

aboard their trunks, chests, clothing and money with them, which made their condition tolerable, in comparison with ours, who were deprived of all these necessities.

We were now fast leaving the shores of Canada, without a single wish to remain longer under the tyrannical government of Sir George Arthur; but when the thoughts of father, mother, wife and children, together with "the land of the free and the home of the brave," came over us, our feelings could not be easily suppressed. Our fate was hid in the dark future, and even hope was little inclined to flatter us, that we should ever return to our native land. Truly we could now say to our country,

We part with thee,
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.

In a few days we passed out of the St. Lawrence into the broad Atlantic, and soon found we were going south, which convinced us that we were not bound to England. Some of our party suffered much during the first few weeks of our voyage, from sea-sickness. But one of our number died at sea; Asa Puest was relieved of future sufferings by death, a few weeks after leaving Quebec, and was thrown overboard.

During the voyage we were kept upon the lower deck, with the exception of being allowed once a day to go above for a short time for exercise. This indulgence was not allowed to all at the same time. Generally four messes, of twelve men each, were ordered up at a time. After we had traversed the length of the deck a few times, looked out upon the broad ocean, and inhaled a few doses of fresh air, we were again remanded below, and others who were awaiting the privilege, took our places. Our rations on board the Buffalo were similar to our fare at Toronto—"rather small and not many of them." If I rightly remember, the orders given to the commissary in the distribution of our fodder was, FOUR UPON TWO, that is, four of us OUGHT to have what two of the marines DID have; but instead of these directions being strictly adhered to, I am sure that on many occasions, a whole BRIGADE UPON ONE, would have been nearer the fact. Not that the gift of an English marine is better than ours, in discussing the important subject of PORK AND BEANS, but at this time their privileges were more exclusive.

Thus time wore slowly away, as we week after week were making to some unknown port, and at times could almost rejoice at our ignorance. We had no irons upon us on ship board, Captain Wood being satisfied, at the time of our first introduction to him at Quebec, that we were not very bad men, and the only restraint laid upon us on our outward passage was that of MORAL SUASION, enforced at the POINT OF THE BAYONET.