

away on the 18th of February for the north part of this land, and which by favor of a strong southerly gale, we reached on the morning of the 21st.

"We again endeavoured to effect a landing on this part of the coast, and were again defeated in our attempt by the heavy pack which extended for many miles from the shore, and rendered it impossible.

"For several days we continued to examine the coast to the westward, tracing the pack edge along, until on the 25th of February we found the land abruptly terminate in latitude 70 deg. 40 S., and longitude 165 deg. E., tending considerably to the southward of west, and presenting to our view an immense space occupied by the newly formed ice, and so covered by recent snow, as to present the appearance of one unbroken mass, and defying every attempt to penetrate it.

"The great southern land we have discovered, and whose continuity we have traced from nearly the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, I am desirous to distinguish by the name of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria."

BARNABY RUDGE.

It will be recollected by the reader, that in one of the opening chapters of Barnaby Rudge—quoted in the *Garland* for April last—a story was told beside the fire of the Maypole Inn, by Solomon Daisy, the Parish Clerk, of the murder of Mr. Reuben Haredale, and of one of his servants, who, from his dress and trinkets, was believed to be Rudge, the steward, father of the idiot, Barnaby. It will also be borne in mind, that, as described by the narrator, the murdered man, in the death-struggle, had seized the bell-rope, and awoke the melancholy alarm upon the still ear of night. The assassin cut the rope, to terminate the ill-omened and dangerous noise. This much it is essential to bear in mind, properly to understand the descriptive energy of the author, in another extract—a sequel to the first—which we are now about to make.

In some of the latest numbers, the murderer is brought before the reader—an object of loathing and pity rather than of hate. Many years have passed; but during them all, he has been haunted by the burning memory of his crime—a crime which has robbed him of peace—of all hope on earth, and of all hope when the earth is nothing. The mad thirst of gold which prompted to the commission of a hideous and double murder has followed him like a curse. For quarter of a century he has been a stranger to repose—he has been a wanderer, and desolate, haunted by his never ceasing fears. A gaunt, spectre-like wretch, he has skulked through life, mingling with the lowest and the most degraded; even by them feared, hated, and despised. Alone in the fields or in the forests, or amid the revelry of the reckless—the world to him has been full of his victim's death-cry. He has never yet escaped from the glazed eye of the being whose life-blood his knife had drank. His path, in sunshine, was full of spectres. When he slept, their pallid faces were only vividly before his heart and eye.

Such was Rudge, the murderer; for it was he,—he who had clothed his victim in his own apparel, to turn suspicion from the true assassin. He is once more in the neighbourhood of the Haredale mansion, where the deed of blood was done. It is now the scene of a more daring—more open, but not more cruel outrage. The owner of the Warren, as it is called, a gallant Catholic gentleman, has become obnoxious to the actors in the dreadful Gordon riots, which convulsed a great part of England during the last century. They have made an attack upon the Warren—hurling it to destruction, and threatening its inmates with instant death. One of them tolls the alarm-bell. The murderer hears it,—sees the lurid glare of the burning mansion rise up against the darkened sky. The effect must be left to the author to describe:—

It was not the sudden change from darkness to this dreadful light—it was not the sound of distant shrieks and shouts of triumph—it was not this dread invasion of the serenity and peace of night, that drove the man back as though a thunderbolt had struck him. *It was the bell.* If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him, he could not have staggered backward from its touch as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that stared from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up into the air, and holding something visionary back and down with his other hand, drove at it as though he had a knife and stabbed it to the heart. He clutched his hair, and stopped his ears, and travelled madly round and round; then gave a frightful cry, and with it rushed away: still, still the bell tolled on, and seemed to follow him—louder and louder, hotter and hotter yet. The glare grew brighter, the roar of voices deeper, the crash of heavy bodies falling, shook the air, bright streams of sparks rose up into the sky; but louder than them all—rising faster far to Heaven—a million times more fierce and furious, pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead—the bell—the bell!

What hunt of spectres could surpass that dread pursuit and flight! Had there been a legion of them on his back, he could have better borne it. They would have had a beginning and an end, here all space was full—the one pursuing voice was everywhere; it sounded in the earth, the air; shook the long grass, and howled among the trembling trees. The echoes caught it up, the owls hooted as it flew upon the breeze, the nightingale was silent and hid herself among the thickest boughs—it seemed to goad and urge