

the farmer advanced and asked permission to speak in my behalf. Leave being granted, he stated, that while I had been in charge of Captain W.'s gig, he had various opportunities of conversing with my master, and that I had given the captain so much satisfaction, that he expressed himself willing to leave me in charge of all that was dear to him on earth, with the certainty of his orders being sacredly attended to. He said that I had also rendered some very important services both to Captain W. and some of his friends; but, as there were other parties in court who had been eye-witnesses of the scene, he would leave them to state their opinions of me to the court.

The farmer then withdrew, and immediately afterwards advanced with Miss W. The young lady was very much agitated by the novel position she was placed in, and it was some minutes before her presence of mind returned so as to enable her to proceed. Encouraged, however, by the judge, who had been intimate with her father, and had often met her in his company, she at last succeeded in giving some account of how I had conducted myself under her father. When she came to speak of the voyage, and the perilous situation in which all were placed, these statements calling up tender recollections of her dear father, she suddenly stopped and gave vent to a flood of tears. The judge ordered her a seat, when, in a short time, she again became collected. She detailed the whole of our proceedings during that trying conflict, and ended with a panegyric in my favour that would have done honor to a nobler man than I was. Miss W. said, there were other two parties in court who were attending, as she herself was, to show their gratitude for my behaviour at the period referred to, by testifying of the good opinion I had gained from every one who knew me, or had dealings with me.

The judge expressed himself satisfied, and, after a few remarks on my former behaviour, he said that the sentence of death would not be carried out, but that I must make my mind up to be banished for the natural term of my life to Macquarie Harbour. I was then removed from the bar, but instead of being conducted back to the hospital, I was taken to prison, to await the order for my removal.

My spirits were wonderfully buoyed up during the latter part of the proceedings in the court, inasmuch that I heard the sentence of banishment to Macquarie Harbour with something akin to indifference. Now, however, that I was immured within the walls of a gloomy, damp cell, the full weight of misery into which I had been plunged descended upon me in full force, and the first relief I found was in a burst of excessive grief. Here it was that I felt the keen anguish of being deprived of both kind looks and words, and for a fortnight I remained in such an excited state as to be bordering on distraction.

At length the prison doors were opened, but not to freedom. My guards entered, but not to protect me from molestation. They were opened in order to bind the fetters with which I was secured, to a host of other sufferers whom I was to accompany to Macquarie

Harbour. What a spectacle presented itself to my view! A number of human beings, the most miserable-looking imaginable, wedged together as firmly as iron could make them, their countenances dark and foreboding as the dreariest winter sky—there they stood pensive, sad, and sullen. They knew they were degraded beyond hope of redemption. They felt that they were no longer men, and that they were worse than the beasts that perish. Amongst the whole group, no one feature was discoverable that told of an immortal soul, but every lineament bespoke the despair of a damned spirit. Could I look upon such a scene unmoved? The effect was electric. I took up my position without a murmur, and in a few minutes, there I stood a fair counterpart of the rest of my unhappy companions, hoping nothing—fearing nothing.

The arrangements being completed, we were marshalled in order, and conducted to the vessel destined to convey us to our dreaded destination. As soon as we got on board, the whole party were driven below, and the hatchway secured, a small opening being left to admit a portion of air; and, during the voyage, which lasted a fortnight, the hatchway was only removed once a day, at the time we were supplied with victuals; and so scanty was our share, that not a few felt the cravings of hunger ten full hours previous to the next day's portion being distributed. One of the party died from the effects of former suffering, but his death was hurried on by the hard treatment received on board the brig. What a death-scene! One entire day preceding his demise he raved continually, uttering the most horrid imprecations. This was a fearful picture to me, but had I been the unfortunate person chained to him, I verily believe I would have actually gone mad. In the midst of his frenzy, he threw himself into all the attitudes of despair and desperation; and when he raised the arm by which he was attached to his unfortunate neighbour, his unwilling companion was forced to allow himself to be moved at will. His strength ultimately became exhausted, and he gradually sunk under his multiplied troubles, till death embraced the sufferer, and set him free from bodily pain. But his soul—where is it? There were many rough hearts amongst my fellow-outcasts—fellows who had been born-brothers to guilt and crime of every description—who, perhaps, in the prosecution of their ungodly calling, would not have scrupled to commit the crime of murder for the purpose of carrying their wicked schemes into execution, and afterwards soothed their consciences with the idea that their victim deserved his fate for interfering between them and their unjust desires, and would have looked upon the murdered party with cold indifference. Here the effect was changed. No sooner was the truth apparent that the poor fellow's ravings were hushed in death, than they became alarmed and uneasy. They dared not to look upon the corpse, their appearance showing that extreme terror possessed their inmost soul. This feeling was more strongly depicted in the face of the being chained to the body. His eyes stared wildly around, and as often as he ventured to glance at the object of horror, his frame quivered and