

Multitudes forget, in connexion with this inattention to circumstances of present or passing advantage, duly to estimate the value of time, and apportion it, with a view to its economy and utility; indeed we have daily proof of the propriety of the Poet's declaration:—

"The man is yet unborn,
"That duly weighs an hour."

How many precious moments are lost, and worse than lost—murdered—

"Where more than blood is spilt,"

which might have been spent in the acquisition of some useful science, or employed in schemes and works of utility and benefit to some portion of the human family?

What numbers of persons we daily meet of mature years, who, instead of providing against the probable contingencies of future life, which are the usual precursors of misfortune, neglect the means placed within their power, of guarding against their consequences, and procrastinate till the golden moments slip by, and the opportunity lost for ever.

Old age is proverbially a season of regrets on this very account, and would afford, if consulted, one of the most faithful chronicles of lost advantages, and of time irrecoverably past by. And if this be true in reference to temporal advantages, how much more applicable is it to eternal interests and the welfare of the soul! The mind shudders at the thought. The Poet has well exclaimed—

"Ask death-beds, they can tell!"

Fortunately for the present generation, there are Institutions in existence, which offer the means in part of remedying the injuries inflicted by self-maiming—of making some reparation for by-gone imprudencies. The opportunity is presented by the establishment of the Odd Fellows' and other kindred Benevolent Institutions, for an introduction to, and instruction in, the courtesies of social life—to the amenities and benevolent acts of fraternal solicitude—to creditable and advantageous acquaintance—and to provision for the sick chamber, and the bereaving hour of death. It is for those who are sensible of their former negligence, to embrace them without delay, and derive the advantages they are calculated to convey, that they may be able to register such an act as one of the best in their "Chronology of Life." J. T. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.*

BY "Y-LE."

CHAP. VII.—THE HUT AND ITS INMATES.—THE SOLDIERS.—AN ENCOUNTER.—A COLD BATH AND A LONG SWIM.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—UNFORTUNATE BARTER.—AN ALARM AND ITS RESULTS.

FROM the many causes of uneasiness with which I was encompassed, I slept but little; notwithstanding I arose very much refreshed, and having carried with me a portion of the kangaroo flesh which I had cut from the carcass, I endeavored to satisfy my appetite by masticating it in its raw state, there being no means within my reach of lighting a fire with which I could cook it; but, hungry as I was, the task was too much

for me, and, after cutting it in four parts, I threw it to the dogs—(these animals are larger than a greyhound, and more strongly built.) I commenced my third day's journey hungry enough, but with four faithful protectors against the attack of either man or beast, the hope of yet escaping sustaining me in my tiresome journey. Thus I continued from one mountain to another, having only the sun to guide my feeble judgment. However, about the middle of the afternoon, I had the great satisfaction of descrying the river, and very soon afterwards I reached the beach, which was some alleviation to the sorrows and anxieties I had suffered. On looking round I had also the pleasure to see Sandy Bay. I kept along the beach until I arrived within hail of two free men, who were employed in burning lime at a lime kiln. I did not wish to venture too near till I could ascertain whether or not there were any parties in the vicinity on the look-out for me. I accordingly seated myself behind a little hillock, keeping the dogs by me, till midnight, when I stole cautiously onward to the house occupied by the men. Finding all quiet, I next proceeded to the creek in the hope of finding the boat to cross with, but fate was still against me, the boat having been sent that day to Hobart Town.

It is an old adage, that "misfortunes never come singly;" whether there is truth contained in the above, those who have gone along with me in all my vicissitudes and wanderings, may judge how far the axiom can be applied to my case. I would fain have crossed the river without the boat, had I thought it possible; but the distance from bank to bank seemed too great for mortal strength. The hope of being able, at this point, to effect my escape, had sustained me in my heretofore long and painful journey; but, when the truth came to be known, fact taking the place of imagination, I became completely helpless and hopeless. Weak with hunger, I sunk upon the sloping bank, and, in the midst of my distress and danger, fell fast asleep. In this state I might have remained long enough, but my trusty companions, as if aware that my liberty was not to be gained by lagging in the attempt, came to me and commenced licking my face and hands. I awoke hurriedly, and for a while was unconscious of where I was. After a few moments' reflection, I became fully sensible of my forlorn condition, and, though weak, arose with a full determination to follow up what I had begun. How to accomplish my fond wish to be at liberty, I knew not; and, when various views had sprung up in my mind and been dismissed, I came to the resolution of applying to the inmates of the house attached to the lime-kiln. In this step I judged man in his natural state, void of all the tricks, termed by the world policy. I was hungry—I meant to tell them so. I was tired—that also should be told. Indeed, I determined to tell every thing except what might militate against myself. I followed the course of the world in this respect, not inclining to endanger either myself or the people belonging to the hut; as, if they knew I was a runaway, they would have been punished for affording me shelter. Under all these circum-

* Continued from page 102.