without waiting for Todd to make any remark upon the very doubtful means of escape presented, Lupin scrambled through the hedge. Todd then followed him, and the first care of Lupin's was to arrange the twigs that had been displaced in the hedge by their passage through it, so that there should not appear to be any gap at all there.

Immediately upon the other side of the hedge which they had thus crossed there was a ditch, and a large heap of manure. Mr. Lupin, without the slightest ceremony, laid himself down, and pulling a lot of the manure heap over him, he nearly covered himself quite up.

"This is very shocking," said Todd.

"It's quite a luxury compared to a cell in Newgate," replied Lupin. "You had better be quick."

The word Newgate acted upon the imagination of Todd as a very powerful spell, and he at once lay down and began to follow the example of his friend,

Lupin; and indeed so very anxious was he while he was about it to hide himself completely, that he nearly smothered himself outright in the manure.

"I hope this will do," he moaned.

"Silence!" said Lupin.

Todd was as still as death in a moment.

As they now lay close to the earth, all sounds upon it were much more clearly brought to their senses than when they were walking, so that there was no sort of difficulty in distinguishing the tread of the horses that were coming from Highgate from those that proceeded from the other direction, and which latter ones were not quite so near as the others.

Faintly, too, they could hear the hum of commotion, which showed that the party consisted of three or four persons.

And now the mounted men from Highgate got right down into the hollow, close to the bend in the lane, and they paused, while one said, in a clear voice —

"We ought not to go any further. Those from Hampstead should meet us now, I think."

"They are coming," said another.

"Ah! So they are. I wonder if they have seen anything of the rascals. I do hope they will soon be nabbed, for this patrolling business is very tiresome."

These words were quite sufficient, if any doubt had been upon the minds of Lupin and Todd, to convince them that the mounted men were after them, and of the great peril they would have been in if they had stayed in the lane.

To be sure there was nothing in what had been said to add to the supposition that the horsemen had any knowledge of the fact that the persons they sought were in that neighbourhood, and that might be considered to decrease the danger a little; but yet it was sufficiently great, under all circumstances.

In the course of the next two minutes the Hampstead party came up and joined the others.

"Any luck?" said one.

"No, we came right on across the heath, but we neither saw nor heard anything of them, and it is quite impossible to say, as yet, that they have come in this direction at all. I don't myself think it at all likely."

"Why not?"

“Because of all neighbourhoods close to London, it is the most high and exposed, while at the same time it is not thickly peopled.”

“Well, there may be something in that. We have heard nothing of them in Highgate up to now, so I suppose we may go back again the way we came, and you will do the same.”

“Have you been in any of the meadows?”

“No. But it’s easy to get over the gate yonder, and take a look all round. The enclosures are not very numerous about here, and they would find it difficult to hide. Hold my horse, George, and I’ll get into the meadows and take a look.”

When Todd heard these words, he looked upon himself as lost, and could hardly suppress a groan.

The man who had last spoken got over a gate that was at some little distance off, and stood upon an elevated spot of the meadows to look about him.

“There’s nothing moving,” he said.

“Come along, then,” cried another. “Let’s get on.”

“Here’s a compost heap; they are perhaps in the middle of that. Is it worth looking at?”

“Not exactly. Come on.”

The man retired to the road again and mounted, and in the course of a few moments the two parties rode back again upon the way that they had come.

“Todd?” said Lupin, “Todd?”

“Oh!” groaned Todd.

“Todd, I say, get up. Are you out of your mind? The danger is past now. They are gone.”

“Gone!” said Todd, looking up. “You don’t say so? Didn’t I hear one of them say that he would look in this very place?”

“Yes; but that was only a joke.”

“A joke?” said Todd with a deep groan. “A joke was it? Oh, how very careful people should be when they make jokes, when other people are hiding from their enemies. It might be very funny to him, but it was quite the reverse to me.”

“That’s true enough; but get up now, and in the name of everything that’s safe and comfortable, let us get to the wood. These fellows are evidently

patrolling the road, and they will be back again in a little while, and still come across us if we don't manage to get out of their way before that time. — Come along. We can get to the wood now quickly."

"Ah, dear me!" said Todd, as he shook himself to get rid of as much of the unsavoury mess he had lain in as possible. "Ah dear me! Truly I have now hit upon evil times; and fortune, that I thought petted me, has slipped from me like a shadow, leaving me glad of a manure heap in a field as a place of shelter."

"All that is very true," said Lupin, "but it don't get us on a bit."

"I'm ready — I'm quite ready," groaned Todd.

They were upon the point of going into the lane again, but they were compelled — or rather thought it prudent — to wait until a man had passed, who, by the box that he carried on his back, was evidently a hawker of goods about the country. He soon trudged out of their way, and then they both got through the hedge again into the lane.

The place of their destination was now close at hand, upon their left; and watching a favourable spot by which to do so, they crossed the hedge upon that side and got into the fields; but although a sharp run across two or three meadows would have taken them at once to Caen Wood, they did not think it at all prudent so to expose themselves to observation.

"Skirt the hedge, Todd," said Lupin, "and stoop down so as to keep your head as much below the top of the hedgerow as possible. You are inconveniently tall, just now."

Upon this instruction, Todd bent himself almost double, and in that attitude he managed to scramble close to the hedge, and up to his knees, at times, in the ditches and drains that he came across in such a situation.

In this way, then, they got on until they reached the outskirts of Caen Wood. Not a creature was to be seen, and the most profound and solemn stillness, reigned around them. Todd was not used to that intense quiet of the country and he shook at it rather, but Lupin took no notice of his emotion.

"Here we are, at last," he said, "and all you have to do, Todd, is to point out the spot where you have hidden your money, and then we will divide it, and wait until nightfall before we venture out of this snug place."

"Come along," said Todd; "it's all right."

And then they both dived amongst the trees, which, in some places, quite shut out the daylight.

CHAPTER CXLIII
The Adventures in Caen Wood of the two Murderers

Todd was so much exhausted by the time they reached the wood, that he at once cast himself to the ground upon a heap of dry leaves, and he felt that he was speaking only the truth when he said —

“I could not go a step further just now, if it were to save my life, I feel that I could not; and here I must lie and rest.”

“Dear me!” said Mr. Lupin; “what a poor creature you must be. How old are you, Mr. Todd?”

“I don’t know,” said Todd. “The church I was christened at was burnt down only the day after, and all the books burnt. My father and mother are dead, and the nurse was hanged, and the doctor cut his throat.”

“Upon my word,” said Lupin, “they were a lively set. I suppose it was remorse did all that?”

“Remorse! What do you mean by remorse?”

“Why that sort of feeling, you know, might be awakened in their minds, by finding that you were not exactly the sort of baby that was expected. You must have looked a beauty in long clothes, Todd; and as for your age, I should guess it about fifty-five.”

“Guess your own age,” said Todd, “and leave mine alone.”

“Oh, if it’s at all a sore subject I won’t say another word about it. But come now, Todd, you charming creature, could you not manage to crawl a little way further?”

“What for? If we are safe in the wood at all, we are safe enough here where we are now.”

“But, my dear friend, you quite forget.”

“What — what? What do I forget? Don’t plague me, Lupin. It is enough just now to remember that we have by almost a miracle made an escape from Newgate; and as for forgetting, I would be right glad to forget if I could that I had ever been there; but that will be impossible.”

“It won’t be very easy,” said Lupin, “and if possible, it will take a long time; but what I was just mildly going to remind you of was, that in this wood your two thousand pounds, you know, are hidden, and that we were to share the amount.”

“Ah, my dear friend, yes, I had not forgotten that little affair. It is, of course, very important; but let me rest a little, if you please.”

“Oh, certainly — certainly.”

“And then, my dear companion, it will be necessary to get a spade, you know, to dig it up. Our nails decidedly are neither long enough or strong enough, and I don’t at all see how it is to be done without a spade, or something that shall be a good substitute for one.”

“Oh, nonsense,” said Lupin. “How deep do you suppose it lies?”

“About two feet.”

“Very good then, you need give yourself no uneasiness about the digging it up. I have the chisel and the two files here; and if I can’t dig two feet into the earth with them, and my hands to shovel out the mould with, I’m a Dutchman, that’s all. Only you show me the spot, that’s all, and I won’t ask you to tire yourself in the matter.”

“In a little,” said Todd, “in a little. Without being so old as you would make me out, I am still older than you are Lupin, and cannot go through the amount of fatigue that you can. Just let me recover myself a little, and then instead of crawling to the spot where my money lies hidden, I shall be well able to walk to it and show it to you.”

“Very good — very good. Of course I don’t want to hurry you too much about the matter, only the sooner we do get a hold of the two thousand pounds the better. I wonder, too, that you don’t feel rather anxious to see that it is quite safe, for some accident might have discovered it, for all you know to the contrary.”

“Oh no, my friend, nothing but an earthquake could do that. You may depend it is quite safe where I put it. In a little time I shall be able to show you the exact spot, which I have so accurately in my mind’s eye, that I can walk to it with the greatest of ease; of course I did not trust such a valuable deposit to the ground without accurately marking the spot that I had made my bank.”

“Is it in gold?”

“All — all. I did think of hiding notes, but I was afraid that the damp, if there should come any heavy rains, would have the effect of rotting them, and I had no iron box sufficiently small to place them in; so I brought all gold, and a good weight it was too.”

“Ah, we will make that weight light by dividing it.”

“Just so.”

Lupin's mouth actually watered at the idea of getting possession of such a sum, and as he turned his head aside, he muttered to himself —

"If I don't put Todd out of this world, and save the hangman the trouble, it shall go hard with me, and then I shall have all the money to myself, and I can get to America, and be a free and enlightened citizen for the remainder of my days."

Mr. Lupin could hardly forbear an audible chuckle over this delightful prospect; so that it will be seen that both of these villains meditated evil intentions towards each other, from which it may be gathered how much faith is to be put in the association of men for any guilty design. Was it likely that such persons as Todd and Lupin, after being false and ruffianly to all the world, should be true to each other, except so far as their common interests dictated? No, Todd amused Lupin with the story of the buried gold in the wood at Hampstead, because he, Lupin, was of assistance in his escape from Newgate; and Lupin assisted him to escape with the idea of murdering him in the wood, and securing for himself all the money that he believed was there hidden!

It was quite evident that Lupin was desperately impatient at the rest Todd was taking, previous to showing him where the money was hidden; and he walked to and fro, looking as vexed as possible, and yet fearing to say too much, lest he should get up a quarrel, the result of which might be, that Todd would refuse to show him where the gold was at all.

"I think," he said, "if I were to manage to get a good thick stave off some tree, it would help considerably in digging, would it not?"

"Without a doubt," said Todd.

"Then I will try, and by the time I have got it, perhaps you will be rested enough, my dear friend, to make an effort to get up and show me the spot where to dig for the gold."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Todd.

Mr. Lupin found that he was obliged to be contented with this doubtful acquiescence of Todd's; and he busied himself, by the aid of the chisel and the files, in getting off a stout strong bough from a sycamore tree, which he shaped to a tolerable point. It looked like a formidable bludgeon; and as he eyed it, he thought what a capital knock on the head it would give to Mr. Todd.

It was rather odd that the same idea crossed Todd's mind, and as he saw the bit of wood, he muttered to himself —

"That would do it. One blow from that would do it."

Now, Todd had but one solitary incentive to the murder of Lupin, and that was, that he feared when he found out how he had been deceived regarding the

money, he would find some mode of denouncing him to the police, while he took care of himself; and, therefore, upon that mere idea, Todd would take his life. But then, steeped in blood guiltiness as Todd was, the taking the life of any one always seemed to him to be the readiest way of solving any difficulty connected with them. It was his motive to consider that that was the shortest and easiest mode of settling the affair, if any one became at all troublesome; and he was not all likely to make an exception in favour of such a personage as Mr. Lupin.

“All ready?” said Lupin. “Are you rested now?”

“Yes,” said Todd, as he rose. “Ah, dear me, yes, as much as I can expect, until I get a regular night’s repose, you know, friend Lupin. But I don’t expect that very soon.”

“Oh, who knows? We are continually, in this world, getting what we don’t expect, and not getting what we do; so you may rest easy enough, Todd, much sooner than you expect. Come, lean on my arm if you feel fatigued.”

“Oh, no, thank you. Lend me the stick, it will help me on the best, for it seems just about my height.”

Lupin could not very well refuse Todd’s request with any prospect of keeping him in good humour at the same time, so he gave him the stick, although it must be confessed he did not do so with the very best grace in the world. But Todd did get it, and that satisfied him.

“Is it far off?” said Lupin.

“Oh dear, no. Quite close at hand — quite close. There’s a small Chesnut tree, and a large chesnut tree, and there’s a small fir tree and a large fir tree, and a large oak tree and a small oak tree, and then there is a blackberry bush and a little stream of water.”

“Good gracious, is there anything else?” said Lupin.

“No, my dear friend, that is all.”

“Well. I must confess, that your description would not have very materially assisted me in finding the spot.”

“Indeed, I thought nothing could possibly be more clear.”

“Clear to you, Mr. Todd, it may be, but not to any one else; but that don’t matter a bit as you are here yourself to point out the exact spot. Are we near it now?”

“Yes, you see that cluster of bushes?”

“Yes, oh yes.”

“Well, the money lies hidden right in there, and you cannot miss it if you scramble in.”

“Lend me the stick to clear away the brambles and the nettles, and I will creep in.”

“My dear friend, I shall fall down if I lend you the stick. There is no difficulty in getting in. Don’t you see there is a gap that you have only to push through, and there you are?”

“Well — well,” said Lupin. “That’s enough; I will get through. Come on, let us secure the gold.”

Lupin stooped to push his way through the gap in the hedge, for the bushes grew so close together just there, that they resembled an enclosure carefully planted on purpose. Then Todd took the heavy stick that had been cut from the sycamore tree in both hands, and swinging it in the air, he brought it down with a stunning crack on the back of Lupin’s head, just at the juncture of the neck.

“God!” said Lupin, and it was the first time in his life that, with true sincerity, he had pronounced that sacred name. He then turned and sunk to the ground, with his face towards Todd. He could not speak now, but the look that he gave to his murderer was awful in the extreme. The injury he had received had quite paralysed him, and his hands hung helplessly. But the quality of mercy belonged not to Todd’s composition.

Again the huge stick was raised, and this time it fell upon the top of Lupin’s head. The wretched man uttered one faint sigh and expired at once.

“Dead!” said Todd, as he stood gaunt and erect before his victim, with the stick stretched out in his hand. “Dead — quite dead. Ha!”



Todd Kills the Murderer, Lupin.

Todd made one of his old faces. He must at that moment have fancied himself engaged upon his ancient business in the cellars beneath his house in Fleet Street, or he never could have made the sort of face which had become so very incidental to him in that locality.

The body fell huddled up, and the change that rapidly took place in the countenance, was something truly awful to behold; but it had not much effect upon Todd. He had struck many a man down to rise no more, against whom he had no cause of suspicion or of dread; and it was not likely that he would scruple to do so to one whom he both feared and hated as he did Mr. Lupin.

“That is done!” said Todd, as he slowly let his arm droop until the stick touched the ground; and then relinquishing his grasp of it, he let it fall entirely. “That is done!”

A slight noise close at hand made the murderer start, and caused the blood to turn cold around his heart from very abject fear that there had been some witness to his crime.

“What was that?” he said, “what was that?”

All was still again. It was but some wild bird taking flight from a low branch of a neighbouring tree, not liking the vicinity of man, and especially such a man as Mr. Todd; for we may well suppose even those little feathered fragile things are gifted with some of that physiognomical power that seems to be an attribute or an instinct of all animals, with regard to the human race.

“It was nothing,” said Todd very gently. “It was nothing at all. This has been an easily done deed, and a safe one. Nearly noiseless, too. It may be many a long day ere the body be discovered. I will drag it in among the bushes, so as to

hide it for as long a space as may be, else if it were found early it would be a kind of index to my route, and would, at all events, show that I had been here.”

Full of this idea, Todd laid hold of the body and turned it back upwards. He even did not like to look in the face more than he could help. Then seizing the corpse by the collar of his coat, he dragged it into the hollow space among the bushes, and cast it down, saying as he did so —

“Rest you there, Mr. Lupin. I have only saved the hangman, after all, the trouble of taking your life, for I can feel well assured, that such would have been your end. You thought yourself a clever fellow, but after all you were nothing to me. Rest there; you were useful up to the moment that we reached the wood, and were in comparative safety. After that, you became an encumbrance, and so I have got rid of you, as I am in the habit of doing all such encumbrances to my views.”

Sweeney Todd then crept out from among the bushes, and after having cast the stick with which he had done the murder in among the bushes on top of the body, he walked rapidly away to another part of the wood.

Ever and anon he stopped to listen if he could catch the slightest indication of the presence of any one else in the wood; but all was still, save now and then the song of some wild bird, as it lit for a few moments upon the branch of some tree, to warble a few notes, and then dart off again into the fresh and fragrant air.

“I am safe here,” muttered Todd, “I am safe here for the present, and until nightfall I will remain; but between this time and sunset, I must determine what I shall do, and it must be done quickly, for on the morrow the pursuit will be of a wider, as well as of a closer character than what it has been today.”

CHAPTER CXLIV

Shows how the News of Todd's Escape was Received by all Concerned

Having traced Todd and Lupin thus far in their escape from the meshes in which the law had so properly bound them, we will now for a time leave the archvillain Todd in Caen Wood, Hampstead Heath, while we take a glance at what ensued in London, upon the escape of the two worthies from Newgate.

It has often been remarked, that one person in London does not trouble himself about his neighbour's affairs, as is done in smaller communities, or know what is happening in his immediate vicinity; but it is likewise true, that nowhere does news travel so fast, or acquire so many exaggerations, as in London.

Thus, then, in the course of a few hours, there was scarcely a person in the metropolis that was not aware of the escape of Sweeney Todd and Mr. Josiah Lupin from Newgate. And not only were they aware of the mere fact of the escape, but women had added so many extravagances to the whole affair, that it was quite wonderful to think of the fertility of invention of the illiterate persons who had added so many wonders and exaggerations to the real facts of the case, which, after all, lay, as the reader knows well, in a very small compass indeed, considering the magnitude of the result.

Nor were the newspapers published on the ensuing morning at all backward in pandering to popular taste by making the affair as striking and as wonderful as they possibly could.

In one quarter of the town it was firmly believed that not only had Todd and Lupin set Newgate on fire, but that they had murdered the governor and half a dozen turnkeys, and then made their way into the Old Bailey through the ruins of the prison over the dead bodies of their victims.

In another part of London it was currently reported that an infuriated mob had attacked the prison, for the purpose of taking out Todd and hanging him forthwith, and that in the midst of the confusion incidental to such a scene, he had succeeded in making his escape in the disguise of a turnkey, with a huge bunch of keys in his hand as a symbol of his profession.

Then again, in the highly religious district of Islington, it was fully believed, and, in fact, cried through the streets, that his Infernal Majesty, in his own proper person, had called at Newgate at about half past twelve at night, and taken away both the prisoners at once without any further ceremony.

But all these idle rumours might be safely left to sink or swim as the incredulity or the credulity of their authors and hearers might determine, since it was after all only to a very few persons that the escape of Sweeney Todd was of the smallest importance, and, to still from that, the fate of Mr. Lupin was of any importance at all.

The persons with whose feelings and wishes we and our readers feel interested, are those to whom the escape of Todd presented grounds for some anxious and painful reflections; and it is to them and their proceedings that we would now draw the attention of our readers.

One of the first persons to whom the news was taken in a clear and compact unexaggerated form, was Sir Richard Blunt, and at an early hour of the morning he was roused from his rest by a messenger, who presented him with a brief note, containing only the following words from the Secretary of Newgate —

“Newgate.

“SIR,

“The prisoner, Sweeney Todd, has escaped from the jail, along with one Josiah Lupin.

I am, Sir, Yours Obediently,
“JOHN SMITH.”

“The deuce he has!” cried Sir Richard, as he sprung out of bed and began to dress himself with unusual speed, for Sir Richard seldom did anything in a hurry, as experience had long since told him how very little was gained by hurry and how much was sometimes lost.

As soon as he got his things on, he descended to his private room, and there found an officer from the prison waiting to give him the particulars of the escape, which was done in a very few words.

“And they are clear off?” said Sir Richard.

“Quite so sir.”

“Well, after this, I rather think the Secretary of State will agree with my opinion, that it is not bolts and locks and bars that are to be trusted to, to keep notorious and bold malefactors in prison, but a stout and watchful personal superintendence; and until that is the case, there will be continual prison escapes. Such a man as Todd should not have been allowed to be for five minutes quite alone.”

“I think so, too,” said the officer; “and there’s another thing must be put a stop to before any good is done in Newgate.”

“What’s that, my friend?”

“Why, Sir Richard, the religious ladies must be stopped from coming in. The moment now that any notorious malefactor is cast for death, the prison is besieged by religious ladies, who, if they had their own way, would eat, drink, and sleep with him in his cell; and they bring in all sorts of things that are quite enough to help the fellow out of limbo.

Why, Sir Richard, there was Michael Richardson that was cast for death for murdering his wife; a religious lady came to pray with him, and brought him in files and tools enough for him to get out of the stone jug, and off they both went together to America."

"It is a serious evil."

"I believe you, Sir Richard; and, I think, the only way will be to let 'em all know that before they pass the lobby they will be well searched by a couple of turnkeys."

"That ought to stop them," said Sir Richard, as he rung the bell sharply. "You may depend upon it I will mention your suggestion to the Secretary of State."

One of the magistrate's servants now made his appearance in answers to the summons by the bell.

"My horse directly, Jones," said Sir Richard Blunt.

"Yes, sir."

In the course of ten minutes, Sir Richard Blunt was mounted, and off at a good trot to the City. Anyone would have thought that he was going to Newgate; but such was not the case. The prisoners had flown, and he felt that by going to the prison he could only gratify his curiosity by seeing the precise mode in which they had effected their escape, when by going where he did go, he might do some good.

He did not halt until he found himself at the shop of old Mr. Oakley, and then, although the hour was a very early one, he knocked at the door. Mr. Oakley put his head out at the window, and Sir Richard said —

"Don't be alarmed; I only want to speak to you for a few moments."

"Oh, dear me, yes," said the old man. "I'm coming downstairs directly — I'm coming."

In a few moments the old spectacle maker opened the door, and came out to the side of the horse, from which the magistrate did not dismount, but leaning down to Mr. Oakley, he said, in an earnest tone —

"There's no occasion for any alarm, but I have come to tell you that Sweeney Todd has escaped from prison."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Hush! It is of no great moment. Where is your daughter and Mr. Ingestrie? I must put them upon their guard against anything that may arise, for there is no exactly saying what that rascal, Todd, may be at."

“Oh, he will murder everybody.”

“I think, Mr. Oakley that is going just a little too far, for I will take good care that he don’t murder me, nor any one else, if I can by any possibility help it. I will soon have him, I think. Where is Mr. Ingestrie, Mr. Oakley?”

“Oh, dear, they are at the new house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. It’s just opposite to the water if you go — ”

“I know all about it, thank you, Mr. Oakley. All’s right. Be under no apprehension, and above all things, don’t you believe one word of anything you hear about Todd from popular rumour or from the newspapers. I will let you know everything that is of any consequence, personally or by letter. Good morning. I hope Mrs. Oakley is quite well this morning?”

“Yes, charming; but, dear me!”

“Yes, it is ‘dear me’. Good morning.”

Away rode the magistrate, and now he put his horse, which was a good one, to a smart trot, and made his way to Colonel Jeffery’s house in a very short space of time; for London was not quite so large as it is now, and it was not a day’s journey to go from one house to another if your friends happened to reside at different ends of the town. The colonel, at that hour of the morning, was up and walking in his garden. When Sir Richard Blunt was announced, he guessed at once that something very unusual had taken place; and after shaking hands, he said —

“I know there’s some news. Sir Richard. Is it pleasant, or the other way?”

“In truth,” said Sir Richard, “that is a question I can scarcely answer you yet. All I have got to say is, that you had better look out, for they have let Todd get out of Newgate.”

“Escaped?”

“Exactly so.”

“Now that is too bad. One would really have thought they would have taken care of such a fellow as that. How in the name of all that’s abominable is it, that if any one escapes from Newgate, it is sure to be some notorious rascal who ought by all means to be the most carefully kept in it.”

“Ah! That I don’t know, but I quite agree with you that it is a fact nevertheless.”

“It’s a very awkward thing, and I am particularly obliged to you for coming to let me know.”

"Why, the fact is, colonel, my opinion of Todd is just this: that now he has lost all his money he is just like a wild beast, and that revenge against all and every one who has been instrumental in bringing him to his present condition, will be the dominant feeling in his breast."

"Not a doubt of it."

"Then by awaking you to a sense of this danger both to yourself and to your *protege*, young Tobias, I am doing my duty. It is not courage that will protect any one from Sweeney Todd. If that had been the case, this is the last house I should have dreamt of coming to with a warning; but it will be only by the greatest circumspection that his attempt to assassinate may be avoided, and the villain foiled."

"I thank you with all my heart, and feel the truth of your observation. I will not mention the matter to poor Tobias, for I feel that it would drive him half mad with terror; but I will take care to keep such a watch upon him, that no harm can come to him from Todd, now that I know that there is danger. He may, of course, hear of the affair from other sources, but he shall not from me."

"That is right. Mind you, colonel, I don't think this state of alarm must last long, and as regards Tobias, I am in hope that at the same time he hears of Todd's escape, he may hear of his recapture, for I am going to set about that as soon as I possibly can, after I have warned every one interested to keep themselves on the lookout concerning the rascal."

"You think you will have him again?"

"Oh, yes. He must be without resources, or, at all events, comparatively so; and under such circumstances, we shall soon trace him. Besides, he is rather a remarkable man, and one who, once seen, is not only easily known again, but easily described; so that when I set all the agencies on foot which I have at my command to find him out, he cannot for long elude me."

"I sincerely wish you every success."

"Thank you, colonel, for I must now be off, for I have to get to Chelsea to warn the Ingestries of the possible, if not the probable danger of Todd trying some delectable scheme of revenge against them, for he is most furious I know against Johanna."

"Off with you, Sir Richard, at once. Do not let me detain you, when you are upon such an errand. I would not have any harm come to Mrs. Ingestrie for worlds."

"Nor I. Good morning."

The magistrate mounted his horse again, and waving his hand to the colonel, he again started at a good round trot, and made the best of his way by the nearest possible route he could to Chelsea, where Mr. and Mrs. Ingestrie had set up housekeeping in Cheyne Walk.

That portion of Chelsea was then very fashionable, and from the appearance of the houses even now, it is very easy to see that it must have been a very desirable place at one time. All the evidences of wealthy ease meet you on every hand, as you look at those broad, well put-together, aristocratic residences, with their pretty bit of highly cultivated garden in front of them, and their massive doorways.

It was in one of these houses that Johanna and her young husband had taken up their residence. The string of pearls had been actually purchased by royalty of Johanna, and had produced a sum of money that had not only placed the young couple above all the ordinary pecuniary accidents of life, but had enabled them to surround Mr. and Mrs. Oakley with comforts, although the old spectacle maker, from very habit, would stick to his shop, declaring, and no doubt with great truth, that his daily labour was now such a thing of habit that he would be miserable without it.

It was a very different thing, though, for old Mr. Oakley now to work at the bench in his shop, when he felt that he was placed above the real necessity for doing so, to when he had worked very hard indeed to support himself and Johanna, during the period, too, when in consequence of Mrs. Oakley's rather insane predilection for the Reverend Josiah Lupin, there was no comfort in the house, and, but for Johanna, all would have gone to rack and ruin.

The frightfully dirty ditch that lies before and beyond Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was not then in existence, so that the really handsome row of residences was not destroyed — as it is now — by such dubious companionship. The river, too, was much clearer than now of craft, and likewise much sweeter, so that really at times, when the sun shone upon its ripples, it really deserved the title of "The Silver Thames."

It was still an early hour when Sir Richard Blunt reached Chelsea — that is to say, it was what then was considered an early hour, for all the world was not in the hurry that is the fashion now, and people did everything in a much more easy and deliberate way than they do now.

What is gained, or pretended to be gained, by all the hurry-scurry and jostling and driving that characterises society at present? We must confess ourselves at a loss to imagine, and we are decidedly of opinion that people were both happier and better when everything was taken in an easy way, and when folks did not disturb their dignities by all sorts of frantic manoeuvres to save time, as if the whole end and aim of life was to get through as much of what is called business as possible, and as if the principal business of everybody was not to be as quiet and comfortable as possible.

The magistrate could not but pause for a moment as he reached Cheyne Walk and saw the bright sun shining upon the water, and gilding with beauty the sails of some small craft that were taking advantage of a light pleasant breeze to get along without labour.

“A pretty enough place this,” he said, “and I don’t know any that I should prefer to idle away my life in, if I had nothing to do, as I hope to have some of these odd days — but not yet.”