

been so, the pangs of that fearful day would have been spared me. Seventeen summers and winters have come and gone since then, and yet the remembrance of my agony at that time, forces the crimson to my cheeks, and compels conscience itself to shrink from the encounter. Oh, Glasgow, Glasgow! not far from thy precincts I first drew the breath of life. Within and around thee I had built airy castles. Happy hours I had spent near thee, and though many agonising thoughts have dwelt within my bosom since I last saw thee, yet the bitterest, the keenest, the most trying pang ever I experienced was brought into play on that never-to-be-forgotten morning; and as the sad sound of my dear mother's "Jamie, Jamie!" died upon my ear, I became dead to all around, and as the rattling of the coach went on, freighted with its wretched cargo, I was soon borne beyond all familiar spots. On that morning I had parted from all that was near and dear to me—friends, home, acquaintances—and—degrading, painful thought!—I was a convict, and my destination New South Wales.

After various incidents of slight interest, we at last reached the "hulks," on board of which we were kept for some time till a transport was in readiness, to carry us to Botany Bay. The preparations for this event being completed, we were huddled on board like so many beasts, and the vessel shortly after weighing anchor, we commenced our passage for England's penal colony. How the time passed I need not state, as most of my readers know something of what a sea-voyage is; and from the strict watch which was kept over us, our own minds were the only monitors or companions we had to commune with; let it suffice, therefore, to say, that at the end of five months and four days, we were safely landed at Hobart Town.

Whatever opinion I had formed of my future prospects during the voyage, I must candidly admit that, bad as I thought the situation of the convict would be, my mind was not prepared for the sad scenes brought before my eyes, in the contemplation of which, I found in truth that my situation was one, much worse than I had ever conceived of the state of a slave.

At the time we landed, Hobart Town was very ill supplied with water, and the governor had set a project on foot for cutting into Wellington Mountain,—a high hill, at the bottom of which the town stands,—in order, if possible, to discover a spring by which the inhabitants would be supplied with water. As all the convicts who had arrived before us were otherwise engaged, the governor ordered that twenty of our number should be set apart for this undertaking. It was my lot to be appointed one of the party nominated for this task, and a fearful task we had to perform. It was in the very depth of winter, but to interest us some little in the enterprize, we were promised, if successful in finding the spring, some indulgence in our situation as convicts. Drowning men are said to catch at straws, so, in our position, anything which had even the most distant hope of alleviating our sufferings, was eagerly seized upon. This hope kept us for some

time alive, else we must otherwise have sunk under the influence of the extreme cold. It was, however, all to no purpose, for at the end of seven weeks, we were carried back to town, almost frozen to death, and were obliged to go into hospital for the treatment of our frozen limbs.

While in hospital, circumstances took a turn in my favour, for which, at the time, I sincerely thanked God. My appearance, conduct and otherwise, was not that of a person who had imbibed vicious habits, but, on the contrary, I was unassuming and thoughtful; I was also extremely cautious not to commit myself by any unbecoming act. One day a Captain W—— called to examine us. He seemed pleased with my appearance, and entered into conversation with me. This circumstance gave me no thought at the time, but on recovering, I was agreeably surprized to learn that the Captain had got me appointed coxwain of his gig. Whatever situation a convict may be placed in, he cannot expect either kind looks or words, so, when put into a place of trust, however limited the power, he generally uses it to make those under his jurisdiction, already miserable enough, ten times more so. Being tyrannized over by those who are their superiors, they shew the petty tyrant in their turn. However little experience I had, I was perfectly aware of this fact; but on revolving the course I ought to pursue in my mind, I resolved to act in a way contrary to the above. I felt no wish to become a tyrant. I, therefore, did all in my power to make those under me as comfortable as my means would admit, and, in return, I experienced the kindest usage from the captain. Thus seven months passed very pleasantly, but it is said of some things, "they are too good to last long," and so it turned out with the pleasure I experienced in the captain's service.

One day the captain informed me of his intention of taking a trip to an Island on the coast, called Maria Island, situated about 150 miles from Hobart Town. He intended taking a party of ladies and gentlemen with him. For this purpose he was to be favored with the governor's barge, his own gig being too small, and the governor's barge pulling eight oars. The captain only allowed me a given time to have the barge brought round to an appointed place, with a full complement of hands to work her. Fortunately I accomplished my task in good time, but I had scarcely seen that all was right, when the captain and his party arrived. The party consisted of his daughter, niece, and other two ladies, and three gentlemen. The word "all right" being given, we hoisted a lug sail, and, with a fine breeze from the N. W., we were soon scudding gallantly along on what turned out to be a rather perilous voyage. Everything went "merry as a marriage bell" for the first day, and when the gloom of evening began to darken around us, we had reached as far as Sloping Island, where it was agreed we should go ashore. We were soon landed, and, with the assistance of the crew we got tents erected for the ladies and gentlemen, having brought canvas and poles with us for