

between the tropics, and the water on board getting short, we were put upon an allowance of one and a half pints per day. After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and entering the Indian Ocean, our convictions were strong that we were bound for Van Dieman's Land, and soon after, our suspicions were confirmed by the sentries telling us that that would be the end of our voyage.

On the 10th of February, 1840, after a voyage of four and a half months from Quebec, we came in sight of the Island, but the wind blowing strong from the shore, we could not enter the mouth of the river till the 12th, when we sailed up the Derwent thirty miles, and cast anchor in Hobart Town Bay. This bay we found to be a calm and safe place for ships to ride. We knew it was know mid-winter in the United States, and it appeared a little singular to see the sun to the north of us, and the people harvesting grain on the banks of the Derwent.

On the 13th, we were visited, on board the Buffalo, by Mr. Gunn, the Chief Police Magistrate, who registered all of our names, occupations, and former places of residence; and on the 14th, we were sent on shore to a place called Sandy Bay, about three-fourths of a mile from Hobart Town.

Thus we finally found ourselves again on *terra firma*, on the celebrated as well as notorious Van Dieman's Island; situated as I should think, without consulting geographers, on the very south-eastern outskirts of habitable creation.

This island was discovered by a Dutch navigator, in 1641, and was named Van Dieman's Land in honor of Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Dutch East India. Its discoverer described this island in so graphic and singular a manner, that future navigators were afraid to pay it a visitation for many years, and little was known of it till Capt. Cook sailed round it during the last century. A spot of earth, "accursed in the sight of the mariner, when the winds roared and raged; where waves foamed and lashed and where DUNDER AND BLIXUM growled and flashed incessantly—a land of storm, fire and tempest—a coast rife with death, horror and shipwreck," would not be likely to hold out many inducements to those who could find a home elsewhere. In 1804, the penal colony of Botany Bay made choice of it as "a station for the condign punishment of their doubly convicted felons."

We are told that Rome owed its greatness to the asylum it first offered to fugitives, vagabonds, outlaws, and culprits of all other countries. These, at Rome, became lawful citizens; and we are sure, that at no time, could Rome show a more desperate crowd of ruffians, than has constituted the convict population of Van Dieman's Land, since its settlement by the English. Four hundred convicts were sent from Sidney, or Botany Bay, in 1804, under Col. Collins and fifty marines, who landed on the spot now occupied by Hobart Town, and commenced the first settlement on the Island.