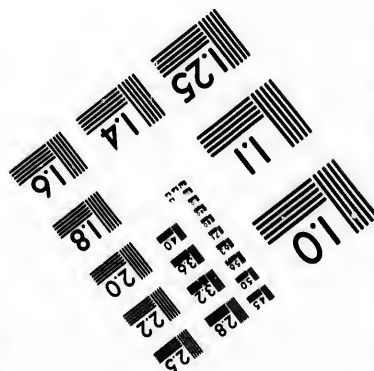
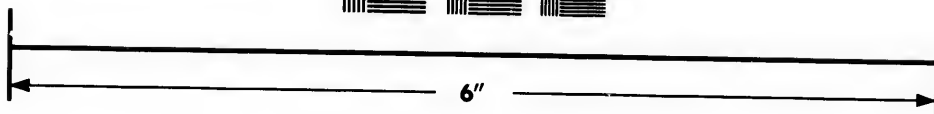
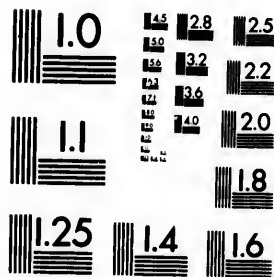


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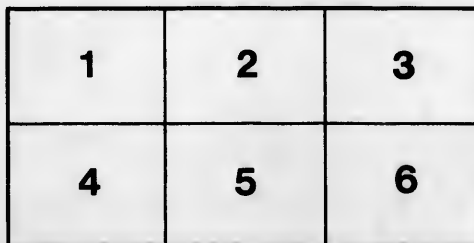
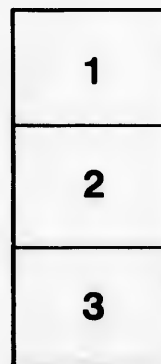
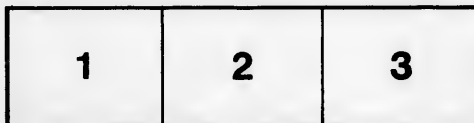
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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
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IN
VAN DIEMAN'S LAND;

BY WILLIAM GATES:
ONE OF THE CANADIAN PATRIOTS.

"A good man commendeth his cause to the one great Patron of innocence, convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good meanwhile."

LOCKPORT:
D. S. CRANDALL, PRINTER;
OFFICE OF THE LOCKPORT DAILY COURIER.

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PREFACE.

The question may be asked, why another narrative of the "Canadian Patriots" should be thrust upon the Public: "There is no doubt they suffered; but what is that to benefit us?" Very well. There was an effort made, that the Canadas should have the full and free blessings of Liberty. That effort, all know, failed of its immediate object, and some of those engaged in the movement were forced away, like a gang of most degraded felons, compelled to drudge out several years of unmitigated oppression, without law to sanction the cruelty!

Is not this a theme worthy to write upon? and should not such baseness be laid bare, and the truth unfolded, that those who wish may learn? Aye, and so it should!

Besides, has not each of the sufferers friends who are anxious to know whereof he hath suffered? and is it not laudable to satisfy that curiosity?

These considerations have induced the author to yield to the importunities of his friends, and appear in this manner, for the first time, before the Public. He is aware that several narratives have been written by his comrades, who returned before him to the United States. But of them all, he has had no opportunity of seeing only one—that of Robert Marsh. He has accordingly penned his "RECOLLECTIONS" without regard to whatever statements may have been made by them; and only, as matters and things occurred, or appeared to him alone. Had he possessed literary talents, he might have made his little work not only much more interesting, but highly instructive. It has, however, the virtue of being the plain truth, without any attempt at varnish.

It cannot be expected that for so long a period, one could retain vivid impressions of every circumstance that might have transpired. The prisoners were not allowed to keep the slightest vestige of a journal; and for his own part, the author had no desire to do so, as he then saw no probability of ever getting home again; nor did he have any idea of writing a volume upon the subject, though he should be so fortunate as to return. He has not, therefore, detailed all the particulars of his situation; besides, there were many things our men were forced to endure, that were too disgusting to be admitted in print, and quite too inhuman

PREFACE.

to mention. Still he has unveiled enough to show with what barbarity man rules it there over his fellow man. He has given dates and figures only when they are well remembered.

Hoping it may do its share of good, this volume is laid before the People; and whether it shall meet with their favor or frowns, the writer has a consciousness of a good intention.

That it may meet with encouragement sufficient to give him help to assist in maintaining his aged parents, he is frank to confess is his wish. Beyond this, he has no other purpose to subserve, than the cause of Truth, and the gratification of those many friends through whose solicitations he was induced to undertake the work; and to whom it is now respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

WILSON, N. Y.. APRIL, 1850.

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
LIFE IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY — THE "HUNTER'S LODGE" — STAND
AT THE WINDMILL.

It is not my intention here to enter into any disquisition upon the causes that led to the Patriot Movement, in the years '37 and '38, which had for its object, the liberation of the Canadas from British misrule and oppression. Nor shall I speak at length of the causes that led to its signal failure. Though that enterprise did fail of its great object, yet I am one who think it has wrought some good to the Provinces.

England saw plainly there was disaffection amongst her colonists, and though she sent hordes of armed men to overawe them, still she was sensible enough to know, that unless she abated in some measure the rigor of her rule, there was but little hope of long retaining them as attachments to her royal throne. As a consequence, somewhat of a more liberal policy has been pursued. The severity of their griev-

ances has grown less, and the Canadians now rejoice in the enjoyment of greater privileges than they did at the outbreak of the "rebellion," as the minions of royalty are pleased to term it. May Heaven speed the time when they too, like the favored people of our own glad Republic, shall sit under their vines and fig trees without molestation, and in that full and free liberty which is the inalienable boon of *all* men. And if it shall come without the farther pouring out of blood, how much sweeter and more unalloyed will be the happiness:

But that these "Patriots" acted honestly in all that they did—that they believed the Provinces ripe for shaking off the yoke of British bondage, and striking effectually for their liberty, none with unbiased minds can doubt. Living themselves within its glorious radiance, they could but feel a strong sympathy that their neighbors should also enjoy it too; so when they saw those neighbors making demonstrations to secure the boon, they could but feel their hearts burn within them to go and give them aid.

To be sure, the Canadians had not so great and grievous cause to strike for their liberties, as had our own fathers; yet they had enough, and more than enough, to urge them to a decided stand. They were oppressed in many things, and Royalty refused to remove their burthens. Then why should they not assert their rights and stand forth in the defence of them? And wherein was the crime of giving them aid? Surely he who would argue it, is more fit for

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the barbarian servitude of some Asiatic despot. Nay, those Americans who *acted* in sympathy with their oppressed neighbors, have earned, not the curses of their countrymen, but praise in well-doing. If by their actions they have merited opprobrium, then were the French most unmitigated rascals, for presuming to listen to American entreaties, until France sent forth her sons to aid his most gracious Majesty's colonial subjects in breaking from their royal thralldom. Yea, and so were those brave souls—Steuben, De Kalb, Kosciusko, La Fayette! The only difference is, *they* were successfull, *we* and the Canadians were not.

The first blow struck in the Province, if I recollect, was in Yonge street in Toronto, which proved an entire failure. There seems to have been some unexplained misunderstanding among the leaders. Though it did fail, it served to rouse up a greater feeling, not only in Canada, but along the American border. The course pursued by the Canadian Government also fanned the flame. Worthy citizens, suspected by those in power, were compelled to flee the Provinces to ensure their lives; leaving not only their property to be confiscated, but their families to the merciless protection of the jackals of royalty. These men, coming in our midst, seeking an asylum and recounting the story of their wrongs, gave greater impetus to the sympathy burning in American bosoms, whilst the flame spread farther and wider among the people.

Failing in Toronto, a stand was made upon Navy Island, where those who wished to act in defence of Canadian freedom could rendezvous till a more auspicious moment should arrive for striking an effectual blow. This island contained some three hundred acres of land, covered with a forest and situated in British waters, between Chippewa and Grand Island, a mile from the American shore, and three-fourths from the Canadian. Wm. L. McKenzie and Gen. Van Rensselaer had command at this point. By this time the excitement was getting pretty general, running to quite a high pitch along the whole frontier and extending backward to a considerable distance toward the interior. Meetings were held in all quarters. Resolutions and speeches, glowing with patriotism and valor, were read, spoken and published. The friends of Canada took greater courage and flattered themselves that truly the time and the hour had come for her redemption. Societies in many places were formed, under the title of "THE HUNTERS' LODGE," having for their object the more effectual aid and assistance of the people of Canada. Men of all classes, ages and distinctions—those of influence and station, as well as those who were poor and illiterate—enrolled themselves members, till the "Hunters" were swelled to many thousands in number.

The island was entrenched with tree tops and by other means, and the little band continued to receive reinforcements and supplies, but not in sufficient num-

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bers and quantity to warrant a demonstration on shore. The royal soldiers at Chippewa kept up an inoffensive cannonading for many days. Sentries were placed along shore, and other means resorted to, to prevent those who wished leaving for the island. The Liberals were anxiously waiting for the landing of Van Rensselaer, when they would join his ranks in large numbers. Owing to this presence of the soldiery, the little band were almost wholly dependent upon reinforcements from the American side, till they should be sufficiently strong to make a permanent stand against the troops on the other shore. To the island were many visitors, impelled thither by curiosity, and in some instances by a desire of aiding and counselling the band. From many of these the leaders received strong assurances of much help, and the little band looked forward to the hour that seemed close at hand, when they should commence their movements.

During this time, the little steamer Caroline came down from Buffalo, bringing passengers and freight, a part of which she landed at the island; and for the pecuniary benefit of her owners, she was employed for a short time in carrying passengers and freight to and from the island, mooring herself at nightfall at the old Schlosser wharf. Whilst reposing here in fancied security, a company of British soldiers, headed by Col. McNab, stole stealthily, and under cover of midnight darkness, from the opposite shore, boarded her while under the protection of the American

eagle, killing some and wounding others of her crew; when, cutting her loose and applying the torch, she was sent adrift upon the foaming billows of Niagara, with how many souls on board to take the awful plunge of that dread cataract, none but the Eternal may know. And these stealthy midnight assassins crept back again to their own soil, and gloried in the deed they had done!

The then governor of New York reported the matter plausibly to him who sat in the executive of the nation. But instead of stoutly asserting American rights, he crouched—I might almost say abjectly crouched—at the feet of the British lion. Then it was, our Executive made haste to do the wishes of her majesty's pleasure, in striving to put down the burst of indignation that was showing itself in the congregation of men and munitions for the Patriot cause. It seemed that those who managed the helm of government, frightened by the roar of the royal whelp, were vieing with that royalty itself to crush the rising of the oppressed for liberty's sake.

McNab, fearing his life not safe on this side the Atlantic, afterward returned to England, where, with "Prince John," Van's favorite boy, he had the unspeakable felicity of kissing the Queen's hand! England had sanctioned the deed, and as a reward for his invincible prowess, the hero received a degree of royal knighthood!

The President had sent forth his proclamation, outlawing those who should engage in the cause, whilst

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government forwarded troops to put in force the proclamation and effectually prevent the enlistment of American citizens. Through these means the Patriot force found itself cramped, and without sufficient numbers to wararrant an attack on shore. As receiving recruits from either shore was out of the question now, it was concluded to abandon the scheme for the time, and therefore, on the 12th of Jan. 1838, Navy Island was evacuated, and those there congregated, dispersed for other places and other points. After this, not much was done in the way of active measures, save a little skirmishing towards the upper end of the province. Things remained rather quiet through the country, though the subject itself was by no means dormant.

Trials and executions were going forward on the other side, and the adherents of royalty were chuckling among themselves that the effort was quite signally crushed. Consequently, feeling secure in their position, they were talking with much bravado of their prowess and skill over the poor Patriots whose hopes were laid low. Nevertheless, those "rebels" had feelings, and they were but waiting a favorable opportunity to prove that the love of freedom was not yet extinguished in their bosoms.

During all this time, I had resided within the midst of the excitement, and, in common with all my neighbors, I felt the spirit stirring my youthful blood in sympathy for the down-trodden of England's rule; and being naturally of an impulsive nature, I could

not remain an idle spectator in the midst of such stirring times. Accordingly, in the month of November, 1837, at the age of twenty-two, I entered the "Hunters' Lodge," at Cape Vincent, in the town of Lyme, which place had for several years been my residence. During the following spring and summer, nothing of importance occurred in my vicinity. Stated meetings of the lodge were held, and all stood in readiness to act when the proper time should come. Toward November, 1838, that time seemed to be drawing nigh. Demonstrations were to be made simultaneously, or nearly so, in the vicinity of Kingston, and at the upper part of the province, and if successful, the armies were to press forward and form a junction; when, with the numbers that would flock about the triumphant standard of liberty, we might put at defiance whatever force Britain might send against us.

With six others, I left my home on the 4th of November, '38, for Sacketts Harbor, where at midnight we arrived, and expected to find the steamer United States, upon which we were to embark, to go whither, our officers who had ordered us hither, only knew. There were a hundred others here on the same errand as ourselves. After waiting awhile for the steamer, and ascertaining there was not much prospect of her being along for a day or two, we returned again to Cape Vincent. The next Sunday, Nov. 16th, I again started with several others for a place known as Millen's Bay. Here we found a

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schooner with a hundred men, waiting the appearance of the steamer. About dusk we hailed it coming down the river from Oswego. Our schooner then pushed from the wharf into the river, and soon after was taken in tow. About a mile further down, another schooner with about the same complement of men was also attached to the boat, which now put on steam for Prescott. Upon the boat, which was the same we had looked for at Sacketts Harbor, and on board the two schooners, were above two hundred men, with a fair supply of provisions, arms and ammunition.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and we were indeed a happy band. We had full confidence in our cause, as a just and noble one. We believed we were about to do our neighbors a deed of charity, such as the golden rule inculcates, when it teaches us to do to our fellows as we would they should do to us. We believed our Canadian neighbors to be struggling for that freedom which we were enjoying, and which with a little aid they would be successful in securing. Was it therefore wrong that we should stifle our feelings and refuse to *act* out our sympathy? For one, I can place no credit in that charity which does not exhibit itself by its works. That we should fail, we had no idea; though others have since declared that *they* "knew we should fail." Possibly some of them did; and we might perhaps have known it too, had we been gifted with prescience, whereby we might have discovered their patriotism to be only "lip ser-

vice," and that they were fully determined to turn traitors to all their solemn protestations. With such Patriots(!) as these rests the guilt of bloodshed and of suffering, which their fellow Americans endured at the hands of British tyrants. Nay, 'twas the sin of such valorous souls that we expiated—not of us, who, having taken a position, valiantly sustained it till fighting longer was folly.

The charge has been made that we were but a band of marauders, seeking the spoils of honest people. Those who were aught acquainted with us and with the times, know that such an object was far removed from our designs. Only those maliciously disposed, would make the charge, and but the ignorant give credence to it. Of my own acquaintance and myself, I *know* that no such motive entered our thoughts. Nor did the movements or plans of our leaders savor of such an object, at least so far as my knowledge extended. I had parents, brothers and sisters, who were unusually endeared to me, and whose sweet companionship bound me strongly to the paternal roof, and to leave these for the precarious prospects of booty, would have been folly indeed. There were other feelings wrought upon than the selfish ones: and I may say it without boasting, they were those of philanthropy.

It was indeed hard to part with my parents, brothers and sisters; yet I felt impelled by a sense of duty for the good of others, to assist in securing for them the same blessings which I was myself enjoying.

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As we were gliding down the St. Lawrence, I could but revert to the past with peculiar feelings—feelings which my pen fails in giving utterance. To the future I looked with imagination's eye, and fancied I might have the satisfaction of the future reflection, that I was one of those who aided in securing full liberty to Canada's sons and daughters.— Then, too, the thought crossed my mind, that the swift-winged bullet might spring the current of life, and leave its tide to ebb in death. Yet this thought appalled me not, but seemed rather to nerve my frame with vigor, and give to my mind a stronger determination to act well and faithfully my part, so long as life should be mine.

During the next forenoon we arrived near Prescott. Here the schooners were detached, and ours in attempting to make the wharf ran aground. We soon cleared her, and then dropped down the river a mile to Windmill Point, where Colonel Von Shoultz and the men aboard effected a landing. The bank at this place was some twenty feet in height and quite precipitous. With much toil we succeeded in dragging up our guns—one twelve pounder and two brass seven pounders—when we took possession of a circular stone windmill, four stories in height, together with three stone outbuildings, in one of which was a family residing who rendered us essential aid. The other schooner in attempting to make the wharf also run fast upon the same bar, farther toward the middle of the river. Whilst we were landing, those

on board of her made a long but unsuccessful attempt to get off. Seeing them in this situation the British steamer "Experiment" made a demonstration against them, by crossing the river and firing upon the schooner as she approached. Those on the schooner seeing the necessity of standing upon their defence, hauled a twelve pounder from the hold, charged it with ball and grape, then leveling it at the "Experiment" it was discharged, killing eleven upon the crowded deck and passing a ball completely through her wheel house. The recoil of the gun loosened the schooner from her position on the bar, when she sailed for Ogdensburg. To us at the windmill, this was a cruel course to pursue, for they had nearly all the provisions and the greater share of ammunition and arms. Nevertheless, we confidently looked for her return, but she came not. During that night we were reinforced by a hundred or more from Ogdensburg, including a part of those on board the schooner. Before dark, and after the schooner had left the bar, the steamer United States sailed out from the harbor, and taking somewhat of a circuitous course, approached near the windmill shore, and whilst but a little below Prescott, a shot was fired at her by the British steamer "Coburg," which struck the man at the wheel, killing him instantly and scattering his brains over the deck.

As in the case of the "Caroline," so with this; no notice was taken of it by our government. It was even passed over in more dogged silence, and it

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seemed as if our chief magistrate had, since the affair at Schlosser, lost what little valor he might before have possessed. Had the British made a descent upon his cabbage plantation, the world might possibly have witnessed an outbreak of patriotism in the "Little Magician." But when American blood was spilled upon American soil and on American ships, transgressing no international laws, the "Sage of Lindenwald" could calmly fold his arms on his breast and even turn round and assist those same murderers in quelling an outbreak for freedom!

That evening Colonel Worth, with the United States Marshall, arrived in Ogdensburg, and straightway seized the schooner, the steamer, and the most of the ammunition and provisions intended for our use, thereby effectually cutting off our supplies and preventing our receiving reinforcements. The presence of these officers, supported as they were by the government, overawed the timid souls who "knew the patriots would fail," and gave their weak hearts a plausible excuse to remain secure from danger. And to those who were anxious of joining the little band, impediments were thrown in their way which were quite impossible to overcome.

Had Canada been the province of some imbecile power, our government would never have made that hot haste to construe the laws in aid of royalty's schemes. But England was powerful, and our rulers wished to curry her favor! When Texas revolted from a sister republic, our men were permit-

ted to organize companies and depart armed for the scene of conflict; and the matter was unnoticed by our government, or if noticed, merely winked at.— Mexico was weak—torn by intestine factions. She refused the black curse of slavery a home on her soil. Texas was determined to sustain negro servitude, and revolted, when our citizens rushed by thousands to her aid, and enabled her to sustain the position she assumed. Now slavery rules in the dominion, and she has been taken under the fostering care of our own eagle. But here the Canadians were groaning under grievances that had been refused redress. To be sure, involuntary servitude had no footing, nor was there any possibility it ever would; yet her people were evidently striving for their own full freedom from foreign oppression. Some of our citizens become fired with the enthusiasm and strive to give a helping hand. But government interposes and commands them to stay at home and suppress their sympathies as unlawful, and then takes active and stringent measures to enforce obedience. Is there justice in the two cases? What spirit could have actuated our government but that of fear, and the knowledge that human servitude could find no extension at the north? At this time, along the whole northern frontier the movements of our citizens were strictly guarded, and thus the Canadian effort for liberty was quelled, not so much by her majesty's troops quartered in the provinces, as by that government which, above all others, boasts the truest freedom of any nation on the earth!

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It was now evident we were to rely upon our own resources, which were feeble enough. We were a small band of about two hundred and fifty souls, with but four days' provision at the most, and a very scanty supply of ammunition. Yet our hearts fainted not, though deserted by friends and left on foreign soil, with no prospect of effecting anything decisive in our then situation. Our leader, Von Shoultz, was a man that knew no fear, and were there any among us disposed to falter, they could not well do it under the influence of his noble bearing and cool self-reliance. Nevertheless, our hopes of receiving additions did not entirely desert us. We had expected large companies to follow us, enough to have made a triumphant ingress, and which would have enabled us to make such a stand in the country that all who wished could have joined us. With the faint hope that some of them would remember their solemn protestations, and evading the surveillance, join our standard—we toiled that night with all our alacrity in the strengthening of our position.

About ten o'clock a friend arrived from Kingston, a distance of fifty miles, bringing the intelligence of an attack upon our position from land and water by nine the next morning. This news, instead of blanching our cheeks or palzying our hands with fear, served only to nerve us with more energy, and to bind our little band closer one to another. There appeared in the actions of all that firm reliance and unconquerable resolution, which were sure to win laurels

from fields where the odds were even against them. In their expressions and conversations of the men, there was an evident anxiety that the morning should come, when we could have a chance to measure our strength with the red coats. We knew not what the result might be, yet we were impatient to have the time advance, that we might know whereof we had to do.

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CHAPTER II.

TRANSACTIONS AT THE WINDMILL AND VICINITY.

At length the morning dawned, the hours of which went slowly forward. Our company were impatient, and kept an anxious looking towards Kingston. Some even chid the time that it passed so slowly, wondering why her majesty's troops were so tardy in coming. Nine o'clock had passed. Presently, however, three steamers were espied whose decks were crowded with the regulars, coming down the river. About the same time—"For God's sake look yonder," exclaimed a comrade, when, casting our eyes along the road toward Kingston, we saw what, in comparison to our little band, was an innumerable host, pressing along the road and issuing from the woods on our left. It appeared they had followed the river till quite within sight, when a part filed off to encompass us in such a manner as should prevent any escape on our part.

Still their columns continued filling up in the rear till the river banks, fields and woods, appeared alive with the red coats. Soon after, they formed in battle array, displaying their numbers to as great advant-

age as possible, and with what pomp and parade they were masters of, to strike dismay into the bosoms of our little band. To me, who had never seen so large a company of soldiers drawn up for fighting, the sight was indeed imposing. But the display failed of its intended effect, for instead of being frightened from our wits, and going out upon our knees and imploring their gracious clemency, we strengthened each others hearts with kind words and valiant counsels, and gave heed to the cheering advice of our good leader, upon whom all of us had come to look with a strong feeling of affection. We could but admire him for his many shining qualities, and love him for his virtues. No doubt it was a wonderment to her gracious majesty's hirelings, that the handful of rebels were so presumptuous as to entertain the idea of resisting those who had come down like a swarm of locusts to devour us from the face of the earth.

At half past nine our men held a council, and full powers of command were conferred on Von Shoultz. Those who were to have taken the higher grades of office, through cowardice or otherwise, deserted our cause. Von Shoultz had acted as a subordinate officer till now, though in the absence of the others we had looked to him for counsel and guidance.—Thanking the men for their generous confidence, he asked them whether we should remain in our position and act entirely on the defensive, or meet them in the field. Unanimously we chose the latter.

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We were accordingly formed into order and marched into a rocky field, north from the mill some thirty rods, where we halted. The mill stood near the bank of the river, with the road passing between it and the three stone outbuildings. In passing into the field, a wooden barn lay in our route, from which some of our men removed a portion of the siding to give us a better opportunity for retreating, in case such a measure should become necessary. Our skillful commander addressed us in a few words, exhorting us to be valiant in all our conduct, and to be sure to make all our shots tell with effect. For our greater preservation against such fearful odds, he ordered us to secure ourselves in as concealed positions as possible, under the two stone walls that ran northward from the mill, and behind rocks, stumps, or whatever should appear to give us shelter. I am sure there were none of us that had cowardly feelings then; and had there been, the fearless courage that spoke in every lineament of the countenance of that exiled Pole, who had bravely sustained the cause of his own dear country, till the overwhelming force of despotic tyranny crushed her hopes of freedom, and compelled her patriotic sons to chose self-banishment rather than gibbet and rack, from Poland's oppressors—would have banished it from the bosom.

During this time, a large concourse of spectators had congregated on the American side at every eligible point of view, to witness the result. We could see them waving their scarfs and little flags, and

hear occasionally a shout to cheer us forward. We secured ourselves according to the directions of our leader and waited with a nervous anxiety for the approach of our foe, which, when at the distance of one hundred and thirty yards, opened a heavy and uninterrupted fire, continuing to advance till within fifteen rods, when we returned their fire with such warmth and execution as compelled them to come to a halt. Our discharge did much havoc among their front ranks, but which were kept full from those behind. *Their* shots did terrible execution upon the poor defenceless stumps and stones, from which fragments were being incessantly chipped. Finding our work too hot for their comfort, they retreated backward nearly twenty rods, continuing yet their fire. There they halted sufficiently long to pluck up courage and endeavor to charge upon us with fixed bayonets. But so many of their brave fellows were compelled by the force of "rebel" bullets to kiss the earth, that the remainder concluding it too dangerous work—came to another halt—still sending their inoffensive bullets in search of patriot blood, which riddled the air or spent their force upon the inanimate objects about us. It was, indeed, on their side, the making of a great deal of smoke without a corresponding execution. All this while, the Experiment, Cobourg, and another steamer whose name I have forgotten, kept up an unceasing canonading from the river in our rear. But their shells and balls were even more harmless than the bullets of the musketry.

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My position in the field was behind the stone wall, the farthest from the mill, and a part of the time within ten rods of the enemy. But one of my comrades, a young man from Salina, was near me, who, about this period of the engagement, in rising to discharge his gun, received a bullet in his forehead, when he fell upon his face—dead. I had continued charging and firing with very little cessation from the first, and not having the wiper of my gun, it had become so foul as to be charged with great difficulty. At length a bullet stopped midway in the barrel, and all my efforts could not force it down. Having broken my own rod in the effort, I seized that of my comrade, and finally succeeded in getting my gun loaded. I must have been employed at this business nearly twenty minutes, and when I rose to fire, the reader may judge of my astonishment when I saw my comrades retreating toward the mill and myself left entirely alone, with large numbers of the enemy upon the other side of the wall, much nearer to the mill than myself. I saw at once my hope for safety was very faint indeed; yet my presence of mind did not entirely desert me, and I felt a fixed determination that my life, if sacrificed, should be at as dear a cost to the British as could be. Whilst preparing myself to take a deliberate shot, I had a fair opportunity of glancing at that part of the field which the enemy had occupied, but now had left vacant by their advance toward the mill. There I saw some twenty acres almost literally covered with the fallen, and though I

felt but little sympathy for them, the groans and imprecations of the wounded and dying were heart-rending to hear. Had I been disposed to exercise charitable feelings in their behalf, the time and occasion sufficiently excused me. So, resting my rifle on the wall, I discharged it among their lengthened columns, where, I am quite sure, the bullet must have produced lively sensations upon some poor fellow's feelings.

Throwing aside my empty barrel, in order to increase my chances of escape, I fled, crouching along the wall securely till I reached the barn. Whilst passing from the covert of the wall, I was discovered by the enemy, who discharged several of their guns with no other effect than marring the lumber of the building. From the barn to the mill was a distance of fifteen rods, the whole of which I had to pass in full view of the royal troops, exposed to whatever fire they were pleased to direct at me. Their bullets struck in several directions around me, but none harmed my flesh, though one passed through the top of my cap and another grazed the waistband of my pantaloons. I was greeted with bursts of cordial feelings by my comrades who had preceded me into the mill, where I found to my great delight that nearly all our party were safe. My feelings may be better imagined than expressed, for I looked on my escapes as miraculous, and something that but a few moments before I had no hope of accomplishing.

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The enemy halted at a distance, still keeping up their fire, which was returned from the mill and out-buildings with some execution. Not finding it a profitable business, they discontinued their shots and after a little sent out a flag requesting us to cease hostilities for an hour, that they might look after their dead. This was acceded to by Von Shoultz. The battle had raged three hours and twenty minutes; and when we take into account the very great disparity of numbers, we may search history in vain for its parallel. At least, so small a band had never withstood such a large force of British troops, many of whom were veterans in the service of their mistress, Queen Victoria. The exact number opposed to us is not known. The eighty-third regiment, numbering one thousand veterans, supported by twelve hundred provincial soldiers, aided by an unknown number of militia, composed the force.

Not one of our own men, save the leader and perhaps one or two others, had before been in combat. When the disparity of our numbers and the equal disparity of execution are taken into account, the action becomes a deed of valor, that, had our cause been successful, would have rung from the tongues of the people with greater eclat, than have the since famous battles on the plains of Mexico.

I saw the Queen's troops bear from the field nine wagon loads of dead and wounded—numbering not less than three hundred. Our own killed and wounded did not exceed thirty. Whilst both parties were

securing their fallen comrades, Colonel Dundas and Von Shoultz held a parley, in which the former advised the latter to surrender, which advice our gallant leader thought proper most politely to decline—not relishing the royal Colonel's conditions. Von Shoultz however replied he would surrender, provided himself and men should be received as prisoners of war, otherwise he was disposed to remain in his position. This was refused by Dundas.

It may not be amiss here to refer more particularly to the circumstances that placed Von Shoultz in command. Before leaving the American shore, it had been understood the chief command was to devolve on General Burge, assisted by General Estes and several others whose names I will not mention, but who never showed their heads in harm's way. They were, no doubt, of those who "knew the patriots would fail." The previous night Estes came over to the mill, but his faint heart quickly sent him back again. If there was any other cause than sheer cowardice that impelled him to desert us in our extremity, it must have been that knowledge which so many sagacious minds possessed, who had sworn to stand by the banner of Canadian freedom! When we saw there was no longer hope of dependence on those who had assumed military titles, and had been loudest in their protestations and strongest in their oaths: with acclamation we elevated Van Shoultz to the command. This was at the council previously mentioned. I have often regarded it as a fortunate

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circumstance; for unquestionably had it not been for his skill, courage and forethought, our patriot band would have been crushed by the overwhelming force opposed, and probably not a soul escaped—as any other mode of warfare adopted would have resulted in complete discomfiture.

His conduct throughout the whole engagement was that of fearless daring. Making no attempt to conceal his person, he traversed the field among his men, imparting to them the zeal and courage that fired his own bosom. His general order was to be saving of the ammunition, and fire only when we were quite sure of making the bullet take effect. That the shots of his men might be more effectual, he frequently inspected their firing himself. In this manner he would approach one, peep behind his shoulder and watch the ball, when, if it sped to its mark, with a smile and a friendly pat on the shoulder, he would exclaim—"That's the sort, my good fellow," and then hurry away to another to repeat a similar process; but if not quite so successful, he would administer a good natured caution. Thus he instilled courage among his men and made them reckless alike of danger and death. Whilst thus exposing his person among his men, he received the marks of several bullets in his clothing, of which he took no more notice than if they had been so many rents received in scaling fences. In person, he was of commanding appearance—was six feet in height—well proportioned—of good features, and a dark piercing eye.

Another morning dawned on our ranks, that were wearied with the constant fatigue and watching to which we had been subjected since our landing. Added to this, the anxiety of our minds occasioned by the desertion of our friends, on whom we had so strongly counted for assistance, with the care of our wounded—without any possible hope of succor or relief—and our situation was not so pleasing as it might have been.

Our physician, forgetting his medicines and instruments had left them at Ogdensburg, and we were without any means to soothe the pains or alleviate the sufferings of our wounded. About eight o'clock the enemy were seen advancing again with the heaviest artillery that could be procured in Kingston, if not in the whole province. I have been told they were seventy-fours, and I have not much doubt of it, seeing what havoc they made. The company formed in a field about one-third of a mile to the north-west of the mill, and commenced an uninterrupted fire on our unoffending structure. After a hard hour's canonading, the *gallant* heroes(!) succeeded in shooting away the wings of the mill and demolishing the roof of the building. One ball entered our room quite obliquely through the window and made several revolutions around the circular walls before its force was spent, which enabled us to gather in the centre and thus escape the danger. Between the hours of eleven and twelve they received a reinforcement under the command of Lieutenant

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Johnson, who was an ambitious personage desirous of doing something worthy of promotion. What then should seem more appropriate for his spirit than the idea of storming our position and cutting the throats of every "rascally rebel" of us.

Surmising their purposes from their movements, we put ourselves in readiness for their reception as they came down the road in one solid column. Von Shoultz ordered one of the guns loaded with musket balls, spikes, and such bits of iron as could be obtained about the mill, and then protruded from the front door. This was quickly done, and a man with a lighted match stood ready to send the charge among their ranks when the word should be given. Two of our sharpest shooters were stationed, with rifles in hand, to mark the Lieutenant. Our men could scarcely be restrained from giving them the greeting, but they obeyed the wish of their commander, who replied to their entreaties—"Ah boys, we'll stop them soon enough." They approached within ten rods, when the word FIRE! was given, and thirty-seven dead corpses and bleeding mangled forms told the effect of that one shot. The column were panic-struck and took to their heels, retiring with greater speed than they had advanced, and with a far less soldier-like appearance. The boasting Lieutenant was picked up by our men, pierced in each breast with bullets that told too truthfully the unerring aim of the two sharp shooters.

Now was given to us a fine opportunity for plun-

dering, had that been the object of our mission. The strict commands we had received before leaving American soil were repeated by our leader, and not a thing was appropriated to our use, though in our situation we should have done no wrong in helping ourselves to what the enemy had left behind them. We were anxious to obtain necessaries for our wounded, whose agonies were increased for want of that attention which, without the means, was impossible to bestow.

Von Shoultz made the inquiry, whether there were any four willing to brave the danger and attempt the procurement of our medicines and surgical instruments left on the other shore. Daniel George, Charles Smith, Aaron Dresser and myself, stepped forward as volunteers. We knew we were to run the risk of almost certain capture, and perhaps death, in the undertaking, yet we felt cheerfully to attempt the thing, which if successful would so greatly alleviate the sufferings of our wounded companions.

The only means we could secure for crossing, was an old dilapidated yawl that lay, half filled with sand and water, on the beach, one hundred rods below the mill. Forty rods below this, were stationed several regulars to prevent any of our men from attempting to cross the river. We crept along unseen to the yawl, but in the attempt to free it we were discovered by the regulars, who started at full speed to secure us. With a strong and hasty effort we upset it and pushed into the stream. There were no

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oars, and it was with difficulty we could manage it with the pieces of board we had brought with us. Putting off our coats, we applied ourselves vigorously to the task and were not long in getting beyond the reach of their muskets. The steamer Cobourg, perceiving us, hastily left the wharf at Prescott to intercept our crossing. She fired two balls that passed high over us; then two charges of grape, one of which fell short and the other went beyond. By this time she was sufficiently near to enable her men to discharge their muskets, four bullets from which passed through our yawl.

She was now so close upon us, and we were in such a sinking condition, that it was folly to hold out longer. So, uncovering our heads as a token of submission, they ceased their firing. The steamer bore directly upon us, and had we not successfully fended off, would have run us under. Whilst we were thus engaged, one of the valorous militia discharged his piece into our midst, the ball passing between my own arm and that of Charles Smith, as we stood shoulder to shoulder. A rope was then thrown from the deck and our little party drawn on board, one by one, myself being last. And this, too, in American waters! But what mattered that? Our government could permit downright murder to go unavenged! Of course this minor offence was not worth noticing.

So soon as I reached the deck, I received a blow from an unknown hand that laid me senseless for several minutes. I afterward learned it came from

a son of the ebony race—upon whom I should then have been pleased to have had an opportunity of reciprocating the favor. One would have thought by the great demonstrations of joy and the extravagant exclamations to which our captors gave utterance, that some terrible robber band had been secured. We were greeted on all sides by such kind assurances as, we “were to be fixed,” or, to “be hung to the yard arm,” or, promenaded on deck as “targets for her most gracious majesty’s loyal militia.” We were stripped of every thing of value about our persons, save our clothes, and these would have been appropriated by the aforesaid loyal militia, had they been permitted to work their desires. When I recovered my consciousness, I was lying on the main deck handcuffed with my companions, and surrounded by some fifty soldiers, who seemed vieing with each other in heaping upon us their vile opprobrium.

By command of the Captain we were taken to the quarter deck, where we expected to be shot. Here his dignity presently followed, addressing to us many questions concerning ourselves, our comrades at the mill—their designs—the effect of the assault on us, etc.—to all of which receiving no satisfactory answer, he left us, evidently in a great rage.

We were not permitted to have our coats, which were left in the yawl. The weather was cold, and lying unprotected on the quarter deck, while our garments (which had got wet through in our hurry in launching the yawl) were frozen stiff upon our per-

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sons. Those at the mill had witnessed the situation into which we had fallen, and had opened quite a brisk fire upon the Cobourg. In this position, exposed to the chance shots of our friends, were we compelled to lay for three bitter hours, whilst the steamer continued plying up and down the river, firing now and then at the mill. The darkness coming on, our captors returned to Prescott, where we were joined by eight others of our comrades, who had likewise that day been captured, and shortly after conveyed in the same steamer to Kingston. We arrived there the following morning at seven o'clock, when our handcuffs were taken off, that they might be carried back for the benefit of others who might fall under their merciful protection!

Our arms were next tied behind us with ropes, and in such a cruel manner as almost to dislocate our shoulders—causing such intense pain and agony as to seem past endurance. We begged—we pleaded—we implored, that the thongs should be loosened, only a little, that our sufferings might be abated. But all our prayers fell unheeded on their cold, stony hearts. We were thrust into an open boat, guarded by a strong detachment, and taken across the bay to Fort Henry, a distance of a half or three-fourths of a mile. Here we were forced into a strong room, and a still stronger guard placed over us. Our arms were then unloosed, when we experienced untold relief. Although we had been thus cruelly bound but for a short time, yet our arms were so lame as to

give us much difficulty in their exercise, and there was a soreness in them and across the breast that continued to pain us for many days.

On the second day of our imprisonment, we were joined by the remainder of our force, who were now fellow-captives with us. From them I learned the result of the proceedings at the windmill. The strong reinforcements which the enemy had received, and by which the mill was so completely invested that all hope of succor or retreat was entirely cut off, induced our men on the third day to send out a flag of truce, the bearers of which were immediately fired upon. A white flag was then displayed from the summit of the building, of which no notice was taken. Towards sunset Colonel Dundas sent out a flag, demanding our men to surrender at his discretion. In view of the circumstances in which the faithful band were placed, and the now utter hopelessness of their success, it was deemed most prudent to accept the summons, whereby they hoped to win some little degree of the enemy's clemency.

Thus ended this brief, unequal struggle, which had resulted in a loss of near six hundred killed and wounded on the part of the British, while on that of the patriot side, if I remember right, but fourteen were killed and twenty-seven wounded. Several of these were killed and wounded in the outhouses, which were more exposed to the enemy's fire than the mill. The family that occupied one of them remained through the whole affray. They were ad-

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vised by Von Shoultz the first morning to leave and seek shelter at a distance where they would not be exposed, and where they would suffer less suspicion from the minions of royalty. But before they were ready to leave, the soldiery made their appearance, when it was thought imprudent. They accordingly remained, doing us what service they could. The eldest daughter, who was a young lady of rather prepossessing appearance, received during the firing a wound that deprived her of speech. A bullet passed through the mouth, from one cheek to the other, knocking out several of the teeth, and severing the tongue near the roots. She was afterward brought with her mother to the fort, that they might identify any of the prisoners; but they were too true to the cause to be made tools of for loyalty. Shaking her head, she steadfastly refused to recognize any one of us. What became of her I have never been able to learn.

No sooner were Von Shoultz and his men under the protection of her majesty's troops, than they began to experience their tender mercies, which were like the tender mercies of the wicked of old—cruel indeed. Whatever watches, money, knives, hats, boots, and even such articles of clothing as were of any particular value, were appropriated by those insatiate FREE-BOOT-ERS, the militia; so that our men were indeed left in a suffering condition for the want of necessary clothing. Nor was this all: contumely, reproaches, and all manner of speech that the ap-

parently enraged soldiery imagined to be offensive, was liberally heaped upon the impious "rebels" who had dared so stoutly to resist the invincible powers of her majesty's servants! Like us, they were handcuffed and bound, then thrust down into the hold of the Cobourg, brought to Fort Henry and placed in durance vile.

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CHAPTER III.

MATTERS CONNECTED WITH OUR IMPRISONMENT.

The number of us who were now incarcerated in prison, was not far from two hundred and fifty, occupying, I think, five different rooms, whose size was twenty by thirty feet, or thereabouts. Our furniture consisted for the first four days, of iron bedsteads ranged around the rooms, which served us for seats, tables, &c. We were supplied with wood sufficient to keep ourselves tolerably comfortable. Two bibles were permitted in each room, but no other books or newspapers. For this length of time we had no bedding, and the repose we secured on the rough edges of those iron-bound bedsteads, was anything but sweet or refreshing. At the expiration of three days, the bedsteads were removed, and a straw tick, a coarse rug and a coarser blanket, were furnished for every two men. These spread out upon the floor at night sufficed us for couches, and rolled up in bundles by day, for seats.

Our food consisted of boiled bullock's head, served to us in one large tub, with a small quantity of very diluted pea soup, and a meagre supply of hard, black,

gritty and gluey bread, manufactured from the sweepings of mills and the very coarsest of flour. Our food tub when brought to us was placed in the centre of the room, around which we gathered, and with the one knife and fork allowed the whole company, divided the amount as equitably as the circumstances would permit. To each was given a small tin plate; with this in one hand we ate, squatting on the floor or standing as we best could, using our fingers as the only means of conveying the food to the mouth.— Thus were we compelled to eat what in other circumstances our stomachs would have loathed with disgust. But the insatiate gnawings of hunger will force men to eat strange food, stranger indeed than was ours. In one corner of the room was kept standing a tub for the reception of filth, which at nightfall was usually emptied. The warmth of the room and its occupation by a large number of human beings, with the very slightest means of ventillation, rendered its atmosphere exceedingly disgusting and unwholesome; and add to this the tormenting annoyance of incredible numbers of vermin, and our situation, it may well be imagined, was debasing, and our treatment unchristian.

The guard placed over us the first two weeks was composed entirely of the militia, who took their accustomed pains to annoy us with their singular affability; and during the time, the government was so fearful of our escape that its officers themselves kept a strict surveillance, visiting our rooms as often as

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two and three times in a night. About this time, we began to concoct some method for escaping. The militia were exchanged for a guard of regulars, who treated us more humanely. This we hailed as an opportune moment. Von Shoultz, Woodruff, Buckley and some others consulted together, deciding to tamper with the guard. Von Shoultz, who had himself been cruelly deceived by those who were profuse in promises, seemed to care nothing for his own fate, but anxious only for the safety of those under his command, which if he could but secure, his own life and fortune were a willing sacrifice. A large sum of money was subscribed by him and several others, by which they hoped to induce some of the guard to so favor their escape as not to appear disloyal to their own government.

There was a sergeant of the company that manifested a strong sympathy for our misfortunes. To him it was thought best to break the subject. Accordingly, at a favorable moment, Von Shoultz cautiously sounded him and found him to be all we wished. Regarding the matter favorably, he readily agreed to lend us assistance, provided he could get the right sort of men on sentry. He proved a faithful friend, and did what he could do to enable us to obtain our freedom. Von Shoultz had obtained a string, which he would frequently tie to his foot, leaving one end fastened at the window. Whenever in the night the sergeant wished to communicate with him, he would give the signal by pulling on the cord,

when Von Shoultz would approach the window, where they frequently conversed in low whispers, arranging and projecting the plan. The scheme was well managed—the right men were on guard—the sentrys were all such as could be depended upon—the other arrangements were perfected, and nothing now seemed to bar us from liberty's shore but the unfrozen river. Our hopes were consequently excited to a high pitch, and we were most impatient of delay. But, as if to mock our longings and make the heart sick with the precious boon deferred, the weather continued warm and the river open.

It was at this juncture, that the order to our leader to prepare for trial fell like a thunderbolt in our midst. We had counted the lapse of weary hours, picturing in our imaginations the sweet communion we hoped soon to realize with our friends; but the star that was beaming so brightly on our vision, was suddenly paled as it were in midnight blackness, and we left to grope in despair. Von Shoultz alone retained his wonted composure. We conjectured this was but the prelude of others who should follow him to the court room, and thence we knew not whither, though in all probability to the scaffold.

Still our leader, while he manifested the strongest interest for his fellow prisoners, expressed no regrets for his own fate. His indictment accompanied the order for his trial. The next day he was tried before a tribunal which, if not corrupt, was at least illegal. Eight days afterward he was executed.

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When the high sheriff entered the room with his death warrant, Von Shoultz received the fatal news with a pleasant smile on his countenance. His dauntless spirit quailed not, but stout in the honesty of his heart, he met his doom unterrified. He only requested pen, paper, and time to write a will. To the widows and orphans produced by the death of his comrades at the battle of Prescott, he bequeathed ten thousand dollars; and to the young lady with whom he was to have been united in wedlock but a week before, he bequeathed also ten thousand dollars; and then, in the prime of his life, went forth with a calm resignation to meet his fate.

Governor Arthur had ordered a scaffold to be constructed beside the prison, expressly for his execution. To this he ascended with a firm step, and, addressing a short and eloquent speech to those assembled, he requested the privilege of placing the rope about his own neck, which was granted, and which having done, he placed his hands in his pantaloons pocket and swung off, to expire without a struggle. And thus closed the earthly career of one, upon whom had fortune smiled with more favor, that might have blessed his fellows with the greatness of his heart. He was known only to be loved, for his many social qualities, and for the quiet virtues of his life.

Soon after Von Shoultz's trial, Colonel Martin Woodruff received his indictment and order for trial, which was conducted like that of the former.—

Through the awkwardness of the hangman, the sufferings of this gallant soldier were excruciating, and his execution disgustingly disgraceful to any civilized community. The knct, instead of drawing tightly under the ear, slipped to the chin, leaving considerable space, and throwing the weight of the body upon the back of the neck. In this manner he remained writhing in torment, till the spectators cried out for shame, when two hangmen stepped out and strove to strangle the poor sufferer! Failing in this, one ascended to the cross-bar, where, grasping the rope, he jerked the body upward and downward, as he would have done a sheep-stealing dog, four successive times, before the neck was broken and the lamp of life extinguished in its mortal clay!!

Colonel Abbey, Charles Buckley, Sylvester Langton, Daniel George, — Leach, — Sweet, and several others were also executed. Daniel George was a resident of the same town with myself, and between us there had existed for a long time a strong intimacy. He was a young man of industrious habits and worthy connexions. He had been married nearly three years. His wife was a fond, loving creature, who doated upon her husband with a feeling almost of idolatry. She was nevertheless a patriot of the warmest blood, and cheerfully spent many an hour in running bullets, and in assisting the cause in whatever manner she could. One sprightly little boy, that seemed a cherub in the eyes of its glad parents, cemented their affection in an indissoluble

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band. The duty assigned to George—that of paymaster—did not require his presence with the army, yet he refused to shrink from that danger which might be the lot of his friends. His parting from home was tender. He remarked to his wife, that his duties might detain him on the American shore, yet he should not shirk away from his companions, and therefore the probability might be he should never return. With tears in her eyes, she imprinted a fervent kiss on his cheek, and bade him be stout of heart wherever duty should demand his presence.— That parting was the last.

The death warrants were sent to the high sheriff on Wednesdays. Information of the number was given to the prisoners in the evening, but no names. Thursday morning the sheriff, McDonald, would appear, when, having read the warrants to the doomed, they were ordered into the condemned cells, where they usually remained four days, awaiting execution. By some means, George's wife had heard of her husband's condemnation, when she came immediately over, hoping to have an interview before he should be ushered into the presence of the dread future. He was then in the condemned cell. She importuned the sheriff to see her husband, though it should be but for a few brief moments. But his calloused heart had no sympathetic chord that vibrated to woman's sorrow, and he spurned her entreaties. She besought him that she might even look upon the face of him she held most dear, though she should not

speak to him—and still the high sheriff's cold heart remained unmoved.

Wrung to the very soul with anguish, she left the presence of him who, dressed with a little brief authority, could look well pleased on the wounded spirit and even glory to make its sufferings yet more exquisitely painful. She remained in the city till his execution, hoping then for an opportunity to hear the loving tones of his own voice. But even this was not granted. Overcome with the intensity of her feelings, she fell senseless in the street, in which situation she remained till after the execution. She next sought to obtain his body, that she might bury it where they had been wont to live, and where she could strew flowers upon his grave, and water them with the tears of her affection. But this last wish was even more unfeelingly refused than the others. The stroke was too much for her overwrought heart. She went forth an altered being. Reason deserted her throne, and for years afterward the wife of Daniel George was a maniac.

The time having come for my own trial, with three others, I was taken from our room and arraigned before a court martial composed of militia officers. Previously, however, we were conducted into separate rooms and privately questioned, with the hope no doubt that we should say something against ourselves or comrades. They tried their persuasive arts to induce me to turn Queen's evidence; promising me my life as a certain reward. I spurned their offers,

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telling them I chose death with my fellows rather than life at their expense, and that besides I did not know wherein they had done aught worthy of punishment. They tried several others, and succeeded in inducing four to the traitorous task, whose names were Graves, Chipman, and two French boys. The latter did us no harm, for they could not identify any of us Americans.

Our indictment being read, we were severally asked, "Guilty? or Not Guilty?" "Not Guilty," was our response. The Queen's witness was asked if he recognized us; to which he replied, "I do not." No other questions were asked, and we were remanded back to our prison room, wondering what the sentence of the court would be on such overwhelming testimony! In a similar manner were all our comrades tried, often a dozen or fifteen at a batch, whilst the whole time occupied, from the moment they left the room till their return to it again, would not exceed generally over one hour. All that seemed necessary was to bring the culprit into the presence of the court(?) to hear his indictment, and to give him the opportunity of repeating, "Guilty," or "Not Guilty," either of which repetitions was sufficient to warrant a condemnation. The trial of the officers, however, occupied more time—a day generally being devoted to each. No sentence had yet been announced to us, save of those already executed. Not one of us, therefore, knew but the next Wednesday was to seal his fate with a

death warrant. This was a suspense that added very much to our mental sufferings.

The deputy sheriff, whose name was Richardson, appeared to be a pretty clever fellow, and I believe would have been glad to do us service, had it been in his power. With him, for one in my situation, I had become somewhat intimate. Frequently we conversed through the window for an hour at a time. It was on one of these occasions, on a Wednesday, that I asked him if any warrants had been sent down that day. He replied there had been, seven. I next asked him if he knew whether my name was among the number. He answered with a significant look, "*I dare not tell.*" My inference was, that the next day I should exchange my present situation for a condemned cell. It may be imagined I had busy feelings that night—feelings that I may vainly attempt to portray. No sleep came to my weary eyelids. The morning dawned, and with nervous fear we looked for the approach of the high sheriff, who usually came at such times about eight o'clock. We saw him as he approached through the yard. He entered our room with his hand on his sword, attended by twenty-five soldiers, having muskets with fixed bayonets. This was his usual custom.

My fears seemed realized. "WILLIAM GATES!" sounded in my ears, and falteringly I stood up. "Stand there," commanded the sheriff, pointing to the centre of the room, as was his habit when about to read a death warrant. Seven other names were

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called, five of which were those of my room mates. He then read death warrants to those five, when, turning and handing me a paper, he said, "Here, Gates, is a letter from your father; go and sit down." It was with great difficulty I regained a seat again. The revulsion of my feelings nearly overpowered me, though what a relief succeeded, the reader may imagine.

A little while after this, the high sheriff was overheard reading to the soldiers from a newspaper an account of our trials, with the announcement that we were all (save those who had been liberated, which were perhaps nearly a hundred) sentenced to be hung at any time or place which the lieutenant governor might see fit. This was the first knowledge or intimation that we had received of our sentence. We felt strongly impelled to rise on our guard, and force an egress or die in the attempt. We talked not in an undertone, for we felt reckless where certain death appeared inevitable. Our discontent reaching the ears of the sheriff, he came into our room accompanied by a strong guard. Generally we were ranged in a double rank along the farther side of the room when visited by officers. He then read to us what he had just been reading to the soldiers, or so much of it as related to our sentence. He then remarked, that although this was the sentence of the court, he could assure us upon the word of the lieutenant governor, that no more executions would take place—that the last man had been hung—for he, the

governor, felt assured that the officers or ring-leaders were now disposed of, and that the remainder should be treated with clemency, and probably ere long be liberated. His strong assurances in a measure quieted us.

Occasionally we were permitted to write to our friends in the States. At such times, a pen, ink, and a sheet of paper were brought into the room, when the writer, squatting on the floor and using one of the bibles on his lap for a table, would pen such as he imagined might be allowed to pass the supervision of the high sheriff, who, if satisfied with the contents, sealed and mailed it to its destination. We had written to our friends of our suffering condition, asking them to aid us if they could. A contribution of nine hundred dollars was made up and forwarded to us by messengers, who, not being permitted to see any of us, left it with the high sheriff, for the purpose of securing us food of better quality and in greater quantity. By law, government should have furnished us with enough to eat, warm and sufficient clothing, and suitable and necessary conveniences. Yet for all these things we suffered, and for some of them exceedingly. A portion of the funds was expended in procuring an additional number of tin plates, and in slightly replenishing our wardrobes. For the real purpose it was intended, not above fifty dollars was paid out. What became of the most of it I am unable to say, but undoubtedly the high sheriff knew concerning its use. We, who

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so greatly needed it, suspected the good man's pockets could testify in the matter. This was the philanthropy of British freemen, or of those, perhaps, tinselled with British authority! We were allowed to suffer for those absolute necessaries which was their duty to furnish; and when the compassion of friends was moved in our favor, the fruits of that compassion was pocketed too, and we permitted to suffer on, apparently affording a spectacle of delight for our oppressors.

Now and then our friends were allowed to see us, but always under the strictest watch. On all such occasions, the prisoner was hand-cuffed, placed under a guard of six to a dozen men, who conducted him to an officer's room, where a conversation in a loud tone was permitted for ten minutes. If the friends of more than one prisoner called at a time, we were admitted, when permitted to see them, hand-cuffed in pairs. It was not always our friends could see us—such favors depending upon the particular mood of those in charge of us. From my own friends I received several visits, my mother particularly calling several times. The first intimation I had of a visit from her, was the announcement of my name by an officer, who entered our room bearing a pair of hand-cuffs. Answering to the call, I was informed that my mother was in waiting, desiring to see me. "Do you wish to see her?" "Certainly; by all means." I was accordingly hand-cuffed and guarded by six soldiers into the presence of my parent.

Though sad the manner of our meeting, yet in a measure it was joyful. My friends, from news received, had supposed me slain in the battle, and had become somewhat reconciled to their loss. But when they heard of my confinement in prison, their hearts bled anew for the prolonged sufferings I was enduring, with no prospect of their ending but in death. When the ten minutes had expired, I was torn from her company and remanded again to my quarters. During the interview, my mother had managed to slip, unperceived by the officers, a bank bill into my hand. Through the good offices of one of the guard, I managed to secure a few necessaries, that seemed great luxuries in my situation.

In this way did we occasionally receive help from friends, whereby we obtained an occasional necessity, by hiring some one of the guard to procure it.

At the last visit from my mother, she was accompanied by my father, two sisters and three brothers. This time I was hand-cuffed to one Daniel D. Huestiss, whose friends had also called. I presented such a pitiable appearance that my friends burst into tears as soon as I entered the room. My mother was the bearer of a petition in my behalf, signed by many of the most influential men of Jefferson County. She was then on her way to Toronto to lay it before Governor Arthur, whither she was accompanied by my eldest brother. She could get no hearing of the Governor for three or four days. When at last she did, he took the petition from her, and having read it, re-

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marked it was a well framed instrument, very respectful in tone, and in fact about the best one he had received. But he gave her no encouragement for hope. The next day she called again to press her suit, when he ordered her to depart, for he could not be troubled with her nonsense! This Arthur had held the governorship of Van Dieman's land for eleven years, previous to being sent to Canada; and if his heart had ever any tender chords, so long a residence in power in that detestable penal colony, was enough to harden them into the most stony indifference. He was notorious for his tyranny, and for possessing a soul—if in sooth such a spirit may be termed a soul—steeled against every emotion of sympathy. Whilst governor of that island, he signed the death warrants of twelve hundred and more fellow human beings! He loved it as he did his meat and drink, for he was never known to pardon a man condemned to die, unless forced to do it by a power superior to his own. He was short of stature, rather corpulent, with a head whitened with the cares and crimes of sixty years, and a face and nose bearing the purple bloom of bacchanalian revels.

My mother and other friends came several times afterward, but were not permitted to see me. It was but a few weeks subsequent to my mother's visit at Toronto, that Governor Arthur came down in person to Fort Henry. So fearful was he of his worshipful person, that he approached us with a drawn sword, supported by a life guard with drawn swords, who

were backed by fifty soldiers with fixed bayonets. To each one he addressed himself personally. Approaching where I stood, he asked my name. Being informed—"Gates?" said he, musingly; "Ah, your mother handed me a petition the other day for your liberation." I made no answer, for I felt in no pleasant mood. He then questioned me if I took an active part in the contest, and whether I fired at the Queen's troops, and whether I killed or intended to kill any of them. I replied to the effect that I did fire at them, and if I did not kill any of them, it was not because I had no intention. Being asked my reason, I answered that we only returned like for like—that her majesty's troops did what they could to shoot us. "That is enough for you," said he, as he turned away to another. In a similar manner, he questioned us all. Some burst into tears at once; others maintained stoic features and answered him roughly; a few asked his clemency, and received the consolatory information, that it was too late now. Thus he passed through all the rooms. After the governor was gone, Richardson expostulated with me for my presumptuous answers, as he termed them, assuring me I was "done for" now.

Time passed onward. To many it brought its blessings and its joys, as was its wont. But to us poor captives, its moments sped wearily, laden with sorrows and sufferings. We longed for the green fields and the dallying winds, where we might enjoy that exercise which was so needful for our

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moral and physical health. Confined so closely to our rooms, where it was impossible to take exercise, where the air was extremely vitiated, and where we had no means of exterminating the filthy vermin that swarmed in our rooms, covering our persons and filling our bedding—we were dispirited, emaciated, weak in body and sick at heart. Sometime in June our numbers were increased by the arrival of nineteen others, brought from Toronto, and who were taken at Malden in the previous December. The same causes that led to the discomfiture of our company, crushed their effort too. They had fared in their captivity even worse than had we. For a while we made our tedium less irksome by recounting to each other the story of our several wrongs, which, to be sure, were nearly alike in all things, saving a variation of particulars. Our numbers now amounted to eighty-three.

Not long after this, free pardons for myself and twenty-four others were made out and sent down to the sheriff, McDonald, who, in the plenitude of his power, kept them in his own hands for two weeks. During this time, a British officer for some unknown purpose crossed the lines to French Creek, in Jefferson county. Our American friends not relishing his presence, treated him with that attention which they thought most befitting such gentlemen. Not having the right sort of perceptions to appreciate such honors, he became greatly enraged with the favors bestowed. Making his way back to Kingston,

he gave an embittered account of the affair to the high sheriff, who forwarded a still more exaggerated report of it to the lieutenant governor, accompanying it with the pardons which he had so unjustly withheld from us. The old sinner, Sir George Arthur, was so incensed that he committed them all to the flames, thus wreaking his vengeance upon the heads of poor defenceless victims, that had already more than expiated any sin, real or conceived, by them committed against the peace of her majesty's subjects. Had he dared, he would have hung every one of us; but had enough fear of the home government to respect its orders in some measure.

The heat of the summer months but added more to the sum of our misery. Our constitutions became more enfeebled. The seeds of disease were sown in our systems to bear their bitter fruits in after years. Thus we lay in that damp prison-house till September, hoping against hope for a relief from our miseries.

About the twentieth of this month, we began to have intimations of a removal, whither we knew not. Hope kindled up again in the bosoms of most of us. On the twenty-second we were ordered to prepare for a start. We were told that our company was to be taken to Quebec, to receive free pardons from the governor general in person, who was anxious to see us, and who would do generously by us. We could not credit this—it looked so unreasonable. We felt pretty well assured, in our own minds that some other disposition was to be made of us; but what that

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was to be, was beyond our conjecture, though we had heard it intimated from some quarter that we should be taken to England for a new trial. But, go where we should, we were anxious for a change. We felt completely worn down. And when we were put in motion, hand-cuffed in pairs and preparing for the final leave of Fort Henry, within whose walls we had suffered eleven long months of misery, we actually felt in high glee, many of our number breaking out into loud songs—each singing what pleased him best. “Hail Columbia,” “The Star Spangled Banner,” “Hunters of Kentucky,” “Yankee Doodle,” &c., resounded through the prison, calling quite a crowd about the doors and windows. We were marched out through two close columns of soldiers, and attached by pairs to a long chain, by means of a locked ring passing through a link of the chain and the centre of the connecting bar of the hand-cuffs. About the ankles were also fastened large bands of iron and long chains attached, which as we walked we were obliged to carry in our hands.

In this condition we were marched to the water, where we were disengaged from the long chain and thrust with our irons on into a barge that was to convey us down the Rideau canal. We were now worse off than when in prison. Crowded into the small compass which the barge afforded, and on a concave floor, with a tight, strong deck covering us—with but little light and less ventillation—cramped and jaded with our irons, we suffered exceedingly, and

more than the veriest felons should suffer. We were not allowed to come at all on deck, and consequently saw nothing wherewith we might have amused our minds, and in some measure relieved the misery of our oppression. When we arrived at the St. Lawrence again, we were placed in the holds of two small steamers that conveyed us to Quebec, where we arrived in the afternoon of the 27th, and were soon placed aboard her Britannic Majesty's ship Buffalo, Captain Wood.

Those of us who had faintly hoped our journey should end at Quebec, now saw that it was yet to be prolonged, but as to where or whither we were being forced, we could gain no knowledge. One thing we were certain of: we were being carried farther and farther from our homes—our wives—our families—and all that we held dear and sacred in life. The cherished scenes of our boyhood's sweet hours came thronging upon our memories, and bitter thoughts were roused in our agonized minds against the oppressors who were thus carrying us forth to spend our lives in misery, woe and degradation—and perhaps to be bowed to the earth with bondage in some foreign work-house, or penal colony—and this, too, where we had committed no crime against humanity or law. Well might Justice veil her face in shame for the outrages which British tyranny was enacting in her sacred name, and well might the poet's words be reversed:

“For Britain's iron rod and pampered lust,
Their countless numbers to the earth have crushed.”

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CHAPTER IV.

CONFINEMENT IN A TRANSPORT SHIP.

On the 28th of September, 1839, the Buffalo hoisted sail and departed from Quebec. When taken on board, our names were severally called and we passed below, where we found forty-seven French prisoners, who had been tried and condemned similarly to ourselves, and like us were equally ignorant of their destination, or even of their sentence. They had, however, had intimation of their being removed some days previously, whereby their friends had opportunity to furnish them with a little additional clothing, making their condition in this respect more comfortable than our own. For ourselves, we were in no enviable situation for a sea voyage. Destitute of comforts, or even apologies for them, the warm weather had, with our long confinement, debilitated us exceedingly—adding yet more to our misery by increasing the number of vermin that swarmed on our persons. We were herded now upon the third deck, which lay below the water level. Our quarters were not over commodious, whilst light and fresh air came to us in stinted quantities. Our num-

bers amounted to one hundred and thirty-four—four of whom were confined for other crimes than were charged against us. We strongly suspected they were promised great favors, in case they should discover aught in our conduct derogatory to that meek submission which it behoved us to observe, as unworthy recipients of such bountiful goodness from our royal benefactors. Two of them were confined with us in Fort Henry; the other two accompanied the nineteen from Toronto. Our berths, ranged around the hold, accommodated two persons in each, with bedding of the kind and quality of that at Fort Henry. Tubs for the reception of filth were also provided. These, with the occasional luxury of washing, constituted the sum total of our conveniences.

Whilst we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we suffered beyond measure from stormy weather. The waves dashed against the sides of the vessel with a stunning sound, whilst the vessel itself pitched to and fro like a drunken man. To us landsmen, most of whom had never been before upon the sea, it appeared frightful. Nothing moveable could retain any definite position; and the alacrity which all assumed in their movements, would have puzzled the most artful "dodger." The floor was slippery with the contents of the tubs; and the men pitched, now here, now there, bringing up perhaps in the bowels of a friend, or diving submissively, though reluctantly, amongst the tubs; whilst the tubs themselves

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thumped with equal carelessness, and a good deal less concern, among the men. Here one might be seen clinging to the coat of a fellow—there another upon all fours—yonder another bumping his head unmercifully in attempting to secure a position in his berth. To some it was amusing and laughable—to others the reverse. Some were enjoying it as well as they might—others were cursing and swearing. For the week we were thus tossed, most of our number were unable to taste food. If it were swallowed the stomach instantly rejected it. All of us were exhausted with sickness and fatigue.

Ordinary sea sickness furnishes no comparison to that we experienced in the hold of the Buffalo. If one should wish to observe its effect in all its horror—the loathing that takes hold of the soul—the energies of the mind deadened—ambition quenched and hope put out—let him become the unwilling inmate of a convict ship, and he will receive his gratification in full.

As we began to recover from the effects of the storm, and things in our hold had resumed their former appearance, all of us that could stand were mustered up and ranked into messes of twelve each.—From each mess was chosen one to receive and distribute the food of his mess, and who for distinction was called “captain.” Our food consisted of one-half pound of bread, one-half pound of meat—pork and beef alternately—a pint of skilly in the morning, a pint of cocoa or tea at night, a pint of water and a

small quantity of duff per day. When the cook's voice was heard repeating, "Dinner, O!" the upper sentry would pass the word to him on the second deck, who repeated it to the sentry on the third deck, when our several "captains" would pass up the ladder through the hatch, which was just large enough to admit one person comfortably at a time. Receiving their several kids of food from the cook, they returned again in the same manner. Our food being disposed of, at a signal the empty kids were passed to the hatch, where they were received by sentries or the cook's mate, and returned to the cook's galley.

We were permitted a physician, who appeared quite humane to us. Through his influence, when we had been at sea three weeks, we were allowed two and three hours on deck each day, in companies of two to four and five messes at a time. Whether the doctor was moved with pure feelings of pity, I cannot say. For his services, he was paid a stipulate sum for each individual that should arrive at his destination alive. It was, therefore, for his pecuniary interest that we should be cared for, that our lives should not be too greatly endangered. This permission on deck was indeed a great relief to us. Though we appeared contented to our keepers, yet we had thoughts that grew into a purpose to be free. Among the French prisoners were two or three old sea captains, in whose skill the officers of the Buffalo placed a good degree of confidence; for they often allowed them to take the sun's position and the reck-

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oning of the ship, and even went so far now and then to ask their counsel. Compared to our former keepers, those who were now over us were humane indeed. We had no ill will against them, for they treated us as well as their circumstances would permit. They were instruments used by other hands in carrying out their designs. Had they been as destitute of humanity as the power above them, we should have found an end of trouble ere the ship had ended her voyage.

Notwithstanding the improvement in our treatment, we could not be content with our position. We suffered still. We were being carried, we knew not whither, but surmised to some foreign land, where our conditions would be worse and worse. We were therefore determined to make an effort to stop the course of the ship and head her for New York.

Towards the aft of the deck upon which we were allowed, was a small room containing a quantity of muskets which were always kept loaded and bayoneted, with well filled cartridge boxes hanging near each gun. Usually our dinner was served first, when frequently a gang of thirty or forty of us would be on deck whilst the officers and soldiers were at their dinner. At such times the guard were comparatively weak—often not more than three or four sentries. We had conceived the idea of seizing the arms at some such opportune moment—confine the soldiers, &c., below the hatches, compel the sailors to work the vessel into New-York or some other port

in the vicinity, when we would go on shore and leave the ship for its officers. But if the sailors should refuse to perform duty, there were enough of our own number, with some assistance from the "land lubber" portion of us, that could have done the business. Every thing seemed so favorable to our purpose that we were quite sanguine of success ; and that too, we flattered ourselves, without blood-shed, or at least but a very little of it. We could not concoct our plans so rapidly as we desired, for we so strongly suspected the four spies that we had to use the utmost caution. We had the plan finally arranged, and had set the day when we should be near the latitude of New-York. The day quickly came, and nothing yet had occurred to damp our anticipations. Joyfully we mustered for dinner, and for once we ate with glad hearts, imagining the hour of our delivery was near at hand. But judge of our disappointment when, attempting to go on deck, we found our hatch barred down. We divined at once, that our plot was mistrusted if not known. In the afternoon we were visited by the captain and his officers, who closely questioned us concerning our motives and plans ; but we so effectually feigned astonishment, that we quite convinced them that we had not thought of the thing.

The captain continued with us for some time, talking upon the matter. The substance of his remarks was : that we had behaved ourselves so well, he had been disposed to grant us considerable indulgence—

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but in so doing, had been too careless of the safety of his vessel—for he was fully aware we might have easily taken possession of it, had we felt determined upon it. Though most captains would put us in chains at once, he would forbear going to that extremity at present; but he should take good care that we had no further opportunity for mutiny. From that time the hatches were kept closely barred, and unlocked only when necessary for ingress or egress. Instead of being allowed on deck in as large numbers, but one mess were permitted at a time, guarded by nearly an equal number of armed soldiers, and then only for an hour in the twenty-four.

This was a sad stroke to our hopes. Throughout the whole of our confinement up to this time, we had fanned the oft flickering flame, but now the prospect for freedom was blasted. My own feelings were more intense than they had been at any previous time, unless I except the occasion of the supposed death warrant. Afterward, on our arrival in Van Diemen, we learned our surmisings were true—that Wm. Highland, one of the suspected four, gave the information which led to the defeat of our scheme. He learned nothing positive, but saw something which led him to mistrust our design, and accordingly conveyed information to that effect that same day to the captain. But his baseness availed him nothing, for we succeeded so well in deceiving the officers, that they did not credit his tale, though it was enough to give them that vigilance which completely

prevented the chance of another trial on our part.

As we neared the tropics, the heat of the climate greatly aggravated our misery, rendering the atmosphere of our hold more loathsome, and the vermin that yet were our companions, more numerous and active. Confined to a pint of water a day, our thirst was often so excessive, that to endure it seemed impossible. From this and the effects of so close confinement in the putrid atmosphere, and living on salt provisions, we became infected with disease. Our teeth loosened in our heads, and often were so painful as to quite produce delirium. The doctor's forceps were called into pretty active requisition. In this respect I suffered less than most of my companions, for I lost but three of my teeth. Others lost even eight, ten, and a dozen.

About two weeks before our arrival at Rio Janeiro, the only place at which the ship made any stop, I was attacked with inflammation of the eyes, which was unusually severe. For some weeks I was deprived of the faculty of sight, and being otherwise greatly enfeebled in health, I had no expectation of ever recovering, and fully believed the doctor when he told me I could not stand it much longer. The pain was intense, and for a long time I had to be carried back and forth from the hold to the deck, where I was allowed the greater portion of the time, and to which indulgence I mainly attribute my eventual recovery.

The Buffalo lay at Rio Janeiro some four days; all which time the prisoners were kept closely con-

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fined to the hold. It was a great gala day with the inhabitants—celebrating, I believe, the birth of the emperor. We could hear the firing of cannon and other demonstrations of joy. Through the one skylight our men could catch glimpses of the gay, waving flags, and of the green mountain sides behind the city. Our men crowded about the skylight, and their eager expressions of the great beauty of what little could be seen, made my situation but the more miserable, as my affliction prevented me from catching the glad sight of green fields and woods though but in a stinted measure. Fresh provisions and fruits were procured, and as long as they could be preserved our health materially mended. Here a friend wrote a letter for me to my parents. Others also wrote home.

Not long after putting to sea again, we encountered a terrific gale. Most on board expected to go to the bottom. The vessel was rather the worse for age, and in her heavy labrings she sprang a leak, which required much vigilance to overcome. Those of the convicts who were able were put to the pumps. To them the exercise was beneficial. Sufficient exercise was one of the great things we had been deprived of. But to us poor people, whose prospect of enjoying life was blasted, the thought of being engulfed by the sea had very few terrors, and we consequently felt quite indifferent as to our fate. In fact, many of us hoped she would go down to the caverns of the deep, where our sorrows and our troubles

would alike be at an end. In doubling the Cape of Good Hope we also experienced much rough weather.

We were assured in our own minds that we were indeed bound for Sydney or Hobart; but what the nature or length of our punishment was to be, we could not conjecture. We felt reckless of our fate, if we could but escape the doom to which British power was consigning us. We even longed that some piratical craft would sweep down upon the ship and take her a prize. Our hope brightened a little one day when a sail of this kind was descried. But she came only near enough to see that our ship presented too formidable an appearance, without an adequate prospect of booty, and so bore away on another tack.

Towards the close of the voyage, our situation from sickness became much worse. A great many of us were on the sick list. Through the persuasion of the physician, we were allowed greater privileges on deck than we had been, though most vigilantly guarded. Had an opportunity offered, we were too enfeebled and dispirited to make an attempt to master the ship, though the odds had been greatly in our favor.

One only of our number died. It was Asa Priest. He was a quiet, good man—aged about sixty—who left a wife and family, I think he told me, of six children. He possessed ardent affections, and the rude blow that had severed him from the idolized beings

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of his heart, shattered its finely strung chords, and he literally pined away to death—of no disease other than a broken heart. It was a solemn occasion to his comrades, though they felt not to mourn his death, for they were well assured he had gone to a brighter world, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." A portion of his comrades were summoned on deck to witness the funeral rites, and see his body consigned to its watery grave, according to the forms of the church of England. Soldiers doubly armed guarded us, lest we should take advantage of the occasion. It was at this juncture that a sentry's pistol was accidentally discharged, which for a few moments set the ship's crew in general commotion. They imagined the prisoners in the hold were attempting to take the vessel! Presently, ascertaining the cause, quiet was restored.

During the whole time no land was seen, except by those who caught a glimpse of the hill tops at Rio Janeiro, till near the close of the voyage, when we passed by a few small uninhabited islands. Occasionally we were gratified with the gambolings of the finny tribes in the element upon which we were being borne. We often amused ourselves in witnessing the pranks of the "flying fish," so called. They have the power of rising with the surface of the wave and then leaping forward, somewhat after the fashion of a flying squirrel. Generally they "fly" against the motion of the waves, and by this means often

alighted on the ship's deck where they had no more powers of locomotion than any other fish.

It was in the fore part of February, that a sentry casually remarked, "We shall soon be in port."—"What port?" was eagerly asked; "Hobart town." This was the first information we had received of our destination. It was about the 8th or 9th that "Land ho!" was shouted from the mast head. A strong wind springing up, we were driven beyond its sight. The next day it was hailed again—the second, we regained the point from whence we had been driven. Again we were driven off, as though the winds were unwilling that we should be submitted to the degradation of a Van Dieman convict. The day after, the ship made Derwent river, up which, at a distance of thirty-five miles, lay Hobart town, where we were landed on the 12th day of February, 1840. The French prisoners were conveyed to Sydney, in Australia. Before leaving the boat, we were visited by what is termed the board of health. Mr. Gunn, the Chief Superintendent, with two or three clerks, were in the cabin. Before them we were brought separately, to undergo a most searching examination. Questions were asked, and answers given—as to our names, ages, trades, nativity, religion, whether married, if so, where lived the wife—what the number of children—their sex and ages—whether our parents were alive—their ages, religion, residence—place of nativity—amount of education—whether we could read and write ourselves—where arrested—where, and

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when, and for what tried—how long sentenced—when we left Canada—what were our numbers—and what scars on our persons. Of course we could not tell what was our sentence, or how long its duration; for of this we were entirely ignorant ourselves, whereupon the clerk was ordered to put us down for life.

At the close of this examination, we were taken into another room, stripped of our clothing, and a minute description of every scar, blemish, or mole on our persons, placed on record. There was another officer among the rest, who eyed us most searchingly, and who also put upon record a faithful description of our features, color of hair, eye-brows, eyes, number of teeth lost, appearance of nose, ears, chin, mouth &c., together with our height and weight. By this method, and to which every person is forced to submit, such a minute description is obtained, that it is utterly hopeless for a prisoner to think of escaping from the infernal clutches of those petty tyrants, that hold such detestable sway in that prison land. The French prisoners were not examined here. I believe they suffered less in every respect, than did our party. They were liberated sooner, and assisted in getting home. But the moral obliquity of the crime committed by the Yankees, was so heinous in the eyes of those philanthropists(!) that no suffering, however severe, was sufficient to make atonement.

CHAPTER V.

OUR RECEPTION—SANDY BAY STATION.

Our coming had attracted a large crowd, who were all agape to see the rebel Yankees, of whom so much had been heard, and yet so little was known. As the news spread into the country, men and women flocked in, even from a distance of one hundred miles, to gratify their curiosity. They had imagined us to be an ungrateful set of barbarians, with no christian characteristics in our composition—that we were a strange colored and a strange acting people—speaking a strange language, and behaving in all things like no other mortals. In fact, to a great many of the people of that country, we were almost as great an object of wonderment, as were the followers of Cortez to the simple-minded Aztecs. We were therefore greeted by a large crowd of astonished spectators, and as we were marched along through the streets, we could hear numberless expressions from the lookers on. Ladies from their carriages would exclaim to one another—their features marked with unusual lines of astonishment—“Why, they look like our men, don’t they?” “They

are white, too, and they speak just like our men!"
"I would not have believed it had I not seen it!"

We had been escorted to the shore in a large boat, something like a scow propelled by oars. On shore we were received by a number of her queenship's most dutiful minions, wearing blue roundabouts, with a badge on one arm, and carrying a bludgeon in the other hand, as ensignia of their of their office—the constablenesship. No sooner had we placed our feet on land, than the most rigid features of a looker on would have relapsed into a hearty laugh. We had been so long on board ship—subject to the ceaseless tumbling of the water—that it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep any certain position. In spite of all our exertions, we presented a more unsteady appearance than a line of tolerably drunken men could have done. The ground heaved, rolled, and tumbled about us at a fearful rate. Its angry billows would rise plumb into our very faces, and no effort of ours could prevent them. So it appeared to us. This scene was highly amusing to the crowd, affording them much food for merriment. It was not merry work for us, though, who were too enfeebled, and who received too many thumps from the unstable soil we were treading. Still we could not help ourselves from indulging an occasional laugh at the ludicrous performances of our fellow-sufferers. Some of our number were so weak they could scarcely crawl; yet they were urged and hurried along by the aforesaid minions in blue roundabouts, with some

such comforting assurances as—"Come, come, you lazy crawlers, creep on, creep on; you'll find faster travelling than this by the morrow, with a loaded cart of stone; by my bloody oath you will. Come along, come along. Ah! you are not quite so sprightly as you were in Canada, shooting the loyal subjects of our good Queen; but you'll have no rifles here—only carts and stone, and a plenty of these, we can tell you." "No, no," cried one from the crowd, whom, we afterwards learned, was a sailor from our own country; "By *my* bloody oath, had they their rifles, you would not dare talk like that."

We had gone but a short distance when we passed four scaffolds, upon which as many men were just about to be executed! And a little further along, beyond the town, we passed a gang of criminals—some two hundred in number—working the road in heavy chains; and yet a little further along another gang, without the chains. This we thought was an ominous reception. We had hardly our feet on the soil, when almost the first objects that greeted our vision, were gibbets, and men toiling in the most abject misery, looking more degraded even than so many dumb beasts. Such sights, and the supposition that such might be our fate, served to sink the iron still deeper in our souls. Our march continued till we arrived at Sandy Bay Station, a mile and a half, or such a matter, from the town. Here, we were given to understand, we should remain for the present. We were glad, heartily glad, to leave the

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confined air of the ship for a situation on land, where we could enjoy a purer atmosphere, and we hoped, greater liberty. How sweet the breezes were to us, none but those who have passed a similar confinement can tell. Though our prospects of happiness were so drear, yet it seemed good to tread again the earth, notwithstanding we had such difficulty of managing our gait. For two or three weeks we were more or less bothered with this phantom movement of the earth—and for the whole of this time, the ceaseless beating of the surges on the ship's side, continued to ring in our ears; whilst our "bunks" in the "cabins" rocked to and fro as did those on the water. We could not work the idea out of our heads, but gradually the feeling wore away. The objects about us all had unfamiliar phases, and we felt too truthfully like strangers in a strange land, where we knew we could look for no sympathy.

We now had to exchange our clothing for the convict's suit, which consisted of trowsers and jacket, made of a grey kind of cloth, coarser and rougher even than common carpeting, and which permitted the wind to circulate through its interstices almost as freely as through a seive—a striped cotton shirt whose fabric was correspondingly as coarse—and a skull cap, made of stiff sole leather, closely fitting the head and projecting in four points from the four sides, which points were so made that they could be turned up or down—and a pair of thick, clumsy shoes, without socks. These, with an extra shirt

for change, constituted our whole wardrobe, every article of which, as well as every other piece or parcel of property, whether of cloths, wood, stone or iron, belonging to government, was branded with the broad R. When we were thus accoutred, we looked so grotesquely that we could not help bursting into a roar of laughter; and for once, we were right merry. Not one of us could recognize his fellow only by the features of his face, which seemed to have undergone a change also, so that often we were at a loss until the voice could be heard.

For a few days our acquaintance seemed to be thrown into almost as much confusion as were the tongues at the tower of Babel; consequently it was some time before we could become familiar enough to recognize each other again at first sight. The clothes which we had taken off were tied in separate bundles, each man's name marked thereon, and all thrown into a common store house, where we were assured they would be safe until such time as we obtained an indulgence, when we should again have them. Afterward, when we came to receive them, we found them to be so moth-eaten that they were ruined.

At night we were mustered into the huts or cabins, which here were some eight or ten in number. They are usually built in a circle or square, leaving a yard or enclosure, where the men are mustered. Around the whole is a cort of pallisade, composed of the same material as the huts, with one large gate.

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which is kept locked during the night. The huts have usually thatched roofs and bare earth floors. The walls are ten and twelve feet in height, composed of pieces of split timber, set uprightly and fastened at the bottom to logs. The size of the hut varies from the capacity of accommodating from ten to fifty and sixty persons. The "bunks" are ranged around the walls in two tiers, each bunk holding one person. The amount of bedding was one coarse cotton rug and a coarse blanket. Wherever chain gangs were, or had been kept, these huts were built of stone.

Our rations were—a pound and sometimes a pound and a half of bread, a pint of skilly morning and evening, a pound of boiled mutton or beef for dinner, with now and then a very stinted luxury of a little vegetable food, as turnips or cabbage. The bread was made from the very coarsest of flour, simply wet with cold water, and when baked in the ashes or oven, was as hard and gluey as could be imagined. The skilly was made in a large kittle; a pint of water and two ounces of flour for each of the gang, were taken, the water boiled, when the flour was stirred in, without salt or any other seasoning. The meat was almost universally of the poorest quality, and often infested with vermin. It is supplied on contract by the settlers, who often kill their leanest and poorest sheep for the convicts. The butchering days are twice a week, and during the hot weather, the flies, which are much larger and a great deal

more pertinacious than our own, are sure to peep it almost instantly with living things, unless the greatest caution is observed. I have often seen the liquor in the meat kettle covered with maggots of large size; and yet our hunger was so craving that we were compelled to eat such food—for in that country it is a crime for a freeman to *give* a prisoner even a morsel of food; and it is also criminal for the prisoner to receive it—in the former case, punishable with fines, in the latter with stripes. Occasionally we were allowed a few spoonfulls of flour to stir with the liquor of the meat; and whenever we were allowed vegetable food, we were most careful to save every spoonful of the liquor, for our stomachs were so sorely pinched with hunger that we were glad of any thing in the form of food. I have frequently been under the cook's window, and picked out potatoe parings from the filth to satiate the gnawings of hunger. Our rations usually passed through the hands of so many hired menials, that they came to our mouths curtailed often of half their proportions. There were overseers, clerks, constables, cooks, wardsmen, &c., that had more or less to do with these matters. They were often of the most abandoned characters, and therefore had no *scruples* of conscience, though they took *pounds* of flesh that belonged to the poor convict. Had they stinted our *bad* rations, we could have borne it with less complaint. For us, it was useless to make a fuss—we were compelled to take what we could get, and if we

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demurred, solitary confinement on this same bread and water, or thirty-six lashes well laid on the bare back was the only relief.

I think it was on a Saturday we arrived at the station. The next Monday we were to be honored with a visit from his bulkiness, the *great* Sir John Franklin, who once navigated into the northern seas, and came near perishing of starvation. It was about nine or ten o'clock when he was discovered approaching. We were immediately mustered out, duly arranged, and instructed in mysteries of that etiquette which behoved men of low degree, crushed down to the earth, to observe in the presence of those who, clothed with British power, have therefore a right to lord it over God's heritage and their fellow men, just as they in their immaculate power shall think proper! The gate of our enclosure was opened, and we hailed her majesty's Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Van Dieman's Land and its dependencies. But we were rather awkward in the respect which we had ought to have shown him; owing to the obtuseness of our perceptions, and the short training which we had received. For myself I was amused with the *great* man's appearance, for whether he was great in the mental qualities, he was truly great in all that makes the man, physically—flesh and blubber. His head was chucked down between his shoulders, for the wise provision, no doubt, of shortening the esophagus; whilst the stomach made equal advances toward the head, thus bringing the two in such close

proximity, that the sympathy which is said by physiologists to exist between these organs was extraordinarily developed. But the vital organs were so much encroached upon by these neighbors, that they found it exceedingly difficult to keep the old man in sufficient wind, which came puffing from his brandy bottled nose, like steam from the escape pipe of an asthmatic boat. Whether nature originally intended him for a walking receiver of mutton, I am unable to say.—But of all men I ever saw, none ever gloried in such breadth of waistband. I was told he had devoured a whole sheep at a meal, and that a good sized quarter was his usual allowance, which I have no reason to doubt. His eyes were so sunken, one could see nothing of them but the whites, especially when speaking, at which time he would look strait upward.

The train that accompanied him halted at the gate, whilst only his private secretary remained at his side. He rode a bay horse, that, compared with other horses, was equally as large as its rider. He was dressed in full uniform, and by his inflated manner, indicated the supreme bliss he felt in thus having an opportunity of addressing a company of Americans. Passing up and down our line some three or four times, he came to a halt near the centre, and prepared himself for the tremendous effort before him. Our own party had an uncommon curiosity to see the end of the matter, for we plainly judged there was something coming more than we had yet ima-

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gined. We knew not but we should see the most terrific thunders of indignation, accompanied by intense flashes of eloquence. Judging from his obesity, we were anxious to know whether his words were indeed as ponderous as her most gracious majesty's servant, Sir John.

After much aheming and hawing, the old man began. I cannot convey any just conception of his *speech*. He was at least two hours in delivering what any American school-boy could have spoken extemporaneously in twenty minutes. The Queen's English suffered not a little—for his words were spoken in half finished sentences, with stammering pauses between that exceeded the sentences themselves, and his language was excessively poor and tautological, whilst his voice was even worse than all. His head was thrown so far back that his eyes were elevated skywards, at an angle of quite eighty degrees, so that all that could be seen of the dull orbs of a still duller soul, was a halo of dingy whiteness, emblazoned with a network of scarlet. Whether the great man was a profound scholar or not, I had no means of ascertaining. If he had ever obtained celebrity, the sight of us Yankees must have completely unstrung his faculties, for he made more blundering work of his business than a dullard.

The substance of his harrangue seemed to be: that we were bad men—very bad men—were sent there for a very bad crime—rebellion—one of the worst crimes that could be—worse than murder—

didn't know what to do with us—guess should put us on the roads awhile—work good for us—should send home for orders—send home to know what to do with us—at present put us on probation—if we behaved well on probation, get rewarded for it.

Being informed here by Capt. Wood that many of us were American citizens, and therefore not rebels, the old man seemed more incensed, and went on: Bad men—bad men—very bad men—worse than rebels—didn't know what to do with us—had stirred up mischief among her gracious majesty's loyal subjects—heinous crime—Canada men not so bad—had sent them to another place for better treatment—should keep us here for hard punishment—glad to hear we'd been good men, peaceable men; but that was nothing—great rascals now—should send right home to know what to do with us—wanted to be lenient, but great rascals—had already been punished hard—but musn't grumble, we deserved it—hoped it had made us better and meeker—should be thankful our lives were spared—must expect to get hard punishment—such awful crimes—such bad men—Yankees were all bad men.

Turning to the officers of the ship, he inquired what had been the nature of our conduct—expecting, no doubt, an answer that would have given him more occasion to wheeze out his disconnected invective. The officers replied that we had not caused the slightest trouble, but had been well behaved men. The “old granny,” as he was there universally called,

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forced out a few more sentences of the same sort as given. The doctor, who had come to feel really a strong interest in our favor, and who had promised to speak to the Governor in our behalf, and induce him to grant us an easy time of it, here interposed, in one of the sublimest periods of that eloquent oration, a few words in our favor. Sir John, seeing the import of the doctor's remarks, waived his hand, crying out, "That'll do ; that'll do!" and turning to us, went on : "Be good men, be good men—government good to you, give you fine clothing, many good things—be thankful then—her gracious majesty very kind—be good men—have much indulgence," etc.. etc.

This tremendous effort caused the old man such a wonderful amount of puffing that he seemed really exhausted. Some one of the old hands in our rear remarked that the old sinner would require as many as two sheep for his dinner, so great was his exhaustion.

Turning to the four men I have before spoken of as suspected spies, Sir John inquired, "What men are these?" Gunn, the chief superintendent of the district, replied, "Four men from Canada, three of whom were sent out for murder, and one for desertion, your Excellency." To which his "excellency" replied, "Ah! nearly as bad as rebellion! Will you read their warrants?" They were read. The three for murder were sent out for life, the one for desertion, fourteen years.

Thus it appeared we had been brought there not only against our wills, but even against law and justice; and now, not having any thing to show whereof we were charged, or for what we were there, were placing us in the position of the most vagabond creatures, that were expiating their crimes of deepest guilt—till they could send home to know what should be done with us! Verily, if such conduct was not enough to fire the bosom of any man not dead to human feeling, till it were roused to vengeance, I know not what would. I do not suppose that one who never saw the iron heel of such infernal oppression grinding the very soul into the depths of degradation, can feel it as *we* have felt it. But they who have sympathy—and I know there are many of them—must feel a strong spirit of indignation stirring their hearts. Although we were led, by the nature of some portion of the remarks, to believe we were to have it easier, at least till something was heard from the home government concerning our disposition, the reader will see in the sequel how those hopes were cruelly blasted. But for my part, I could not comprehend what right they had to keep us in confinement, much less to subject us to punishment. But I had learned from my unjust sufferings thus far, that we need not look or even hope for sympathy from the power that had us in its clutches. Of the nature of the thoughts that crowded my mind and quite choked my utterance, the reader may strive to imagine, though he cannot picture their intensity.

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Skeane, the Station superintendent, asked the governor whether he should take us out on the road that afternoon. "Certainly, certainly; do them good: they've had a long voyage, and the walk will do them good, though they don't work much." When the officers and the doctor of the ship withdrew, we could plainly see their sympathies were much moved for our situation. But what could they do? They had been unwilling instruments, no doubt, in bringing us to this doom, and had thought, probably, we should be treated in some measure like human beings. The doctor, particularly, expressed much compassion—by his manner more than his words—for probably he dared not unburthen all he felt. Shaking us by the hand, as he bade each farewell, he whispered—"Poor fellows, I am sorry you have fell into such cruel hands, when you have suffered so greatly. I am afraid you will never see the green fields of your native land again; but bear it as manfully as you can, and God bless you." His utterance was choked, and he followed his comrades with his eyes gushing over with sympathy. Oh, it was good to meet with any one who seemed to *feel* for our situation. Yes, those few words of consolation fell on our hearts like rain drops on the parched soil—and we could but ejaculate, "God bless thee too, doctor."

Our visitors were all gone and the gates closed when we were ordered again to the bays for dinner. A tin pint cup and a tin plate had been previously

distributed to each of us, numbered. The huts were also numbered, and a roll thereof, with the number of men in each, given to the cook. For each hut was a kidd, also numbered. When meal time arrived, the cook filled each kidd with the rations for the corresponding hut. At the signal, one from each hut approached and bore away his kidd to distribute its contents among his companions. Whilst we were at our meal an overseer came round and bade us hurry, as we should take a short walk for our health. Having mustered us, he remarked, "We'll go out and look at the roads. 'Tis indeed a fine country; I believe you will like it better than America. We have very fine roads, though they are not yet all finished." There were several so weak they remained behind. On repairing to their quarters, the muster man gave them the comfortable assurance that the station doctor would be there presently, and if they were *not* sick they would be severely punished. Still there were several who did not go, and though nearly all of us felt too enfeebled for much exercise, yet the overseer appeared so flattering and withall was so apparently pleasant, that we thought a little exercise might do us no harm: accordingly we went along with the more alacrity, accompanied by some eight or ten constables and overseers.

Our "walk" extended a mile, and was difficult from the trouble we experienced in keeping upright. When arrived at the end, we were bade to take the tools and exercise ourselves somewhat. We had

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hardly expected this ; but we were permitted to take it very leisurely that afternoon, and, in fact, for two or three days. In our weak condition, the travelling was about all we could do. Our implements were the shovel, pick-axe, and wheelbarrow. At sundown we were allowed to return, greatly fatigued. The third day carts made their appearance, which were quite large to be propelled by human muscles—the bodies measuring six feet in length, two in depth, and four and a half in breadth, with the other parts to correspond. To each cart were attached four men. These men had leathern collars, passing over one shoulder and under the other, to which were fastened hooks, that might be attached to the tongue for the purpose of pulling. Near the extremity of the tongue were two cross-bars against which the “team” could push.

When the carts made their appearance, I was taken from the shovel and placed in one of the “teams.” Though the change was for harder work, yet I was heartily glad, for my hands were so sore, that I could scarcely use them. This was the case with all our men. They had been so long and so closely confined, and were so enfeebled, that their hands were almost as tender as those of an infant. The consequence was, that being compelled to labor with those rough, heavy tools—for convicts are ever furnished with the poorest kind—the hands blistered, and the skin peeled away, leaving in many instances a good share of the hand raw. I remember partic-

ularly the case of Orrin W. Smith, who was a single man of considerable property in the States. He had never been bred to manual labor—was small of stature, and naturally of a delicate constitution. His hands were more tender than most of the others, and when he was forced to swing the heavy pick, it came sorely upon him. His hands blistered so that the skin peeled from the whole palm and inner surface of the fingers, and even between the fingers. And still he was compelled to work on without scarcely a cessation, leaving the very flesh upon the handle of his pick. The pick itself was too large for even a robust man of his size. Passing him one day with our cart and seeing him thus toiling, the blood trickling from his raw hands—I said to him, “Ah, Smith, you have a hard time of it.” “Oh, my God! Gates, I can never stand this!” he almost shrieked, as he sank exhausted on the ground.

As the days increased in number, so were our tasks increased in amount, till we were compelled to do what their tyranny demanded. The superintendent of the station frequently came round, and when there was not so much done as he fancied should be, he would spur up the overseer, and Hewit, the overseer, would spur up the men most cruelly. The second or third day the superintendant Skeane thus came along. Says he, “How is it, Hewit, that you don’t get along faster?” Hewit replied, “Some of the men are sick, and the others are not strong yet.” “But,” says Skeane, “I’ll send up the doctor. He’ll

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look into the matter. I believe that your company can be added to a little"—meaning that more labor can be forced from them. Well, the doctor comes, feels of the pulse, looks into the mouth, asks a very few questions, turns on his heel with a "Humph! get along well enough—not much sick; take a few pills and go to work again." Such was almost universally the case.

So long as we could possibly crawl about, or could lift a finger, we were brutally compelled to the task. The fourth day the overseer began to lay the work to us in good earnest. He was anxious to hold his petty situation, and therefore strove to please his superior tyrants. So, almost the first greeting from him that morning, was—"Come, we must have some *work* done to-day. The superintendent says we don't make much progress here, and he is finding fault at the delay. The governor wants it done as fast as possible, and the gentlemen are complaining too. The principal superintendent thinks you won't be prisoners long. He is coming out this way soon, and we must see how much we can get done. 'T'wont do; I shall lose my place. The doctor says you can work, and work you must." And, accordingly, work we had to. We were put to labor without any regard to our several capabilities. Whatever was done seemed to be done by mere accident, or as caprice dictated. It mattered not how weak and enfeebled one was, he was compelled to work just as hard, if he did not do as much, as the most stalwart

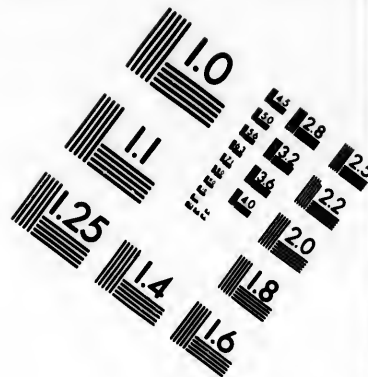
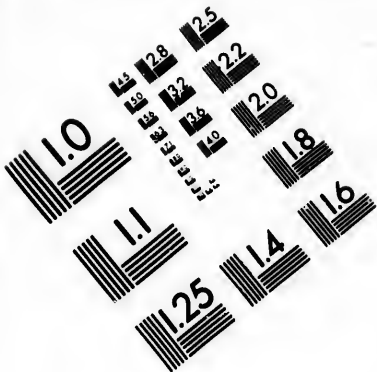
of the company. Though a number of our gang were really too unwell to labor, and might perhaps have succeeded in staying behind, yet they chose to follow us to the roads, rather than to stay alone in the miserable huts, that always swarmed with fleas and lice—subject to the grossest and most insolent abuse of the lackeys and menials that infested every station. The company of friends and of old companions was sweet indeed, though those friends were toiling in pain and misery, and though to be with them, they too must toil in yet greater misery. It was thus that the pleasure of sympathy overcame the will; and he who in other circumstances would have been an invalid, confined to his room, if not to his bed, crawled to his daily work and reeled under the task, which was, if possible, more onerous, more grievous, than that wherewith Pharaoh tasked the poor children of Israel.

It was on Friday afternoon, the fifth day, that Ly-sander Curtis, who had been sick for several weeks, gave out. He was engaged wheeling dirt with a barrow, when he remarked to some one near him that he felt himself failing fast—so fast indeed, that he could not stand it much longer. He was advised to speak for permission to stop, but answered it was of no use to ask such a brute. At length, feeling still worse, he ventured the request—which was replied to with the cold assurance that, as the doctor had declared him able to work, work he *must*, whether he lived or died by it. Some of his comrades expostu-

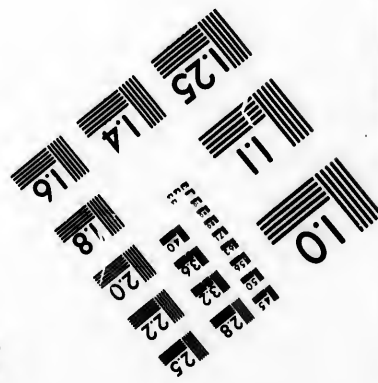
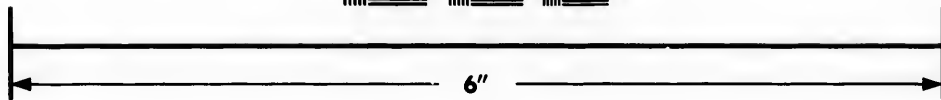
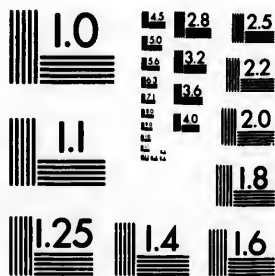
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lated with Hewit, but with the only effect of calling down the choicest abuse of his overseership, who ordered Curtis with an oath to wheel on. It was with the greatest difficulty the poor victim could move. He stood it but a short time ; his sight grew dim—he reeled and fell on his barrow—unable again to rise. His comrades laid him on the grass, with his coat beneath him, and then asked permission to carry him to the station. The inhuman brute denied them, saying with a great and an angry oath, “He will stand it well enough till the gang turns in.” And there he had to lay, uncared for, till at dusk, when he was placed in the cart of which I was one of the “team,” and then taken with us to the station. His bunk was in the same hut as my own—and there he lay on the hard boards in his misery, through the dark cold night, (the nights were cold, though the days were warm,) in that damp, unwholesome place, without a spark of fire or gleam of light ; and though we importuned the superintendent and the clerk to send for the doctor, who lived at another station, the cold hearted wretches refused to stir a finger. We ministered to his comfort by all that was in our power, and yet that comfort was only our sympathy, and the effort to make his last moments cheerful, by mingling our compassions. Several times during the night we thought him dying. The morning came with its few first faint streaks. Soon after the bell was heard rousing us for our daily task. The sentry who stood guard outside the huts unlocked the





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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door, peeped in his head, and cried out, "How is that sick one getting along?" Being told he was but just alive, "Oh, never mind," says he, "one dead man is nothing. I suppose he'll have to stay behind to-day, but never mind; get ready for your skilly." There was but a short time before muster, and we all employed it in bidding the poor fellow farewell. He was too feeble to say much. Speaking of Canada, he said, "How I wish she was free from England and her tyrants—and I would to God that we were all out of their hands; but, thanks be to the Lord," he exclaimed, as he feebly grasped our hands to bid us good bye, "I soon shall be beyond their power. God bless you all! I shall never see you again this side of Heaven. Oh! how glad I am that I am going; and if you ever see my wife and children, oh! tell them I die happy—sweetly resting in the arms of Jesus. May God protect them!" These words and a few others were spoken in broken sentences, and before the last was finished, we were called away to muster. By this time the doctor had come, and seeing his case was indeed a desperate one, our "team" were ordered to take him in the cart to Hobart town. To us it was a cheerful task. He grew weaker and fainter till we arrived at the hospital, within whose walls we bore him in our arms, and received his faintly whispered "farewell." We then had to return immediately. Some of us asked permission to visit him from the station, but were flatly refused. We learned soon after that he died the succeeding

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day. And we envied the poor fellow's fortune, for Death brought a reprieve for his woes, and snatched him from the iron hearted tyrants that were fattening on our toil and blood and our very heart's agony.

The next day being Sabbath, we hoped for some respite. We flattered ourselves we should have at least *one* day of *rest*. But how sadly disappointed! Though we were not compelled to work, yet what we were forced to do ground the spirit even more grievously.

At a little later hour than usual, we were mustered out, formed into double rank, and marched with the most soldier-like precision to the convict's church at Hobart town, to hear the detested ritual of the Church of England. Many spectators came from curiosity to see the "Yankee rebels," and we were continually insulted with jeers and abuse, not only by the road side, but even in the very sanctuary(!)—if such a place can be called a sanctuary. Dressed, too, in our full convict's suit, we were considered the lawful butt of every vagabond loafer, or high bred gentleman, that chanced to meet us. Our American blood boiled in our veins, and could we have had possession of our rifles, with a sufficient supply of ammunition, we felt as though we should have raised a "rebellion" that would have blanched the faces of many a dastardly coward, and shown the base tyrants that we were men who knew our rights, and knowing them, would stand by them even to the death. Yes, we felt this, though sober faced thought

would have cried out upon the folly of it, when such a pitiful handful could so easily be crushed by the giant wrong that was swayed by her majesty's Government.

But there we were, helpless, and forced to submit to it all, and compelled to endure the purgatory of two and three long doleful hours—rising, kneeling, and sitting, according to the most precise formula, all the while holding our faces as grave as an owl, and for all the world looking perhaps, about as wise. This done, we were marched to the station, and back again to endure an afternoon purgatory of increased misery. Thus had we to submit to those above us, and sit under the ministrations of Parson Bedford.

Like the greater portion of her majesty's hirelings, Bedford loved the bottle more than the Lord. In fact the only god or gods he really served were Bacchus and Mammon. Scarcely a service passed, especially in the afternoon, but he was so intoxicated that he could not travel correctly; and whilst going through the ceremonies, as he passed from one position to another, he would be obliged to cling to the railing to keep uprightly in the house of the Lord! And such was the man who would instruct us in the way of life eternal! It may be well imagined that his teachings, which were but the repetition of a stereotyped service, that in itself was as heartless and devoid of devotion as the soul of its ministrator, parson Bedford, made no other impressions on our minds than those of hatred and disgust. We heartily be-

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lieved the old man as great a reprobate as the veriest vagabond that ever was forced to listen to his voice. At one time he was chosen to examine a gallows, and report whether eleven fellow beings could be hung upon it at one time. The old man went, and after a due inspection, reported, that "Ten men of ordinary size could hang *comfortably*, but eleven would be rather crowded!" Accordingly the ten were hung, and the same drop ushered them alike to the unknown future. He afterward, and before I left the island, died—died as the fool dieth.

Our work continued without abatement. Our tyrannical taskmasters seemed to delight in making us as miserable as possible. We were treated worse than the slaves of a despot. If we demurred at our overburdens, the only consolation we could get was the comfortable assurance of a lodgment in the cells, or the pleasure of a flagellation with the cat o' nine tails.

We had agreed among ourselves, that if any of our number were taken up to be flogged, as we had seen some of the old hands, we would to a man resist, though death should be the result. We were fully determined not to submit to such inhuman barbarity. Not long afterward, our carts were so heavily loaded that it was impossible for men in our situation to draw them. We remonstrated. Hewit swore we should draw them, or else be flogged. We gave him to understand that we should not submit to the treatment. Being asked our reason, we told him

it was impossible to do what he demanded ; and that besides we had been striving to do all that we could to keep from trouble, whilst they seemed to be doing what they could to get us into punishment—and if it was to come to that, it might as well be one time as another. “What, then, will you do ?” asked Hewit. “Resist to a man, even to the death,” we replied. “Just say you wont draw those carts,” cried Hewit, with a demoniac expression of countenance. Now, he wanted we should flatly refuse, in which case he could complain of us to the magistrate for disobedience of orders, from whom it is indeed rare that the poor prisoner ever gets even a shadow of justice. At last, after several ineffectual attempts to move the carts, our men were compelled to say they *could not* draw the loads and they *would not* draw them. “That’ll do, that’ll do ; here, constables, take care of these men ;” and eleven of the gang were on their way to the watch house, where they lay twenty-four hours, when they were brought before the magistrate. Hewit was the only witness. Putting on a deal of magisterial dignity, his honor questions “Tom”—“What is the matter with these men ?” “Oh, your honor, they disobey orders—won’t work and are saucy.” “Ah ! refuse to work, eh ?” Some of the prisoners interposed to give their side of the story—but his honor, with a frown, cries out, “That’s enough ; you prisoners always plead ‘not guilty.’ Mr. Hewit I know to be a good overseer, and you ought to be severely punished. But as this is the first complaint

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against you, I'll punish you lightly—only give you seven days solitary in the cells ;” and away they were hustled to the cells. Such is a fair specimen of the dispensation of justice in its mildest forms to the poor convict.

But how light the solitary punishment was, the reader may judge, when he is told the cell is a solid stone structure, six feet by four feet, and six feet in height, with a stone floor, the roof over-arched with stones, and without the least ray of light or the smallest particle of fire. In this the culprit is kept locked, with only one solitary blanket, and a pound of bread and a pint of water a day till his sentence expires, when he is immediately placed again at work. Every station has its cells as well as triangles—which are for the purpose of flagellation. These triangles are built of strong scantling ; they are about ten feet square at the bottom, and secured to the ground by strong pins. From each of the four corners of this frame, posts rise to a point in the centre. Parallel, horizontal bars are fastened to these posts, for the purpose of securing the person to be flogged—who is stripped, often stark naked, and always naked to his waist, and tied upon the outside of this frame, at the feet, knees and outstretched arms, so strongly that he cannot break loose. Thus have I seen eight or ten fastened at once and flogged. Persons termed flagellators are appointed expressly for this purpose, who are usually prisoners or ticket of leave men, and always stout, robust men. There are also three hangmen

to the island, and as many places of execution, viz : at Hobart town, at Launceston, and at Oatland, about half way between. These had their victims almost weekly, though executions were not as frequent as formerly.

Though it was a relief at first to be placed on the cart, yet the labor itself was the severest on the roads. Whether the loading was dirt or stone, the carts were invariably filled full, except in muddy weather, when the loads would be a little lightened, but not in corresponding ratio. Ten loads drawn a mile made our daily task, which therefore made a travel of twenty miles, half of which was steady and severe pulling. If we came to a hard or difficult place, we were not permitted to unload the least fragment, but must pull and tug and lift, till we got over the trouble.

In the fore part of the third week, another of our number was accidentally removed from his woe and misery. It was William Nottage, who was engaged in blasting, and while tamping a charge it prematurely ignited. He was most cruelly mangled—the rod passing through both thighs, which were broken—his arms shattered—his eyes blown out, and his face and breast horribly disfigured. He was taken to the hospital, where he lingered but for a short time. As in the case of Curtis, so now, none of his comrades were allowed to visit him. About this time, four of our number “took the bush,” as fleeing into the woods is called. It is seldom indeed that one succeeds in eventually escaping. Probably not one in a thous-

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and does it. There are so many hirelings on the watch, and the convict is so readily distinguished, that it is quite an easy matter to secure him again, when he has to pay the forfeit on the gallows, or in dragging out a still more miserable existence in some yet more degraded situation. These four evaded a detection for a fortnight, when they were taken, tried for absconding, and sentenced to Port Arthur for two years. This station is considered the very worst on the whole island.

There were a number taken in the first troubles in Canada that had been previously sent out. Of these, Lynus W. Miller, John Grant, James Gamel and Jacob Bemmer, were put upon the roads, and the others distributed among the settlers. Miller and his comrades, hearing of our arrival, requested a change to our station. At first they were refused, being told that our company were *marked* for hard treatment. But they importuned and urged, that though we were to receive harder usage, they would rather be with their countrymen than among the old hands. They were permitted to join us, and found it true regarding the greater severity of our treatment. But *why* it was so, I am unable to answer, unless it was the unfortunate circumstance of being Yankees. From them we received a recountal of their sufferings, and in return we unfolded them ours. Thus time wore on. We were bowed down with suffering. Our rations were poor and miserable, and very frequently not more than half the allotted allowance. We com-

plained to the magistrates, and received no redress. We exhibited symptoms of disaffection—we gave vent frequently to our curses. Though we were in the hands of cruel tyrants, they had not power to chain our thoughts, and our Yankee spirits were not so far subdued but that we would give tongue now and then to those thoughts. We were continually half starved. We rose up tormented with the gnawings of hunger, we worked through the day with those gnawings unsatisfied, and laid down at night, and still they were unappeased. Thus it was at this station. And for the two long years I was on the roads, not a day passed but I was in this hungry condition.

In the latter part of June, a Captain of an American whaler called to see us. His express errand was, to give us a chance to quit the country, if possible. We hailed the opportunity with joy in our hearts. He inquired if all our company were on the road. We told him some ten or a dozen were at the station. He then wished to have all that could come out the next day, and he would take us on board as he passed down the river. Our work lay quite near the river, below the town. The shore was a bold one. The captain had five or six good, strong boats. He could sail quite close to the land, send the boats ashore, receive us all on board at once, and be off before the alarm could be spread, and out of danger ere we could be pursued. Ah! how our hearts leaped then with delight! Another day, and we should be beyond the power of those we so heartily

hated and despised. But this gleam of hope, too, was brief, and darkness again settled over our prospects. The overseer, noticing the captain in conversation with us, mistrusted we were plotting an escape, which, so near the harbor and in sight of the ship, we might effect, mustered us up to prepare for a move. Thus we saw the cup that was almost to our lips dashed rudely to the earth, and we compelled to thirst on for that freedom from which we had so shamefully been driven.

Three days' rations were allowed us, which, with our cup and plate, were rolled up in our blankets, that swarmed with fleas, and slung over our backs. Escorted by a company of soldiers and constables, we were started for some place toward the interior. We were told that our destination was for another part of the road, where the work was lighter and consequently easier, and where we should enjoy greater privileges. But we knew very well the *cause* of our sudden removal. They dared not let us remain there longer, lest we should escape. In their other flattering assurances we put no confidence whatever. We afterward learned that the whaleman sailed as contemplated, coasted down the shore, and continued plying about the vicinity for a considerable length of time, in hopes we might be enabled to meet him. Little, probably, did he imagine that we were on our route in another direction.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVELY BANKS STATION.

It was a hard travel for us from Sandy Bay. The road was exceedingly muddy; a number of our men were too feeble to travel at all; the thick, clumsy shoes chafed our feet till they were almost raw, when we were obliged to carry them in our hands, whilst some of the distance the road had been newly laid with the pounded flint stone, which with their sharp edges made our suffering feet still worse. These things, combined as they were with other grievances, made our travel a jaunt not at all to be desired. The first day, we made a distance of only ten or twelve miles, stopping at a station where were a hundred and fifty men, with whom we were turned in for the night. Here we lost a share of our rations, which the poor hungry fellows stole from us. I could not blame them much, though it was cruelty to us. In the morning we were mustered out with the rest, to witness the flagellation of four men, before breakfast. It is universally the case, that when a man is to be flogged the whole gang *must* witness it.

After cooking a little of our meat, and drinking our skilly, we were hurried on. If any one wearied

and lagged behind, he was rudely urged forward, assured there was a watch house not far ahead, where he might remain on bread and water a few days for his comfort. Before night a few gave out from sheer exhaustion. That night we remained at Bagdad, which was a small village, of two or three stores, a tavern or two, a large watch house, and a range of prisoners' barracks. Here were a large number of constables and small magistrates, and other minions of oppression. It was a place, too, where convicts were sent from the surrounding stations and country for trial and punishment, and of course the implements of cruelty were pretty numerous, and quite frequently used. Here we cooked and ate the last of our rations, and heard the same list of names called over by the keeper of the watch house which started with us from Fort Henry, and which had continued to haunt us like a spirit of evil destiny ; and which, so far as I could learn, constituted the only warrant or sentence we ever received. After answering to our names, we were turned in among the prisoners, some of whom had lain there months, and were more foul and filthy even than we had yet been forced to be. As a consequence, we rested that night in agony—if such an anomaly can be—and received a strong reinforcement to the already numerous vermin that infested our own persons and blankets.

We were glad when we left Bagdad, though we had to leave without a morsel of food. We represented our case to those who had us in charge, telling

them that our rations had been stolen. But it made no difference. We were informed that we had had our rations for three days, and whether they were stolen or not, we should have no more till those days were fully expired. That afternoon we arrived at Lovely Banks station, forty or more miles from Hobart town. Here, we were informed, we should stop for the present.

The huts at this station were built of stone. They were not yet quite finished, and some ten or a dozen billeted men were at work upon them. Here our work lay two miles from the station, and was mostly in the rock. Our tasks were even harder than at Sandy Bay. Our loaded carts we had to draw two miles, five times a day. At early dawn we were routed, and away at our tasks by sunrise, which we were not allowed to quit till sundown, when we were marched back in double file, and by the time we had our pint of skilly, it would be long after dark, when, to cap our enjoyments, we would be forced to the huts and locked in, where was no fire nor light, nor any convenience whatever; cold, shivering, hungry, and generally wet to the skin with the chilly rains that fall almost daily in that country during its winter months.

Branberson, the superintendent, King, the overseer, and the other petty officers, were even more tyrannical than those we had just left. They seemed to delight in having a "down" upon some one or more of the men. The meaning of this term is, that when

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any of the men have done any thing accidentally or otherwise, to displease the superintendent or overseer, and which is not sufficient to be taken cognizance of by a magistrate—or if a dislike be taken to the prisoner, for any cause, fancied or real—every method is taken that suggests itself, to torment and make worse their or his situation. It is the meanest, most devilish sort of revenge that can be imagined. King, the overseer, particularly had his “downs” upon some of us almost continually, and many of our number had to spend weary hours in the cells, for no other apparent reason than they should feel and know they were in his power. There are numberless ways by which the overseer can vent his spite on his victim—as, compelling him to do with a poor tool as much as another with a better one—making his task heavier, or putting him into muddy places, or into the worst positions. These and many other means are resorted to, to make the labor of some one more degrading, more onerous, and more bitter than that of another. And for all these petty annoyances there was no relief. If the victim cried out against the abuse, or refused to submit, he was pretty sure to be chucked into the watch house, then brought before the magistrates to receive his solitary or stripes for disobedience of orders—the very thing the tyrants most wanted. If the convict complained to the magistrate, the result was almost universally the same. The overseer is sure to be found there too with his story, which is to the effect that, the complainant is

lazy, slights his work, is insolent, and in fact one who causes the greatest trouble of any in the gang. Tom is believed, while the poor fellow's story goes for nothing, unless it be a warrant to the solitary for ten, fifteen or twenty days, or to the triangle for thirty-six or more lashes; and so soon as the punishment is ended, the victim is returned to his work to be farther victimized, with the abuse and insult aggravated. "See what you get by complaining; guess you'll be trying it again!" Such were the words of consolation.

There were two of the men, Marsh and White, that Tom King had an extra antipathy against. They had both worsted him before the magistrate, for which he never forgave them. They had before this lost something, which they felt pretty well assured was stolen by the billeted men, with probably Tom's connivance. They complained of it to Tom, and charged it on those men, which incensed him beyond measure, and he took every possible occasion to make their condition as irksome and degrading as possible.

Marsh's health was feeble and he could not endure the tasks. He was daily sinking under the tyranny of the overseer. Therefore, as a last resort, he complained to the magistrate who was then at the station. Tom, as usual, went on with his story. But Marsh's appearance so strongly sustained his complaint that the doctor was called to examine him, who reported to the magistrate that Marsh was unable to labor, ex-

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cept at the very lightest work. The result was, that Tom got a sharp reprimand, with an order to put the complainant only on the very lightest work.— This had the effect to lighten his burden in some measure for a season ; yet the overseer took every opportunity to vent his spleen in little pitiful acts of meanness.

Wright was one day taken sick while at work, and asked permission to go in to the station, which Tom refused to grant. The man was in great pain, and utterly unable to work. Still he was ordered to work on. It was a rule, that if a man felt indisposed in the morning, he must wait on the assistant doctor, who frequently resides at a station, and is generally a convict himself, and ask his permission to remain in. If the assistant concludes he is sick, he gives him a permit to stay. But if he go to the works he must remain there till night, no matter how unwell he may be. We advised Wright to go to the station, whether King would give his consent or not. He asked permission again, but received only curses for his answer. He went. The assistant doctor examined him and declared him not sick. Branberson then thrust him into a cell. When the gang returned to the station, and not finding Wright in his hut, we made inquiry for him and learned he was in a cell. We represented his case to Branberson, whom we asked to release and place him in the hospital. This was refused by the superintendent, who affirmed he was not sick but sulky. We replied, we knew he

he was dangerously sick, and unless he immediately let him out, we should be under the necessity of attempting to do it ourselves. Branberson saw we were in earnest, and through fear acceded to our demand; not, however, without hoping to make an example of us before the magistrate. The magistrate and doctor having come and inquired into the matter and ascertained the facts, gave the superintendent, overseer and assistant doctor, a severe reprimand, telling them at the same time, they might be indeed thankful that they were not broke of their offices. Wright lay in the hospital nearly six weeks, unable to do a stroke of work.

Here we were too far away to be sent to church, accordingly the service was gone through with by the superintendent in the open yard.

Our clothing was distributed twice a year, and was the same for winter as for summer. If it did not last the allotted time, or was stolen, we had no other alternative than to go without, unless the compassion of some one should be moved in our favor, which indeed was very seldom. Many of our number were without shoes, and underwent very much. Some were stolen, others worn out. My own proved a worthless pair and were soon gone. The bell usually rang at daylight for us to rise, dress and wash, which done, another called us into the yard—with our collars unbuttoned and turned down, exposing our necks and bosoms, our pantaloons turned up to the knees and our shirt sleeves rolled above the el-

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bows—where we stood till the whole company were inspected. During the winter months a thick frost usually covered the ground in the morning—and to stand there in the chilling atmosphere, with bare feet on the frost, one may judge was no comfortable business. Now and then some old rag would be given me, which I would wrap about my feet and partially keep them from the ground till the sun was up and the frost melted. For six weeks I endured this exposure. I complained to the overseer and superintendent without avail. I thought I could not stand it, and quite resolved upon the desperate alternative of “taking the bush.” Darting pains shot through my limbs; my legs were lame with rheumatism and my feet sore with travel on the sharp stones. *Once* I left the gang and went a distance into the woods, but returned again that night. I told some of my companions I was determined to go, for I could but die, and that were better than such lingering torment. But they reasoned so stoutly against it, that for the while I abandoned the idea. A day or two afterward the magistrate, whose name was Cruikshank, visited our station. He was of a more compassionate nature than any we had yet had to do with at the stations. I laid my case before him. Turning to a constable that stood by, he asked if there were any shoes in the store-house. To which was replied, none. Taking two half-crowns (ten shillings) from his pocket, he handed them to the constables, with orders to procure me a pair of shoes

forthwith. He further ordered that I should be treated with less severity. Truly I felt grateful to this magistrate, for his act of—charity I will call it—though it was but justice, made my misery less and somewhat easier to be borne. Some three or four were thrust into the cells for refusing to work any longer on the frosty, flinty roads, without shoes, where they were kept a number of days, then taken out and compelled to resume their work, with a promise of shoes in a short time. But no shoes did they have till distribution time came, when their feet were so sore and swollen that it was with much anguish they could wear them; and because they could not wear them readily they were more greatly berated than ever. Thus it was, abuse heaped upon abuse and wrong piled upon wrong.

We had been at this station some months, when hearing that three American vessels lay at Hobart town, we determined to make an effort to escape. We counselled upon the matter, and finally decided that two of our number should make the attempt to get to Hobart, and devise some plan with the masters of the vessels whereby we might be taken away. This accomplished, they were to return and, if not caught, report to the rest. The lot fell on Miller and Stewart, two men of education and intelligence. We succeeded in making a hole through the roof of our hut, and at midnight helped them out. They got safely to Hobart, and were secreted by one Chaffee, a tavern keeper living near Sandy Bay station.—

Chaffee, who was a freemason, was a warm friend of our company, and had done us many little kindnesses. His sympathies were first enlisted for two of our number, who were brother masons, and feeling so strong an interest for them, he also came to sympathise with us all. Miller and Stewart opened their plan and asked his advice or assistance, which was readily given. He went himself to the town and saw the captains, and so far enlisted their favor that one of them returned with him to see Miller and Stewart. Their plans were quickly entered into.

As soon as it was discovered in the morning that the men had fled from the station, a great uproar was made, and men were sent out in all directions to find them, but without success. Still the search was continued, whilst things settled down into more quiet. During all this time our comrades lay snugly concealed by Chaffee, hoping that as the search extended more into the "bush," they might be enabled to safely return and communicate to us the intelligence which would be necessary before we made any demonstration, which, when we did, we had resolved to accomplish or perish in the attempt. They succeeded in getting within six miles of us undiscovered. They were then caught, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to Port Arthur. So we had no opportunity then of learning the result of their mission, and consequently could do nothing for ourselves. Though they were sent to Port Arthur to be dealt with, not like men, but like brutes, they had on the

whole an easier time of it. Their education served them a good purpose, for one was employed as a teacher, and the other as signal man. The benevolence of Chaffee in this affair may be seen in a better light, when it is known that he was running the risk of losing all he possessed, and being imprisoned, if not hung beside. To harbor a runaway convict is a crime punishable with great severity, and to aid him in making an escape is still more heinous. It did the heart good to have such friends as Chaffee, but oh, how scarce they were.

The day after the capture of our friends, we were ordered to be dressed in "magpie" and changed to another station, where were a number of soldiers stationed. This "magpie" suit is intended for chain gangs and doubly convicted prisoners, and is ordered by government as a badge of the deepest disgrace. It is composed of black and yellow cloth, of the same quality as the grey. The left side of the front part of the body, with the front of the left arm and leg, together with the right side of the back part of the body were yellow, whilst the remainder was black. The suits were all of a size, or with but a slight variation, and were distributed to us as we stood in rank, without regard to their fitting our persons. The consequence was, we got all sorts of fits. Some short fellow having a pair of breeches quite large enough for a child of Anak, and a roudabout that would have done honor to "his excellency," Sir John himself. A more motly, grotesque group, could not

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be well imagined. Knowing the change was made for the purpose of mortifying and humbling our spirits, we strove the harder to deceive our masters as to our real feelings, and I believe we succeeded pretty well in the matter. Indeed most of us could not have helped having a bit of frolic, when we looked so fantastic. We danced about, and shouted and sung songs as though we were in a real, perfect delirium of joy. A few cursed and swore like madmen possessed. There a short fellow, with pantaloons legs and jacket sleeves a foot too long, might be seen strutting up and down in all the pomposity of her majesty's lieutenant governor, giving a speech to his fellow subjects that smacked a good deal of Sir John. Yonder another, perhaps aping some less renowned functionary, with equal eclat from his bevy of admirers. Yes, reader, we made a jolly time of it, and succeeded in some measure in making our masters ashamed of the matter, and, I believe, had not their orders been from a higher source, they would have restored us to the old grey again—not that old grey coat, though, which good old Grimes used to wear—“all buttoned down before.” *That* was a comfortable, cozy coat. But for all this, we felt in our hearts more like sitting down and weeping, as did the children of Israel by the rivers of Babylon.

We requested our old suits, that we might be made more comfortable; but as the law would allow us only one suit at a time, they refused them to us. The pantaloons of our “magpie,” instead of being

ved up the legs and sides, were fastened with buttons placed about six inches apart, thus letting in even more of the cold atmosphere than our old thread-bare suit. The "maggie" was made in this manner for the convenience of chained criminals, who are not allowed to have their irons removed. We asked permission to seam them up, but this was denied too. We had grown so familiar with our old suits of grey that we could readily recognize each other; but our acquaintance was again thrown into that confusion we experienced when first we donned the convict's dress.

We had now been at Lovely Banks station—which the reader will have seen by this time was a sad misnomer—nearly all the winter; during all which time our party had seldom retired at night with a dry shirt, and then with no means under heaven to warm the shivering frame, save one poor, solitary blanket, and what little heat the vital functions were capable of arousing! The only wonder is, that we were not all tumbled into the dead hole, or carried away to the dissecting room.

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CHAPTER VII.

GREEN PONDS STATION.

We were ranked up preparatory for a start. One day's rations and our household furniture—the plate and cup—wrapped in our lousey blankets and slung across the shoulder. Presently the men in blue roundabouts had all things ready, when we moved off—a “magpie” regiment. We had a hard day's march, reaching at night Green Ponds station, twenty miles nearer Hobart town, where at present we were to remain. There were here the usual number of her majesty's paid minions, and twelve soldiers, occupying the barracks. The huts were in a worse condition than any we had yet inhabited—were more filthy, and swarmed with greater numbers of vermin. Our labor, under Nutman, or “Bobby,” as he was generally called—though occasionally termed “Tiger” by the old hands—was only of ordinary severity. Nutman was renowned for savageness, and many, very many, carried the effects of his treatment to ———, not their graves—for the convict is not allowed a decent interment—but to the hole in the earth, when indeed their bodies were not snapped up for the operator and dissecting room. It seemed

therefore an anomaly to every one that Nutman should use us so well—for him. He told us, though, one day, that he looked upon us as different from other prisoners, and so long as we did a good amount of work without grumbling, he should treat us accordingly. Now, as we had been, particularly of late, marked for an increased amount of abuse and oppression, Nutman fell into displeasure with the governor, who removed him within three weeks, to make place for one Wright, who had every requisite in the character of the most barbaric tyrant.

For the governor's system of oppression it was just *Wright*; but for us poor, starved earth-crushed prisoners, it was all *wrong*. He had been captain of a vessel, and had sailed several times between England and Van Dieman. Knowing his character, Sir John readily advanced him to the superintendency of the rebel, vagabond Yankees. He had no experience in the business, but with a fertile invention for cruelty, he worked his royal master good service. About three miles distant was another station, called Picton, whose superintendent, Sandyløe, was also noted for great cruelty. He was himself a convict for life, but having been there for many years, had been advanced to the superintendence and chief overseership of Picton station. His soul was completely deadened to every feeling of human nature; and it seemed to be his only study, how he might add misery and woe to his fellow convicts, and give pleasure to his masters, whereby his situation should be con-

tinued. Like every petty tyrant, he felt himself of great consequence, and of all others I ever saw, none could go beyond him for assuming dignity. I believe it is generally true, that the lower and more degraded the man, when raised to some petty station, the greater his tyranny and the greater his would-be dignity.

For several nights after the arrival of Wright, Sandyloe would come over to muster us into the cells, and instruct Wright in such matters as pertained to his new calling; and it may be well imagined that Sandyloe lost no opportunity to impress lessons of cruelty on his ready pupil. There was a tavern midway between the stations, where our quondam overseer would stop to carouse, so that it was seldom we got mustered in earlier than ten o'clock, and oftener much nearer midnight; and when he did come, he was ever so drunk and so excessively abusive, that we came to hate him worse even than his satanic majesty. Whenever our names were called, we were compelled to touch our caps, make a bow, and speak up deferentially, "Yes, sir." This ground our feelings of independence, which were not yet dead in our bosoms, more than any thing which had yet been forced upon us. The idea of paying such homage to a felon, convicted, for aught we knew, of the most damning crimes in the dark catalogue of sin, was more than we felt disposed to submit to. Now and then a man, at first, would refuse to answer. But Sandyloe would command the clerk to call the name again, when, eyeing the man with the malignity of a

demon, he would exclaim in great rage : “ Now, do you touch your cap to me, sir ! and when your name is called, do you say YES SIR, or I will punish you severely.” Of course the man, utterly powerless, would have to yield.

At last we were determined to rid ourselves of the detested imp, at all risks. Having talked the matter over, we drew lots, when it fell upon Hiram Sharpe and myself to waylay him on his way from the tavern. The carpenter made us two stout, heavy bludgeons, with which we stole out after dark, and secreted ourselves behind a large stump of the green tree, some thirty rods from the station and directly in the path Sandyloe came. It was a very dark night, and withal stormy. We watched in vain till past midnight, when we returned to our hut. He did not come that night, nor ever again, to muster us. Whether the storm was too violent for him, or he had misgivings that all things were not as they should be, we never knew. One of our ends was obtained—we were no more troubled with his arrogance.

Our work was exceedingly severe. We had to draw our carts from one to three miles, a part of the time obtaining our loads from a quarry, up the sides of a steep hill. Usually they were loaded full ; and to go down the hill with them was exceedingly dangerous business, the pressure of the loads being so great as to oblige us to run, holding on to the carts with all our might. One man was thus run over and severely injured ; but no one else received any seri-

ous hurt, though it was far worse upon our constitutions, and more wearying to our limbs than the steady pulling upon the ordinary road.

Whilst here, we sent a memorial to Sir John, complaining of our hard situation, and pleading for some mitigation of our sufferings. We first spoke of the matter to Wright, who replied we had no business to send; that if we wanted to say any thing to the governor, we must say it through him. But knowing we should have a poor advocate in his person, we chose to send it on our own responsibility. Still it availed us nothing.

Not long afterward, it was announced one evening that his excellency would visit the station the next day. We accordingly remained in to get things to rights against the coming of the governor at noon.

We were just sitting down to our maggoty mutton, when an advanced messenger arrived, informing us that Sir John would be presently at the station, as he was but two miles back. Instantly were we mustered in the yard, where we stood nearly two hours waiting for the approach of the great man, some one of whose guards would gallop into the yard every few minutes to announce his progress. At last he was before us, going through the same manoeuvres and nearly the same rigmarole, as when he favored our presence at Sandy Bay; from all of which we concluded that cruelty and punishment were to his soul what brandy and mutton were to his physical

nature. He informed us he had been to Port Arthur, and had told Miller and Stuart that they should never hope for an abatement of punishment. Such dreadful bad men, for trying to escape, and we were almost as bad in hoping for it. Had ordered us dressed in "magpie" to punish us, and had sent us here to be punished with harder labor, and where his military could shoot us down for trying to get into the bush. If we attempted it, not a mun of us would live; used to hang those who took the bush, but now sent most of them to harder stations. Glad our conduct was good, but must be punished. Were sent there to be punished, and must be. Had sent home to government; when he got an answer would let us know. Hoped it would be lenient; wanted to help us all he could. Had received our memorial, but couldn't do any thing now; were treated well, &c.

This sort of stuff was repeated over some three or four times, till we got heartily tired, not only of *it*, but of *him* who talked it, and were right glad when we were released from the presence and sound of the old sinner. Wright plucked up greater courage, and after Sir John had gone, appeared to tax his wits how he could increase our misery.

No superintendent, nor any officer employed about the stations, was permitted by government to keep pigs or fowls, or any creature, lest the prisoners' rations should suffer thereby; yet Wright managed to hold four pigs, two dogs, and a number of fowls; and for their support, made quite heavy drafts upon our

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flour for the benefit of the shoats and biddies, whilst portions of the mutton passed down canine throats. We complained of our scant rations, but Wright replied to the magistrate that we had our full tub of bread. Perhaps we did; but the deficiency of flour was counterbalanced by a superfluity of water, and our "damper" (flour and water baked in ashes) came to us but half baked, and heavy as a stone. Our meat, too, was of poorer quality than any we had yet had. Less care was taken with it, so that it generally swarmed with crawling things. But such food was all we could get, and famine compelled us to eat it or die.

The prisoners were allowed Saturday afternoons to wash their shirts—in cold water, without soap—and to clean out the yard and huts. I was one afternoon thus engaged at a brook some rods from the station, when a settler passing, threw me some ten pounds of "damper," a bit of a leg of mutton, and a couple of plugs of tobacco. No one was in sight, and it may be imagined how thankfully I picked up the articles, and with what haste I secreted them away, as though they were so much gold. I ate a little of it, and though the damper was so old that it was hard and musty, yet I never in my own country ate any sweet-cakes that tasted half so delicious. I told my messmate of my fortune, and for several days afterward we would steal away from the yard before muster time, and make a draft on the deposit. Aye, we husbanded it with all the care of a miser.

At another time, an old he goat—so old indeed that his head was toothless, and so poor that the winds almost whistled through his bones—was given to us by another settler. We cooked a part of him at once, the other half we buried till we had an opportunity of cooking *that* undiscovered.

At another time, on a Saturday noon, I asked permission to go in the afternoon and work for some settler. It was in harvest time, and I had been promised work by one of them. Wright refused. Presently he left the station to be gone till night. Taking advantage of his absence, I went and worked, receiving at night my pay in tea, sugar, tobacco and flour. Anxious to earn all I possibly could, I staid a little too long, so that when I returned the muster had just been made. Wright immediately questioned me. I replied, I had been at work for a settler, to get a little something to keep me from starving. He tried hard to find out the man, but I would not inform him, lest the settler should have been fined. He next asked me if I brought anything home. I answered I had not. I had hid them about forty rods from the station. Had I brought them in, I should have been punished for it, besides losing them in the bargain. I was clapped in the watch house, where I lay till Monday noon, when I was taken before a magistrate and sentenced to seven days of solitary, on the daily allowance of a pound of "damper" and a pint of water. This was the only solitary I received on the roads, and it seemed to me I should starve to

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death before I came out. By the old hands this sort of punishment is considered the hardest that can be inflicted, and they had far rather take the quota of lashes from the cat, than the week of solitary. After the seven days were expired, I enjoyed the fruits of my half day's labor as often as I could get the opportunity of doing it unobserved.

Wright continued to make so many depredations on our rations, that we determined to stand it no longer. If one way would not stop it, we began to think that desperation might bring it about by other means. We complained again to the magistrates, demanding and insisting upon an investigation of the matter, for we *knew* that Wright did keep pigs, dogs and fowls, contrary to law, and that he did appropriate some portion of our rations to their sustenance. The magistrate could not well avoid noticing the complaint. They looked into the matter, and found the pigs &c. just as we had represented, when they took the animals from his custody, and gave the villain—not his just deserts—but a severe reprimand. This affair enraged him so greatly that he strove harder and harder to take vengeance on us; still he had some fear of the powers that were above him. But it seemed by his treatment that he was determined to harrass our lives out of us, or drive us to desperation: to do something that should compel us to the bush, or to certain death. Still we strove to bear it, hoping against hope for a better time to come, when we should be released from our cruel bondage.

Two months or thereabouts after Sir John's visit, we received information of his second coming. To describe his speech and manner, would be but a repetition. The only new feature was a letter from Lord John Russell, which was read to us by the *great* man's secretary. Whether we heard the whole of it I cannot say. What we did hear, was to the effect that the noble lord had delayed writing till he should hear from Lord Sydenham, governor general of Canada, who had no objection that Sir John should treat us as he chose, only, that he should not allow us to return to America. So, it was in the old mutton eater's power to give us every indulgence that could be; and with all his great professions in our remembrance, we looked upon him with scorn and hatred. All the consolation that we got, was the assurance that if we continued to be good men till our probation of two years was expired, we should have tickets-of-leave—not to leave the island—but to go any where on it we chose, so long as we should make weekly returns to some peace officer, of our doings and whereabouts. This privilege, he assured us, was a great privilege, and the next thing to freedom. But if our conduct was extraordinarily good, we might possibly get "tickets" before the two years were fully expired.

This I thought mighty poor consolation. We were entitled to tickets at the expiration of two years without any ifs or ands, provided we kept clear of a second condemnation. The other assurance seemed

more like the apples of Sodom. We had been trying by every thing in our power to keep out of punishment, and to merit the reasonable approbation of those over us; but instead of bringing favors, it seemed only to result in harder work and deeper misery. Yes, if we would be "very good men"—that is, I suppose, if we would uncomplainingly put up with every exaction that should be required, and submit to every insult that could be heaped on us, and then toil on with an energy that should quickly exhaust the physical system and put out the lamp of life, we should have a ticket-of-leave—such a ticket, though, as the unscrupulous doctor would administer in his potions! Yes, it would be liberty! The freed spirit would be liberated from the tyrannized body and take its flight to other realms. There is one consolation for the convict there: his soul shall not rest in Van Dieman.

There was one of our number who had managed to keep a journal for the greater part of the time since our capture. His name was Woodman. He exercised a good deal of ingenuity in secreting it from those who had to do with us. Two or three of the men were seen one day with pieces of paper. It was enough to rouse the suspicions of Wright, who had us that night strictly examined, some being stripped. Woodman's journal, and scraps of journals by one or two others, were found. They were taken before the magistrate, Erskine, who only laughed at Wright, telling him if the mean little tricks there depicted of

him were true, he'd better say nothing of the matter, else he would get himself into trouble. It being prohibited the prisoners keeping any thing of the sort, Woodman and the others saw no more of their pencillings. The bits of paper seen, and which were the occasion of the search, were pieces of newspapers which would be occasionally dropped among the men, containing some delusive hope of our being speedily delivered. Settlers as they came along would talk in the same manner, adding now and then reasons that indeed appeared plausible.

At this station were six men attached to a wood cart, whose business it was to furnish the station with wood. Their daily tasks were three loads, each containing a half cord of dry wood, which was drawn three miles. Besides this, they had also to cut it, which made a hard day's work of it. Wright had a "down" on them for some trifling matter, nobody knew what. So, to vent his spleen, he ordered them back one Friday night just at dusk for the fourth load. They refused to go. Almost universally, for a person to refuse to work, no matter what the demand is, is the worst thing he can do. He is quite sure to receive some sharp punishment. If it be an overtask, his source of redress is the magistrate. But it is so seldom that the prisoner gets even a shadow of justice, that to appeal is almost an act of desperation. If he do not succeed, his situation is sure to become worse, and if he does, the overseer has so many ways of making him feel his displeasure, that

a victory is almost as bad as a defeat. Wright then asked them separately, calling them by name, "Will you go?" To which they decidedly answered "No." They were then placed in the watch house. Prisoners while here awaiting an examination, have their full rations. If sentenced to the cells, they have then the pound of bread and pint of water. Monday morning the principal doctor came round. He spoke of the folly of these men in disobeying orders, and remarked they would undoubtedly be severely flagellated. That day the carpenter was ordered to make repairs on the triangle. By this time our blood was getting up, and we came to the determination that our comrades should not be flogged, or if they were flogged, our masters would be compelled to flog every man of us. That night, whilst the constables and officers were at their tea, we tore the triangle in pieces and burned it in the cook's room. The next morning another took its place, which during the day was secreted in a brush fence some distance from the station, by the baker, cook, and wardsmen, who remain behind to get the victuals and keep the station in order. Dilligent inquiries were made for the missing triangles, but as no one was seen in the acts, all remained innocent. The second morning a third one made its appearance, which was locked in the store house.

Our clamor and the expressed determination to resist the flogging of our fellow prisoners, spread out among the settlers and caused a great excitement.

Many of them came to the station to reason with us against our folly : “for,” said they, “if your masters set out to punish these men, they will do it, though they have to flog you all. Do it, you may depend they will, even if it should cost some of you your lives.” But we replied : “Be that as it may, if those men are flogged, we shall be too; for we will *not* submit to see the punishment inflicted ; come what may, we shall surely resist it.”

The magistrates came on Friday, when the men were brought before them. Wright made his statement ; to which the men answered—that it was their daily task to supply the station with three loads of wood—that that day they had drawn the loads as usual ; but for some little ill will, Wright had ordered them after the fourth load, which would have taken them till midnight to procure, and that, as tired and hungry as they were, it was an impossibility to do it; therefore they refused to obey the order. The result of the magistrates’ deliberation, was to sentence the men to remain where they were till Monday morning, when they should resume their usual labor. So Wright, in this instance, by reason no doubt of our determination, failed in his object, while the men had ten days of rest with their usual allowance of food. But Wright did not relish the result, and he took yet more occasion, if possible, to aggravate our situation.

As a fair specimen of the tender mercies of these tyrannical overseers, I will mention one circumstance

that transpired at Picton station. It was that of a poor, weakly man, really unable to labor, but who was, nevertheless, kept at stone breaking, which is considered the lightest work on the roads. He looked more the picture of death than of a laboring man. A drayman passing him one day, threw down a piece of tobacco, weighing probably two or three ounces. This method is the only one a freeman has of giving the prisoner anything. He may throw it away, or on the ground, and the law takes no cognizance of the matter; but if the prisoner be seen picking it up, or disposing of it, he must suffer as the caprice of his overseer shall dictate. Sandyloe was at some distance when he saw the poor man picking up the tobacco. He immediately came to him in a great rage, demanding what he had. Searching him, he discovered what it was, when he ordered the man over to our station, to receive thirty-six lashes for the heinous crime! Again, that same week, another person passing, threw him a bit of bread and a bone of mutton, weighing in all not over a pound. And the picking up of this morsel of food, which was to satisfy, though but for a brief hour, the intolerable pinchings of hunger, was deemed by the tyrant Sandyloe such a sin that only another quota of lashes from the cat-o'-nine-tails could expiate! Thus was the starving, dying man, subjected to *seventy-two* cruel lashes on the bare back, within four days—and for what? Oh, heavens! for what? And such things were of frequent occurrence.

There are usually at every station what are termed billeted men, who are prisoners that can work at such trades as blacksmithing, carpentry, masonry, &c. It is the law they shall work only for government; but Wright, with his characteristic clutching, managed to get a good deal from three billeted men for his own private use and benefit. It is, in fact, at almost every station that the overseer or superintendent receives more or less of such benefits. But they generally do it cautiously, with a reward given to the mechanic, so that the matter is hushed from the ears of those who would take cognizance of such transactions.

Wright continued his tyranizing reign with a tighter and yet tighter grasp. He kept the billeted men busy a good share of the time for his own benefit. In this manner he furnished himself with bedsteads, chairs, tables, bird cages, &c. Farmers would pay him a fair price for chairs or harrow teeth, with something of a sop to the overseer. Wright would then go to the smith, take government iron, and order him to make the article, saying they were for a settler, who would give him a few shillings for the job. But it was so managed that the shillings found their way into the superintendent's pocket, whilst the pence only were visible to the billeted man. These exactions on the mechanics had grown beyond endurance, whilst his treatment of us all was so inhuman, that we resolved to submit to it no longer. We complained, billeted men and all, telling the magistrate

we could not stand it longer—that if either Wright or we were not removed, there would something occur that would be more readily explained than the reason of our treatment could be ;—that, besides, we *knew* he had taken such government property as iron, lumber, &c., and had caused them to be converted to his own benefit. Erskine replied, that as he was a superintendent and freeman, it would be necessary that three magistrates should sit upon the matter, but he should presently be brought to trial. Within a few days he was arraigned and the billeted men brought forward as witnesses. The result was, that the charges were proved—Wright broke of his office and deprived of the privilege of ever holding another under the government—the things all taken from him—and we shortly afterward removed to Bridgewater.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIDGEWATER STATION.

We were now within twelve miles of Hobart town, and our hopes consequently brightened up somewhat with the idea that some good opportunity might turn up, whereby we should be enabled to escape. We knew not but our masters were intending to bring us again to Hobart, in which case we were determined to look well to our chances. The work at this station, was the construction of a massive bridge across the Derwent, which is here three-fourths of a mile in breadth. It had been a long time since it was commenced, and was not yet completed when I finally left the island. It is composed almost entirely of stone. From either shore solid stone abutments extend to some distance into the river. Other abutments are placed at regular distances, also filled with stone. Arches of stone span the spaces, at a sufficient height to permit the passage of small steamboats. Before its final completion, the bridge somewhat resembles a shallow aqueduct, but instead of water it is filled with the pounded stone, thus making a way over the water in all respects like the road itself.

There were here some one hundred and eighty old hands, and among them a good many billeted ones. The magistrates and flagellators were pretty steadily employed, and the cells, of which there were twenty-five, were kept almost constantly occupied, whilst there was scarcely a morning passed but two or three, and more often six or eight, were flogged. Never is one treated to less than three dozen stripes, and from that number to one hundred. The severity differs upon different individuals, not always according to the heinousness of the offence, but more generally according to the mood of the flagellator, or the number of pence or shillings the culprit may have it in his power to bestow as a "sop" for light strokes. For the most part our men were employed by themselves; and for the want of an overseer, one of our number, Atchison, was placed over us, as a sub. This was some consolation, though we could not relapse our labor, yet we were free of the continual slang of abuse, which our former overseers were so flush of.

It had been ordered at the first that our company should not be mixed up with the old hands, as those are termed who have been there from England a year, and now we were in no very pleasant mood about the matter, for we felt too severely the contact with them.

Among so many billeted men, there was to be found more or less money. The cook and baker, taking advantage of these and their own circumstan-

ces, would sell to these men various little indulgences—as a cup of tea or coffee, a loaf of yeast-raised bread, &c.—of course giving to the superintendent and overseers a share to keep them from complaining. We were very quickly satisfied that our flour tub suffered too much in this matter, and we were not sufficiently charitable to allow our hungry stomachs to be yet more starved for the benefit of the pockets of those jackalls who already had good living, without making an effort to bring the thieves to an account.

When the men returned at night, the cook and the baker would appear in the yard with their loaves for those who could pay for them. It was too tantalizing to see those comparatively fine, sweet loaves passing about, without having a bite at them too, especially when we felt confident that some measure of our own flour helped to give them their proportions, whilst our damper was half baked and “soggy.” We complained to Atchison, that had we money we might buy very good bread made from flour that was lawfully ours; but in our present condition it was useless to hope for it, and consequently we did not feel disposed to submit tamely to such a state of things much longer. Atchison replied, he had an English shilling in his pocket that some one of the men might take to purchase a loaf with, which, if the baker would sell to him, would give us an opportunity to do something effectual in the matter. Accordingly it was given to one Richardson, who put

upon it a private mark, whereby it might be recognized again. A loaf was purchased without difficulty, when Richardson immediately reported to Atchison who took the loaf and called on the superintendent, with a complaint that the baker was selling bread which he believed was made from our rations, and as proof exhibited the loaf which he had just taken from one of his own gang. The superintendent tried to evade the matter and put him off, but our overseer mistrusting the object to be to smother it up, would not consent, but demanded an immediate inspection of the baker, to ascertain whether the shilling said to have been paid by the prisoner could be found with him. The superintendent was obliged to go, though exceedingly reluctant. He questioned the baker whether he had any money. "Yes, a few shillings." "Let me see them;" whereupon the baker pulled out a handful from his pocket, and among them the shilling which Richardson identified. The matter was now fastened in such a manner that a magistrate would be compelled to notice it, and bestow some sort of a punishment. The rogues were well aware of it and tried hard to bribe Atchison to drop it, but to no purpose. The superintendent, thinking to forestall Atchison, complained to the magistrate of our insubordination, and want of due respect, &c. Atchison in three or four days preferred his complaint before the same dignitary, whose name was Mason. He could not avoid taking notice of it. The trial came on, and resulted in the conviction of the superintendent,

the overseers, the baker and the cook. . . The former were reprimanded, and ordered to other and different stations ; the latter two were punished with thirty-six stripes each, and also ordered to separate stations. We really took delight in witnessing the operation, and should have been still more delighted, could we have had the others bound to the triangle, and ourselves have held the "cat." But then it was considered a deep disgrace to convict a superintendent before a magistrate and transfer him to another station.

Mason did not like our conduct at all. He gave us a bitter harangue. We had furthermore complained of broken promises in being placed with the old hands, and demanded redress. We had been there scarcely a month, when one morning nine of our number were told to step out of the ranks, get their rations and blankets and prepare for a move. As they passed us we asked them whither they were going, but they knew no more of the matter than did the rest of us. Thus it is with the prisoner ; he knows not when he is to leave one station till the moment he starts, nor where he is to stop until he arrives at the place. The next morning myself and eight others were ordered in the same manner to prepare for a start. Two days' rations were allowed, when we were quickly on our way, leaving our companions behind us, whom perhaps we should never again see, and going we knew not whither. Heretofore we had been on the road that leads from Hobart to

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Launceston, but now we diverged to the right. We afterward learned that this course was pursued till all our men were distributed in gangs of nine to various stations. For what reason this was done we knew not, nor could we imagine, unless it was for complaining of the doings at this station, and to which we refused to submit; and so to be revenged, we were divided and sent hither and thither as a greater punishment, and as a greater aggravation to our feelings.

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CHAPTER IX.

JERICHO STATION.

The first night we stopped at Brighton station and the second at Jericho, thirty miles from Bridgewater, where for the present we learned we had to stay. This had been a station for a chain gang, that but a few days previous had been moved elsewhere. There were, however, one hundred and eighty prisoners, fresh from England, and who had been at work but a few days. White, the superintendent, was a man who had been overseer at Port Arthur, and was an exceedingly tyrannical fellow, showing very seldom any mercy. Still, to us he was comparatively kind. So were the overseers, Goodwin and Sherwood, the latter of whom had charge of us, and whom we found a strong friend, the only one, too, we had among the whole of them. From him we received every possible indulgence that he dared allow us. He had come from England, where he resided at the time of the Patriot difficulties in Canada, and of which he had heard considerable. He was himself a warm reformer, and therefore felt a stronger sympathy in our situation. During our stay at Jericho we were all members of one hut, and evening

after evening did he come and sit with us, and talk over our troubles, and sympathize in our misfortunes. From what he had seen, and what he had heard in Hobart town, he supposed we were to remain on the island for life. He however unfolded to us a plan by which, when we should obtain our tickets-of-leave, we probably might *leave* the country. He would have us see all our comrades, inform them of the matter, and each save all the money possible, to help defray their expenses; whilst, in the mean time, he would manage to obtain a ship, (he was a man of considerable property,) when, by various means, we might make the sea shore at some convenient point, then come on board, and change the destination of the ship to New York. He entered into the matter with his whole soul, as though he was determined we should not stay there, if his services could prevent it. But after we got our "tickets" and found that government was changing its policy somewhat, and was commencing to pardon some of our number, we went to him and advised him to abandon the scheme, as the probabilities were now in our favor, so that we hoped ere long to be all free; and that the risk to which he would expose himself was, under the circumstances now too great. So for his sake, as well as ours, we wished him to give it up.

White was a very different man—working his ingenuity to catch the overseers off their duty, or some of the men idle. He frequently visited them at their work, coming now upon him from the bush, then

from that direction, and again from this ; sure always of making his appearance from some quarter least expected ; and when he found a man idle, or the overseer apparently negligent, a punishment was sure to follow.

The new prisoners felt their situation most grievously, and were all so unused to it—and yet knew so little of the consequences that would result—that they were continually taking the bush, often ten and a dozen at a time. But universally they would be caught again in two, three, or four days, or if standing it longer, hunger would drive them to some settler's door, who in securing them obtained his £2 each. I have known instances where the constable has bargained with the prisoners to take the bush and remain concealed long enough for him to claim the reward in their apprehension, when he would divide the gain, or not—as he was governed by the sense of honor. If the prisoner plead the fact of the constable's connivance in the matter, as a bar to punishment, his story received no credit, whilst the constable went his way with the honor of being an active and efficient officer, perhaps worthy of promotion ! A prisoner there has not so many rights in law as our southern slaves, whilst the treatment of the negro is far superior. I remember one little fellow, thirteen years of age, who took the bush, was caught, and sentenced to receive thirty-six lashes. The flagellator, Big Sandy, was a large six foot man, of strong muscular proportions. It seemed somehow inhu-

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man, that a man of his size, a giant almost, should fasten upon the triangle a little boy, that in comparison appeared a perfect Lilliputian, to flagellate with the bloody cat. The little fellow, as he was being stripped and fastened to the triangle, plucked up great courage and spoke pertly to Sandy : " Now, Big Sandy, I want you should do good justice in your business. Just put it on, hard as you please, and I'll warrant you'll not hear this chap sing out." There was such a contrast, and the boy's spunk was so stout, and there seemed something so irresistably ludicrous in the scene, that we could not control our muscles, but had to laugh pretty heartily. The first blow brought forth such a shriek and a cry of bloody murder, that the flagellator stopped at once. The magistrate smiled, and some of the spectators laughed, to see how quick his valor had oozed away. Says he, " Good magistrate let me go, and I'll never take the bush again. Oh ! good magistrate, do let me go, and I'll do anything you want me to." His pleadings were useless ; the man was commanded to proceed. Two more blows were struck, not extreme blows either, but the little fellow's cries were so pitious that Sandy again stopped. The magistrate then turned to him and with a bitter, sarcastic voice, said, " Mark me, Sandy, do you do your faithful duty upon that boy, and if you stop again until the sentence is fulfilled, you shall be tied in his place and flogged yet more severely." This speech touched the man's sense of honor. Then came the heavy blows upon

that tender back till it was a gore of blood. Every stroke opened fresh streams of it. It made my very heart sick and faint to look upon the horrible sight. He was taken to the hospital where he lay several weeks scarcely able to move hand or foot. Had he kept still and uttered none of his bravado, he might have escaped with a much lighter punishment. Big Sandy afterward remarked he intended to punish him as lightly as he dared to, and the first blow was a much heavier one than he should have given him had he not been "so sassy," as he termed it.

There was no station between Jericho and Brighton, and for the first fortnight our work lay at a distance of five miles. The quarry was near the road, so that we had not over half a mile to cart the stone, and as the road was good, we found this work easier than we had elsewhere.

Under all our rough treatment and hard labor my constitution was gradually giving away. With my work and food I was famished to a skeleton almost, and was consequently weak and spiritless. Sherwood commiserated my condition and really wished to do something in my favor. Accordingly, one day he asked me if I would not like to go into the carpenter's shop. I told him I should but for one reason: it gave such a chance of getting a shilling now and then, that I should not know how to resist the temptation, which would expose me to severe punishment. "Oh," says he, "you must be careful about it." I consented, when he said he would speak

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to the superintendent, that my work should be light, such as making barrow handles, &c. The result was, I was soon transferred to the shop. At the same time six of the number were put upon the wood cart to supply the station with wood, which, having only half a mile to draw, was an easy task. It gave them also a favorable opportunity of receiving bits of tobacco, pieces of bread, &c., from the passers by. Our other two comrades were placed on the watch, where they had to keep guard through the night, with the privilege of sleeping through the day. Indeed we felt great gratitude to Sherwood, by whose means this result had been brought about.

The time we passed at this station was the first of anything like ease that we had experienced on the island. With all parties at this place we were on pretty fair terms. Our work was performed faithfully and without grumbling; and though White tyrannized it over the others, we felt but a very little of it indeed. Our food, too, had improved, and we now received our full rations.

I had been working on barrow handles and the like for several days, when the superintendent stepped in one morning and ordered some dry pine boards planed for cart boxes. That noon as I came from dinner I procured a pipe, wherewith to smoke a bit of tobacco that had been given me. I expected no one in the shop, and therefore was anticipating a comfortable smoke. My bench was before the window and at the left of which was the door. I was

puffing away at a fair rate, when I saw the form of White pass the window, and by the time I could cast my pipe on the bench and brush a few shavings over it, he entered the door. He was no smoker himself and could instantly detect the least scent of tobacco. I had no hope now to rest upon to keep me from the triangle, unless it was the faint one, that if my pipe did not betray itself, he might take a notion not to notice the scent, inasmuch as he saw nothing. He stopped a minute or two to talk—just long enough for the shavings to betray the pipe. “Ah!” said White, “what smoke is that?” “Well,” said I, my heart almost rising into my throat, “it is a pipe; I had a bit of tobacco and I knew it would be so delicious to have a smoke, I thought I might, as no one would probably see me.” “But you see I have caught you?” “Yes,” I replied, “but I didn’t mean you should, though.” Said he, after a moment or two, “Gates, I will let you pass this time, but do you be careful in future, for if I catch you again I shall punish you severely.” It was quite a relief; but I was not caught again.

We remained here about two months, when we again received orders to prepare for a move. We were quite loth to leave this place—the only one where we had received any kindness on the whole island. Sherwood felt for us too. He counselled us to act well and do our work without grumbling, so long as it might well be borne, for we should invariably find it to our advantage, not only for the pres-

ent, but when we should receive our tickets of leave. He strove to cheer us with kind words, and to strengthen our hearts to bear our misfortune as manfully as possible. And when we stated he could not yet leave us, but accompanied us a couple of miles. He urged me when I should get my ticket to come to him, and he would try and assist me. With his fervent blessing upon us, we severally shook hands with him, whilst the sympathetic tears chased each other down his cheeks. Nor were our eyes dry. Our hearts were full, too full for expression, for kindness like that of Sherwood's was to us like a welcome rain to the parched desert.

CHAPTER X

JERUSALEM STATION.

One day's travel brought us to Jerusalem, distant from Jericho fifteen miles, and upon the same road which was now converging to the main central road. The huts here were old, and delapidated to such a degree that new stone ones were being built. Presently we learned the object of our removal. A large quantity of rails, posts, shingles and timber, were wanted for use, and being much handier with the axe, we were selected for this purpose ; myself and three others to split rails, &c., and the remainder to hew timber. Our first week was spent laboring about the station. At night we were mixed with the old hands, of which there were a good many. There were in all two hundred and fifty or more, of which a part had been on the roads but about two months. They were variously engaged on the road, on the huts, and in making improvements about the station.

It was in old times that the traveller went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves ; but *now* the thieves thronged in Jerusalem, and we suffered more or less from their depredations, for they were so bold as actually to attempt to steal the shirts.

from our backs. If one had a shilling in his pocket it was sure to find its way into his neighbor's. Nothing was at all safe unless on the body, and not then at all times. To be sure, we had nothing of consequence to lose, save our one wardrobe and extra shirt, but that little was our all, and the loss of any part of which, by whatever means, subjected us to a severe punishment.

At the expiration of the week the magistrate, Captain Foster, called and enquired for the Canadian prisoners. At last he found us out, talked with us considerably, and appeared quite friendly. He reprimanded the superintendent for not giving us a hut by ourselves, in conformity to the orders of the chief superintendent. Jenkins, though, in this instance was not so much to blame as he was ignorant on the subject. Afterward we enjoyed a hut of our own; but we were obliged to take our extra shirt, or whatever else we had, with us to our work, in order to keep possession. Jenkins remained three weeks after our arrival, when he was superceded by White, from Jericho.

Taking the bush at this station, as at the last, was of frequent occurrence, and as a consequence there was a great deal of punishment. I shall mention but one case—that of a strong, athletic man, about the same size of Big Sandy—who was flagellator at this station also. This man was sentenced to seventy-five lashes for taking the bush. As the flagellator was tying him to the triangle, he remarked to

him: "Well, Sandy, you can do your duty to me, for I have no crown nor half-crown to pay for light strokes, and if I had, I don't know as I should let you have it. This speech rather piqued the man of the cat, who was a fierce fellow to punish, and who had the reputation of being the most cruel flagellator on the whole island. Whilst the man was being stripped for the punishment, I noticed he conveyed a musket ball, which he happened to have, from his pocket to his mouth—for what purpose, at the moment I could scarcely imagine. It was usually the custom, particularly when the prisoner was to be severely punished, that the doctor should stand by and intimate where the strokes should fall. The flagellator seemed to gather up his energies for the task, and truly did he do the tyrant's work most effectually. Never had I seen, of all the flagellations that I had witnessed, one that equalled it in barbarity. Sandy applied the cat with what strength he was able, every blow of which made the blood gush, and as he drew back the instrument at each blow, he would pass the cat through his left hand, from which the blood would drip in streams. The victim's back was a raw, mangled mangled piece of flesh, from which the blood had run in such quantities as to fill his shoes till they gushed over. Yet through it all he never emitted a groan or a word, or even scarcely cringed. At the close of the punishment, the bullet dropped from his mouth, compressed and dissevered into several fragments, and when he was unloosed he could not stand, but

had to be conveyed to the hospital, where he remained five weeks. He was then taken out and placed again at work, though so weak and sore that he could scarcely lift his hand to labor. In a few days he again took the bush—was again caught, and sentenced to thirty days solitary; which had no sooner expired, than he took the bush the third time, and was the third time taken, and sentenced to Port Arthur. He was a hardened man, of indomitable spirit, that refused to bear the tyranny of White, who for some reason had a strong antipathy against him, and who strove by every means almost to crush his victim. And for this reason he took the bush, that he might escape, or if not escaping, that he might be sentenced away.

After the first week we were sent five miles into the forest, to a ridge of ground, there called "tier," to split rails, &c. The hewing gang only went three miles. We were furnished our rations, which we had the privilege of cooking ourselves. No overseer or other minion accompanied us, so that we had comparatively easy times. Our daily task was cutting and splitting twenty-five rails or posts each in a day; so that frequently we had a little leisure time to spend in rest or amusement, and in talking of our homes and friends, far, far away, o'er the billowy sea. The timber we used was the stringy bark, so called, I believe, from the tough nature of its bark, which, in its outward appearance, somewhat resembles our white or rock elm, and like it, is sometimes

used to roof buildings. The tree often grows from twelve to fifteen feet in circumference, towering upward somewhat like our pine, with leaves larger than our willow, which they much resemble. The texture of the wood much resembles our elm, and it is generally rather tough to split. The shingles, which are not shaved, are split from the peppermint, which is a very free rifted wood, resembling in appearance our red beech, though much softer in texture. The bark is like that of the bitternut, or smooth bark walnut. It grows to a large size, is a tall tree, presenting much the appearance of the stringy bark.

The kangaroo were thick, and occasionally we succeeded in snaring one; but we had to be exceedingly cautious in the disposal of it, lest we should be discovered and suffer punishment. The animal feeds upon grass, and its flesh, at least to us half-starved men, was delicious. They have their paths or runways, over which they travel in passing to and from their pasturage and watering places. These paths are sought out and the snares placed therein. A stake is driven into the ground close beside the path, over which a wire, attached at one end to a clog, is passed, ending in a slipping noose, projecting just far enough and at such a height as will receive the head of the simple-minded and unsuspecting kangaroo, as it passes to or from its drink in the night. The motion of the animal is enough to tighten the noose, and whether it go forward or backward, it is soon strangled.

John Thomas, one of our companions, while at this place met with a serious hurt. Accidentally his axe glanced, completely severing the foot from near the instep to the little toe. John Morisett and myself carried him on our shoulders to the station, where he lay in the hospital during the remainder of our stay at this place.

Time went wearily with us at Jerusalem. Although the name might be dear to every Israelitish heart, yet for us it had no such magic power: It was every thing else, for we were captives—captives even in Jerusalem—panting for the breezes of freedom. Almost two years had we been suffering in cruel bondage, bowed down, aye, almost crushed with tyranny. We had been promised a boon at the expiration of our probation—a boon that our masters had held before us as the next thing to liberty, and in fact quite the thing itself. Those days were drawing nigh; and in our anxious longings we counted the leaden-footed hours that crept by us slow-paced, till we were so impatient of the delay that we quite worked ourselves into a fever of excitement.

At last the time came. The two years had sped their account to that tribunal which o'erjudgeth all. Notice was received in the Government Gazette that we were due "tickets-of-leave," which we could obtain by repairing to the magistrate at Oatland. This was on a Saturday. We now felt happier than we had yet, for we could go where we chose on the island—get what employment we could—lay up so

much of our earnings as we might, and eventually succeed in obtaining our liberty. These we imagined were to be some of the fruits that would spring from our tickets. What sort of a harvest we reaped, will be presently seen. I asked and obtained leave to go the next day to Jericho, for the purpose of visiting Sherwood. Our meeting was like the meeting of long absent friends. I spent what time I could with him, and when I left I was fitted out with a nice suit of clothes, the free will offering of our warm hearted friend Sherwood. I felt more thankful to my benefactor than I had words to express. I obtained warm water, soap, &c., and gave my whole person a thorough cleansing, which was the first opportunity I had had since my capture at the Windmill, of freeing myself from the vermin that had continually infested my person in greater or less quantities. This being done, and dressed in the suit which my friend had given me, I felt once more like a man.

On Monday we left Jerusalem and all its thieves, without regret, and made our way to Oatland, a town of some importance near the centre of the island, and on the road from Hobart town to Launceston, distant from Jerusalem eight miles—having spent our two years of probation on the roads, viz : about four months at Sandy Bay, three at Lovely Banks, eight at Green Ponds, one at Bridgewater, two at Jericho and six at Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XI.

TICKET OF LEAVE—WORK FOR TABART.

We repaired to Whitefoot, the magistrate's, office and reported ourselves due tickets of leave, presenting a certificate to that effect from the superintendent. We were asked several questions, and our names, ages, &c., enrolled on a book as ticket of leave men. But instead of having the range of the whole island, we found we were to be confined to one district, the choice of which was given to us. The pretext assigned for this change, was the escape but a short time before of Chandler and Wait from the island. The government seemed fearful that we might gather at some favorable place, and by some fortunate concurrence of circumstances take sudden leave, so we were distributed as much as possible and confined to separate districts. This was a drawback to our warm anticipations; still we could but feel it a privilege to have only one district to roam in, free from the merciless road taskers. From the fact of having a warm friend (Sherwood) in this district, and it appearing in other respects to be as favorable a place as any on the island for securing work, we chose Catland, when to each of us was given a pass

that would last three days. If we found no employment in that time, we were to return and get it renewed for another three days, and if we succeeded in finding work, *then* were we to return and report ourselves. When we left his office, Whitefoot advised us to demean ourselves in all respects according to law—to appear contented, and be industrious. If our behavior was circumspect, he assured us he had not the least doubt but we should ere long receive full pardons.

We went forth, but day after day were we turned away, and no employment could we secure for three weeks. During that time we wandered up and down, shelterless and foodless. If we approached a settler's house and asked if we could obtain work, we were gruffly met with a negative. If we supplicated for a morsel of food, we were yet more gruffly refused and ordered off—"for beggars were so thick they could not harbor any of the lazy vagabonds." Not a mouthful of food did we receive from a farmer in all that time, nor could we get the privilege of working a single day, even for a meal of victuals—nor would they give us any shelter at night. Now and then we received a spare mouthful from the laborers, who were themselves allowed but stinted rations, and who after dark would suffer us to crawl into their huts with them. What little food we were able to procure, was obtained from roots, and occasionally from potatoe and turnip fields, which, had we been discovered at it, would have subjected us to

severe punishment. Whatever the laws may be, the desperation of hunger will drive man to break them to satisfy its insatiate cravings. When we secured a potatoe or two, or accidentally found a kangaroo snared, or succeeded in capturing one ourselves, we sought the most secluded place possible and cautiously built a fire wherewith to roast them. This, too, was in violation of the law, for the prisoner, or ticket-of-leave man, was not allowed to kindle even the slightest fire. Yet we did it, because we could not well do without it. Almost every night we were forced to lie in the bush. At such times the atmosphere is cold even to suffering, and to keep ourselves in a measure comfortable, we sought the most obscure place and kindled a small blaze around which we huddled. Once or twice we were hailed by constables: "Whose there?" "Ticket-of-leave men." Continuing their advance, they inquired why we had kindled a fire. We answered, we were seeking work, which we could not yet find, neither shelter nor food, and consequently were compelled to lay in the wood, and we had built the fire to keep warm. "You must put out the fire." "But what shall we do?" "Get into the huts of the laborers." "But if their masters find it out we shall be punished for that." Still our fire must be put out, and we obliged to pass the remainder of the night chilled and benumbed to such a degree that we could scarcely move.

Returning the eighth time dispirited to Oatland for a renewal of my pass, I was informed by White-

foot that a settler by the name of Tabart, who wished to obtain a hand, had left word to have me call on him. We had previously been to this same settler, and been turned away because he didn't want any more help. But it appeared he had since learned something of our character, and that we were not like the generality of other prisoners. For this luck I was indebted to my friend at Jericho, who had particularly recommended me to this Tabart. Accordingly I called at his house, twelve miles distant, and soon agreed to work for him one year for £8. My other comrades had just before agreed with another settler, by the name of Comode, to take a quantity of land to till on shares. This man had talked very fair indeed, promising to furnish them with teams, utensils and seed, and allow them half the products. They were quite sanguine of success, and were urgent that I should join them also. But I felt suspicious they would not come out so well at the last, and chose to follow the advice of Sherwood, and have nothing to do with working land on shares, recommending the same course to them. They were afterwards joined by four others of our original number. Poor Thomas, who had managed to hobble about on his crutch, was taken into the company and installed as cook, with a right to an equal share of the profits. They toiled faithfully and worked hard, but found themselves at last not receiving a dividend, but in debt to Comode.

Tabart was a man of about fifty-five years—had a

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family, consisting of a wife, two sons, and four daughters. The girls were ordinarily handsome, and to men in our situation quite affable. There, particularly for a woman, to speak with a prisoner, is considered a disgrace. They entertain high notions of honor, shunning the person of him who is a convict with almost as much dread as the cold Brahmin of India would that of the despised Sudras.

From Tabart and his whole family I received quite fair treatment, and of which I had no great cause to complain. So long as his men performed their tasks well and without grumbling, he was not over tyrannical. But if one complained, he was sure to feel the displeasure of his master, who at such times seemed much exasperated and indeed dealt with a cruel hand.

Apparently I was thought much of by him, and was accordingly advanced to the overseership when I had been with him three months. This change relieved me of much toil and promoted me to a residence in the house, where I had far better fare than I had yet experienced. Generally those who work by the year for settlers are ticket-of-leave men, who have their range of huts at a short distance from the house. They have their rations, which are generally but a little more in quantity, and sometimes not much better in quality, than on the public works. They have the advantage of lighter work, and are not usually so hard driven, while they have the benefit of light wages.

Tabart's estate included an area of four thousand acres, three hundred only of which were cultivated, the remainder being forest and used for pasturage. The woods there are clothed in perpetual green, and the ground beneath is not strewed with dead leaves, but carpeted with wild grass that affords sustenance to herds and flocks. The number of sheep possessed by my employer was ten thousand. He also had one hundred head of cattle. The sheep are placed under the care of shepherds, in flocks of one thousand each. The shepherd is furnished with a gun and ammunition, to protect his flock from wild dogs and other animals. He lives in a hut situated within his range, which is defined by a brush fence, or a fence composed of dry and decayed logs. On the farm he had ten to fifteen men employed in the tillage of the ground, securing the crops, and in making and repairing fences, &c. Besides, he had an hostler, a butler, a cook, a gardener and two kitchen maids. These had the privilege of the kitchen, with good and well-cooked victuals, and with them I also messed. I had now to work but little—my business being the oversight of the farm, &c., yet I had to give a strict daily account to Tabart, who was evidently placing more and more confidence in my integrity.

During my stay with him he was building a large stone house. The carpenter had become indebted to me in the sum of ten shillings, which was a small sum to be sure; but one in my situation would think more of a few shillings than they would at home of

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so many hundreds of them. So when he went down to Oatland to draw his pay, I was anxious to go also, for I knew he was a poor drunken fellow, that would spend it all in carousing, and unless I could find him flush in the pocket I should stand a very slim chance indeed. Accordingly when he went down on Saturday afternoon, I obtained leave and followed him on foot a little before sundown. I had twelve miles to walk, and as a ticket-of-leave man it was my duty to report myself to the police immediately on my arrival, stating my objects in coming and the time of my stay; nor could I be allowed in the street after eight o'clock. If found out after that time, the man is thrust into the watch-house, from whence he is taken before the magistrate who sentences him to some punishment. But with all my efforts, eight o'clock arrived and I was not yet in town. Here was a dilemma. My anxiety for my money was so great that I continued on, hoping by some means to avoid detection. I knew where I should probably find the carpenter, and I knew too that if I went to the police first, I should fail of seeing him that night, and probably fail in getting the ten shillings. I accordingly kept on, and succeeded in finding the man and in obtaining my pay. He was then carousing with several boon companions. I intended then to leave, and if possible make my way a little out of town to a friend's house, where I would stay till morning, when I would report myself as just arrived. But the people here insisted I should stay, and not

go out to expose myself to danger in the street. I yielded to their persuasion and soon retired to bed. I had not lain long when a dispute arose among the men, and fearing some danger I again got up.

It appeared they had drunk up what liquor there was in the house, and were about sending for more, when the mistress denied them the privilege of spreeing it there any longer. The carpenter tauntingly told her she was only afraid of getting the money—"but there is the change," said he, as he thrust a handful on the table, when turning to one of his companions he bade him go and get the liquor. But the woman interposed at the door, calling upon her husband, who was in bed, for help. At this juncture the constables burst into the room, whilst the men fled, leaving me alone. Unsuspecting any wrong on my part, the men of function at first took me for the victim of a robbery, and asked me if that was my money on the table; to which question I gave a negative answer. They quickly saw I was not a proper person there, when they invited me over to the watch house, whither I was forced to go much against my inclination. On the way my friends, the constables, urged me quite strenuously to declare the money was mine, and that I had been robbed of it. They told me it would be of great advantage—that they could secure and punish the men, whilst I should escape. However, I withstood their seductions, declaring as the money was none of mine I should lay no claim to it as such. I expected certain punishment—that

at least my ticket of leave would be broken, and myself sent either to Port Arthur or back again to the roads. It may well be imagined, then, that these strong forebodings gave me no very pleasant feelings; besides, I was galled exceedingly by being thrust in again among the vermin and filth of a watch house, since I had succeeded in getting my person free from those pests, and had therefore felt more human-like.

A friend who was going out past Tabart's called on me in the morning and offered to convey any intelligence I wished to send. I accordingly wrote a line to my employer, giving him information of the circumstances and trouble into which I had fallen. He immediately addressed the magistrate (he was one himself) in my favor, telling him as I was a great favorite of his, and an overseer on his farm, he hoped he would be easy with me—give me perhaps a reprimand and send me back, and for his kindness he should receive a fine roast pig. Monday in the afternoon I was brought before the magistrate, when I repeated to him the facts of my case. I was accordingly reprimanded and sent away, with the injunction to be careful how I got again in a like scrape; but as I had borne a good character, and had not been arraigned but once before a magistrate, his honor felt disposed to be thus lenient. But when I afterward learned the import of Tabart's line, I thought verily that the savory smell of "roast pig" wrought more on his honor's clemency than did my "good be-

havior." That, however, was my last adventure before a magistrate. I was welcomed back by my employer, who with a smile accosted me: "Well, William, which is the best—home, or the watch house?" "Home, to be sure," said I. "Well, you may thank me for this escape," he replied, and good naturedly bade me go about my business.

Sheep shearing commenced with us about the first of October, lasting generally one and two months. An expert hand would clip one hundred in a day, though a good day's work is from sixty to eighty. The sheep to be sheared are driven at night under a long shed to shelter them from the heavy dew. From this shed a door opens to the shearing floor, which is sufficiently large for ten or fifteen men to work upon. I had never sheared a sheep. I was engaged rolling and sorting the fleeces, when one day Tabart being by and in quite a pleasant mood, bade me try the shears and learn. He was himself an excellent shearer. I rather demurred, for I was fearful of doing something wrong, whereby I should get his displeasure; but he had already caught me a fine, open wooled wether, and there was no other way than to attempt. He gave me the necessary instructions, but I made most awkward work of it, which gave Tabart a deal of merriment. Said he: "Dont be afraid, Gates; just shove the shears in." And sure enough I did shove them in—not into the wool precisely, but deeper—into the bowels of the sheep. "That was a fair stroke, Gates," said he as

I began to apologize ; " never mind, never mind, we shall have a mess of mutton for dinner. I intended killing one myself ; so you were just fortunate enough to save me the trouble." And catching another, he bade me try again ; which I did, with better success. Afterward I kept practicing, till I could shear twenty-five and thirty in a day before the season was gone.

Soon after the shearing is over the wool is sent to market. Tabart was anxious I should market his clip, but there was a difficulty in the way. Our party had been strictly prohibited from going into Hobart town or Launceston. Tabart however saw Whitefoot, who wrote to Hobart on the matter, and received answer that Tabart might have the privilege, provided he would give security for my good conduct. This he quickly did, and soon after I was on my way to Hobart town, with three dray loads of wool, each load weighing some three thousand pounds, and drawn by three yoke of oxen, with a driver to each dray. I was myself on horseback. At night we camped out, turning into the edge of the woods, where we built a fire and cooked our victuals, whilst the oxen were turned loose, with one of the teamsters to keep watch that they did not wander off. This is the usual custom. The third day we arrived opposite Hobart, where I left the men and teams, and putting the wool aboard a boat, crossed the river, which is here two miles in width.

My first care was to proceed to the police, report myself and obtain a permit for the time I wished to

stay. This being done, I was permitted to go about my business. Besides making a sale of the wool, I had a quantity of teas, sugars, cloths, &c., to purchase for my employer, who, like most of the settlers, kept a small store of his own for the accommodation of his men and neighbors.

I had not gone far before I came upon an American tar "half seas over." I accosted him, asking if he was from America. "What business is that to you, you bloody constable?" and he squared himself ready to pitch bodily and personally into my presence. "But," says I, "my friend, it is of some business to me, for I am not what you take me to be, but an American too." "The Dickens you are! how came you here?" cried Jack, his features relaxing and his arms falling to his side. I told him briefly how I was taken prisoner in Canada, and with others transported, and made to drag out a miserable existence there. The heart of the weather-beaten man was now opened, and nothing was too good for me. Go away from that place I should. His vessel left in a few days, and beside, there were two others there. He would take me on board at once and secrete me. But I was afraid—I dared not do it then. I knew there was a strict watch kept over me, for I felt pretty well assured that I was marked at the police, and constables were continually dogging me. I told the good natured fellow that I would not then, but would think of it more. That evening he met me again with several of his comrades, who urged me harder

than ever to go with them. It was a hard struggle with me: I had hopes—strong hopes—of getting my liberty from government before many months, and I knew that if I attempted an escape and should be unsuccessful, my hope of liberty would be forever fled, if my life did not pay the forfeit. I was aware too that under such strict surveillance it would be a difficult matter. These considerations, and the ardent longing for home—“that home of the free and the brave”—made me irresolute: now almost determined to go, and then afraid of the consequences and abandoning the idea. Thus did I come almost to a thousand conclusions in twenty-four hours.

The next day I had disposed of the wool and had the required purchases, and still had £1000 left in my pocket—equivalent to five thousand dollars. The impulse now to leave the land and seek my native country, was stronger than ever, and the mental struggle I endured no one can imagine. The sailors met me again and importuned me to go. I told them of the difficulties that surrounded me, and what would be the result in case of my failure. But they swore they would get me off safely—that they would go aboard and get the mate, whom they would warrant could put me where the British would never find me. Still I told them I would wait a while longer, when I believed I should get my freedom from government—that at present I was suffering much less than I had done, and therefore I would try and stand it a few months more. Nevertheless I left

them in a more undecided state than ever. There I had \$5000 in my pocket, which if I could succeed in getting off with, would partially remunerate me for my time and suffering, and to take which seemed to be no very heinous sin. But conscience whispered—"it is not thine. The owner of it hath done thee no harm; moreover, he hath put great confidence in thy integrity. Wherefore, then, shouldst thou betray thy trust, and prove thyself a rogue?" I got the goods across the river, loaded them on the drays, and started again for Oatland. Still I was tormented with the wish. Once I did conclude I would turn back; but then the thought came to me, I should not only deprive my employer of his rightful money, but would also leave the drays to be plundered by the teamsters of the goods. Then I thought I would go further along, when I would feign something forgotten, for which I would return whilst they should drive to the next station, but a short distance beyond, and wait my return. This done I could make the river, hire a little boat, float down, and under cover of darkness perhaps evade the water police, and get aboard the American ship, which the next morning would set sail. This idea I also abandoned; for I began to think that if I ever left the island, I would not do it so dishonorably. Had the money in my pocket belonged to Government, I could have taken it without compunctions. I had ever been taught that honesty was the best policy, and thus far I had endeavored to live to the princi-

ple. Though in escaping I should have done no wrong, but acted perfectly right, my better judgment told me that the taking of the money was doing wrong to an individual who had himself treated me with comparative kindness.

I returned and delivered everything safe to Tabart, who I imagined had felt some fears lest I should not come again. He was gratified with the result of my labors, declaring I had done as well, if not better, than he could have done himself. For weeks afterwards, I could hardly sleep at night, thinking of the chance I had let slip of getting to America; and at times I was half ready to curse myself for not attempting it. The longing for home, sweet home, was doubly increased.

A while after this a number of our men determined upon an attempt to escape from the shore in Swanport district. They made very extensive arrangements, and sent me word to join them also, but I preferred remaining in my present situation, rather than run the great risk of being taken and sent again to the roads, of which I had the utmost horror. They however went forward—and failed, as I had strong reason to fear they would. Those who have not been through the furnace can have no idea of the complete surveillance that is held over the poor prisoners.

Whilst I was with Tabart, Sir Eardly Wilmot arrived to relieve Sir John Franklin. Wilmot was much more humanely disposed, and I believe it was mainly through his representations and influence that

the government was induced to commence freeing us from the deep degradation into which she had so unmercifully plunged us. Soon after his arrival, he passed through Oatland. Tabart had a very fine span of young horses, which he was anxious to sell his Excellency, and accordingly, the day before his arrival I was dispatched to Oatland to endeavor to effect a sale. I saw the Governor and tried to drive a bargain with him, but as he was in no trading mood I only had the honor of the conversation. At one time I was half disposed to speak concerning our confinement, but a farther thought determined me to say nothing. We had complained so much without effecting anything, but incurred abuse, I imagined I would be as stoical as possible and bide my time, for life at the longest would be short.

My first year as ticket-of-leave man was drawing to a close. Tabart was anxious I should remain another year, but was not willing to raise my wages. There was one Kimberly living seven miles from Tabart's who also wanted to engage me. From his conversation I was satisfied he would give me more than £8, if I choose to leave where I was. I told my employer I could not stay with him unless he would raise my pay, still he would not advance, and yet I was loth to leave him.

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CHAPTER XII.

A PROXY CONSTABLE — OVERSEER FOR KIMBERLY.

About this time that vicinity was much disturbed by a gang of "bush rangers," which are prisoners who have taken the bush, and succeeded in capturing arms and ammunition from the shepherds, with a determination to live or die in their wild freedom.— If a prisoner take the bush and arm himself, it is certain death for him when taken. This gang, though numbering but three, was a desperate set, and had put the settlers in much fear by their frequent and daring depredations. The constabulary force was called out—many of the freemen joined the pursuit also, and yet they evaded them all, though a reward of £300 was on their heads. Tabart was evidently piqued at my refusal to continue with him at £8 a year, and through his recommendation I was ordered to appear before the magistrate at Oatland to equip myself and join in the pursuit of the rangers. A ticket-of-leave man is compelled to do this duty when it is demanded of him, and yet he receives no pay, unless he succeeds in capturing the ranger, when he has a share of the reward and a free pardon.

I did not like the employment, and besides, my constitution had become so enfeebled from the sufferings I had undergone, that I was in no condition to endure the fatigue of hard travelling. I urged my case so strongly to the magistrate, that I succeeded in convincing him of my inability to perform the required service. But instead of allowing me to return to my employment, he entered me on the constabular list, to patrol the village during the absence of the regular constables. Here I remained six weeks, walking the streets from six in the morning till nine in the evening.

Whenever the constable finds a drunken, brawling person, he is obliged to take him to the watch house, for which he receives half the fine, which is usually five shillings. This and his rations are his receipts.

During my perambulations, I avoided all such appearances as much as possible, and when one did break upon my vision, I shut my eyes as much as I dared to ; so that through the whole of my "official career" I locked up but four or five. I hated the business, for the constable was looked upon by all classes as a sort of degraded being, scorned and contemned by the freeman, and hated and despised by the lower orders. It was decidedly unpleasant business—business that I would rather go penniless and starve than to engage in. So, rather than to make myself forward in the matter, I took all opportunities to neglect the duty as much as I could, knowing that if I made poor business of it, I should be less

likely to be called again. Consequently, no very remarkable incidents occurred during my aforesaid "official career," save one, which I was compelled into very much against my inclination.

I had one day noticed a brawling woman in the street near the principal tavern, who was the worse for liquor. I therefore kept aloof from her vicinity, perambulating other portions of the village. Not long afterwards the stage drove in from Launceston with a large load of the bloods and gent. They stopped at the tavern, and as the woman showed no disposition to leave, but grew more and more noisy, it became imperative that she should be removed. The chief constable now came up the street in search of me; I could not hide away, else I should have been tempted to have done it. He peremptorily ordered me to take that woman immediately to the watch house, sharply scolding me at the same time for not doing it before. Now I would rather have attempted to put six men in the same place than one woman. But there was no alternative now, for there were no six men in lawful condition just then to go there. So I made the best of it I could, and walked straight along toward her, plucking up as much resolution by the way as possible, yet hoping all the while that some fortunate circumstance would dodge in to relieve me. Still the fates seemed against me. I passed her, remarking, it would be much to the edification of the Queen's subjects if she would keep quiet. "Pooh," says she "there goes a bloody con-

stable—he can't put *me* in the watch ;” and she continued railing away at no small rate, quite to the amusement of the crowd on the tavern steps. The chief constable here holloed to me again, commanding me to remove that woman instantly, else I should be sent to the watch myself—thence to be recommitted to the roads. Seeing no alternative, I turned back, walked up to her, and without ado clasped her at once about the waist and flung her across my shoulder, when I marched off triumphantly toward the watch-house—passing directly by the tavern and close to the steps where were clustered the gentry, witnessing the sight with much glee. My burthen was by no means a quiescent one—for she used the means of defence granted alike to cats and termagants, pretty vigorously about my face—swore—kicked—cursed and screamed—yet I held bravely on my way for a few rods, when my foot treacherously slipped, and my burthen and I came sprawling together on the ground—to the infinite delight of the spectators, who burst into one general roar of laughter. There I was, entangled, and suffering danger of various contusions from the active heels of my fallen companion—the crowd roaring at us, and myself so much convulsed with laughter at the ludicrousness of my situation that I was almost nerveless for strength. I however soon succeeded in scrambling out of harm's way, with but slight damage. But I was again in a dilemma, for the prisoner refused to budge an inch, or even to rise up. I saw there must

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be something done. There was a storekeeper in the village by the name of Gabey, who was excessively proud feeling and quite aristocratic in manners. As a constable, I had the right of commanding any one in the Queen's name to assist me; and whoever so called on, was obliged to render aid under very heavy penalties. Seeing this knight of the yard-stick strutting up the street, I holloed to him at once: "Gabey, I command you in the Queen's name to assist me in taking this woman to the watch-house." The sound fell on his ears like a bomb-shell—for he would have given no small amount of money rather than to have been caught thus, and in the presence of the gentry too, with many of whom he was acquainted. He dared not do otherwise than to give the required aid. So, with a woful countenance he came to the duty, when we seized her each by an arm and dragged her to the watch-house.

Poor Gabey did not get over his disgrace for a long time, and his aristocratic airs wilted under the jeers of his associates like a cabbage leaf in a June sun. For my part, I enjoyed the matter very well, particularly the turn which it took upon Gabey, who never looked upon me afterward with any very exalted ideas of respect.

During my stay in the village I saw Tabart frequently, who urged me strongly to go back and live again with him. He assured me he could get me off the station at any time he wished, yet he refused to advance my wages. Kimberly I also saw occasion-

ally, who had now agreed to give me £9 a year, with some extra indulgencies—my time to commence as soon as I should be allowed to retire from my public station. £9 a year was the maximum of wages on the island, and so long as government would not permit our leaving the island, I had no reason to complain against the settler who would allow me that maximum, and throw in many little indulgencies beside.

The constables having returned from their fruitless search—I was relieved from the cares and anxieties of my “political career.” Whether it had been a brilliant one, I did not stop to inquire. I felt most grateful that I could be permitted to “retire.” I immediately sought Kimberly’s residence, some eight miles distant, and was at once installed overseer on his estate.

My employer was a man of fifty years, a widower, with the same number of sons and daughters as Tabbart, and a like number of hands about the house. The daughters were as proud as Lucifer, and feared the sight or presence of one of low degree as much as they would the plague; wealth and distinction was the sum and substance of their idea of soul. The boys and old man were sociable and kind—though himself much addicted to the bottle.

His estate covered ten thousand acres, with six hundred under cultivation. He had but six thousand sheep and one hundred cattle, his attention being given mostly to tillage. When I commenced with

him, his men were seeding five hundred acres of wheat. Ordinarily, he had from twenty-five to thirty hands, who liked him much, because he seldom punished or overtasked them; and yet he received as much work as those who were continually driving, and half the time punishing. In his charge to me, he bade me be kind to the men, but see they did their work faithfully. And for the two years I was his overseer, but one man on his premises received any punishment. This was in wheat harvest. I had been to a station and hired forty extra hands at five shillings (\$1,25) per day. Whenever a settler calls upon a station for help it is granted to him. The prisoners in this respect are divided into three grades, according to their good behavior. The settler has his pick in the whole gang. If he takes those of the first grade, the prisoner receives the wages himself. If of the second grade, he receives one half and the government the other half; and if of the third grade, he receives one third only. If any of them do not suit, or they are refractory, they are returned, punished, and kept on the road. And this is why it is the freeman or ticket-of-leave man gets no more. The settler is supplied with convict labor at any price, between £6 and £9 per annum, he chooses to give.

In this instance the man was slow, and yet was anxious to keep up with his companions; to do which he would clip off the wheat, letting it scatter on the ground, and lay the blame to the grub, which that

season infested the wheat fields to a large extent. Going with Kimberly one day into the harvest field, we saw the man at his trick. When we came up and Kimberly questioned him, he stoutly denied the fact; but finding we had seen him at it, he finally owned up and confessed the reason. Kimberly was for sending him immediately to the magistrate for punishment. I ventured to ask for the liberty of inflicting the penalty upon the spot. "Oh, certainly, if you wish," said he. I then made a few remarks to the man, setting forth the reasonableness of my punishment, which was, that he should for three days gather up the heads of wheat, without receiving any other remuneration than his daily food. It did the fellow more good than a visit to the triangle or the cells could have done. My employer often told me that he had never had an overseer that got as much from his men, and with so little trouble, and yet had it so well done as I did. And yet I took no harsh measures, nor enforced any obsequious homage, and I believe I had their confidence and respect equally as much as I did Kimberly's. He scarce ever took any notice of them, except in my absence. The whole management of the estate was conferred upon me, with power to make bargains in buying and selling stock, sheep, produce, &c.

Upon either side of us at a distance of a mile and a half were taverns, and Kimberly never left home without returning pretty-well-to-do for liquor. He also kept a large quantity in his own cellar, so that

he was half and two thirds drunk a greater part of the time. He frequently came into the kitchen of an evening, and spent the time, often till midnight, talking about America and telling anecdotes. About three months after my coming with him, we anticipated an attack from those same Bush Rangers that were hunted whilst I was at Oatland. They were Irishmen, of the names of Cash, Jones and Caverner, and had grown quite bold and daring in their depredations. There was a constable who resided a part of the time with Kimberly, and against whom these men had a particular grudge for informing of their whereabouts some months before. We knew they were prowling about the vicinity from the fact of several recent robberies. My employer had been absent for two or three days on a "spree." Returning about ten o'clock at night, he stopped at the kitchen fire to warm and chat a while with me, as I had not yet retired. The other members of the household were abed. The old man was pretty chirp in his liquor, and remained talking nearly two hours. About midnight I heard a noise at the men's huts, and remarked to Kimberly that I thought the Bush Rangers were there. But he laughed at the idea, saying—"Pshaw, Gates, they wouldn't come out such a stormy night as this." It was raining very hard at the time. "It must be them, I think, the noise is so unusual," I replied; but the old man would not believe it, until we heard them approaching the house. "Sure enough, they have come,"

ejaculated the old man, who shook with fear like a leaf in the wind, and who withal was now so drunk that he could hardly stand up. The Rangers had surprised the men at the huts, and secured their hands behind them. This done, they marched them towards the house, denuded of every garment but their shirts. As they approached, the Rangers demanded where the constable slept. The men did not know, but replied, probably in the kitchen bedroom—(he usually slept on a sofa in the parlor.) Jones stepped to the window and commanded him to rise, when he fired—his ball passing through the open door of the bedroom and lodging in the mantle of the fire place, close by the cook's head, who but a minute before had risen and was standing by the fire. At the same moment the kitchen door was flung open, and the muzzles of two guns presented, backed by the command to stir not, lest death should be the result. Our hands were then secured behind us. The cook, butler, gardener, &c., were also secured, and the whole—the men from the huts as well as those from the house—marched into the parlor; all in their shirts save Kimberly and myself, who were full dressed, when we were put under guard of Caverner. Cash demanded of the old man where the constable was, to which he replied he had gone to the village and had not yet returned. He next demanded where the money was. Kimberly replied he had not a shilling in the house; which was the case, for generally the farmers deposit their funds in the bank or elsewhere,

and give drafts for the payment of debts, sometimes even for small sums. He was then informed they should take the privilege of examining his rooms, &c., for themselves.

They had not gone far in their rummage before they came upon the daughters, whom they secured as they had the men, and ushered them into the parlor in their undress. It was piteous to hear their cries and entreaties, and witness the anguish of their mortification. Yet I could but feel a sort of satisfaction in seeing their pride so completely humbled as it was. Misfortune often brings people into strange companionship. Cash and Jones discovered nothing but a gold watch, a little silver plate, and a few minor articles—besides a very nice new suit of clothes, worth some £16 or £18, which Jones appropriated to his own use, leaving however his old suit, which had just began to be threadbare.

When the Bush Rangers are successful in their predatory life, they go dressed as nicely as any gentleman, wearing as fine broadcloth, and sporting as rich gold watches, chains and finger rings. They inquired of the old man to whom the watch belonged. "To my eldest daughter." Turning to her, Cash compelled her to reveal its story; which was to the effect that she had received it as a gift from her affianced. Cash then returned it to its place, saying he scorned to take the things of a woman. They then proceeded to the store, where they filled a sack with tea, sugar, flour, ham, &c., which they brought into

the parlor, where they selected the largest man of the company to carry the "swag," as they term their plunder, for them to the bush. The choice fell upon the gardener, who was a stout, athletic man, but who had only a day or two before broken one of his great toes ; in consequence of which, it was difficult for him to get about. He plead for an excuse, telling them of his affliction ; but it was all the same to them, for go he must, without a word of complaint. His hands were loosed and the "swag" thrown over his shoulders, when Cash and Caverner departed with him for the bush. After they were gone, Jones untied my own hands, and then gave us the injunction to remain perfectly quiet for two hours, during which time he should remain outside to see that his injunctions were observed, and that his comrades had sufficient time to make safe their retreat ; and when the hours were fully expired, I could then unlose the rest. I dared not disobey this injunction, nor did the rest either, for we too well knew what desperate characters the Bush Rangers were, and that, defenceless as we were, one man, armed with a gun and a belt of pistols, had decidedly the advantage. So soon as the clock had struck the two hours—and they seemed long hours to us all, particularly to the daughters, who supplicated and entreated me to unbind their hands, though to have spoken to me in any other situation would have been considered by them such a deep disgrace that no water could wash it out. I unbound them all, and immediately despatched a

messenger on horseback to Oatland with the news ; the constables were again in pursuit, but without success. The gardener returned the next morning at nine o'clock, looking more woebegone than if he had just passed through six months' road service. A cold heavy rain had been falling almost incessantly, and denuded as he was of clothing, he suffered beyond description. He had been compelled to carry the "swag" some five miles into the bush, to what was known as the "murdering tier," a rocky elevation of forest, that furnished in its caves a comparatively safe retreat. Its vicinity had been the scene of several murders—hence its name, and the feeling of dread that encompassed it.

Cash before taking the bush was a ticket-of-leave man, at work for one of the settlers. One night in the summer season, he went to the "safe"—a place for keeping meat, &c., from the flies—and took therefrom a slice of bacon and one egg, which he ate to satisfy his hunger. He was discovered, arraigned before a magistrate, and sentenced to two years at Port Arthur and five more upon the roads. No sooner was he released from Port Arthur and placed upon the road, than he took the bush, inducing Jones and Caverner to accompany him. Soon after they succeeded in disarming some shepherds, and thus far had maintained their position ; but which, however, they kept but six months longer.

One of them had a wife, or a woman with whom he lived, now residing in Hobart town. Thinking

they had been so long away from Hobart, and had changed so much in their appearance, that they might pass unrecognized and thereby escape from the island, they decided to go to town. On their way down they diverged from the "tier" which they were following to rob a tavern, where they obtained quite a large sum of money. Immediately returning again to the "tier," they fell into a dispute about the division of the spoils, which dispute ended in a duel, and the wounding of Caverner, who was left by his companions, as they supposed, mortally wounded. Caverner succeeded in crawling to a shepherd's hut not far off. The shepherd was an old man, sentenced to the island for life. He at once took his prisoner to Hobart, where he received the reward of £200, a free pardon and a free passage home.

Cash and Jones succeeded in passing three or four weeks in town undiscovered. Accidentally Cash was recognized by an old acquaintance, who immediately gave the alarm, and presently the whole town was astir. It was a bright moonlight evening. Cash quickly perceived there was mischief in the wind, and started at once, as he supposed, for the bush, but instead was running at the top of his speed into the very heart of the town. He was noticed thus coming down the walk by a constable standing on the steps of his own house, and who at once judged him to be the outlaw. The officer sprang into the street and grasped him bodily, when Cash drew a pistol from his belt and fired, the man falling heavily to the

pavement, a lifeless corpse. He ran but a short distance farther, ere he was overpowered by numbers and disarmed. Jones was also secured, but not until he had been fired upon, and both eyes destroyed by the ball passing obliquely through them. Cash was soon hung, whilst Jones and Caverner were placed in the hospital and fully cured, when they too paid the forfeit of their lives upon the gallows—Jones begging like a dog that his life might be spared, as he could now do no harm, when the light of heaven was blotted out of his enjoyment.

A while afterwards two others, Conway and Jeffs, took the bush and succeeded in furnishing themselves with guns and ammunition. They were both young men, about eighteen years of age, prepossessing in appearance, and withal rather talented, particularly Conway. They had not been in the bush long when a force was mustered out and sent in pursuit. Whitefoot urged Kimberly to consent that I should be pressed into the service, but K. refused unless I was willing, and Whitefoot thought too much of my employer to press any of his men against his wishes. As a matter of course I would go only upon compulsion, for it was business I did not like. I could not blame the Rangers so much for trying to gain their freedom—for it truly seemed to the convict that every man's hand was against him, and he might be well pardoned for standing out in his own defence; and therefore for me, who had felt so much and so keenly the tyrant's power, to go and hunt them to

the death, was something that my spirit revolted at, and was more than I was willing to do.

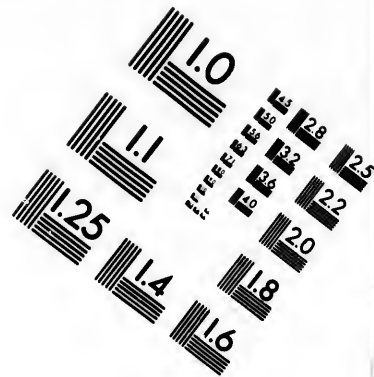
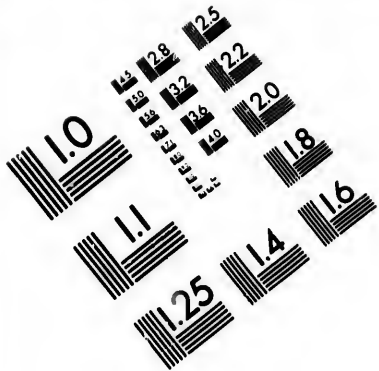
Aaron Dresser and Stephen Wright, two of my comrades, were however pressed and compelled to go. There were fourteen sent out in two equal companies, who ranged the bush for two months, when at last one of them discerned smoke issuing from a deserted shepherd's hut. Creeping cautiously up, they surprised the men in the act of preparing their morning meal, when they quickly secured them. Just as they were leading them forth handcuffed, the party to which Dresser and Wright belonged came up. They held a short consultation, agreeing that the captains should report both parties engaged in the capture, whereby all should receive an equal share of the result, which was the reward of £200, a free pardon for each, and a free passage home. This was good luck for my friends, which gave them a speedy passage home. They were put on board a boat just leaving for London, with orders to the captain to place them upon the first American vessel spoken, homeward bound. They were not long at sea before they hailed a returning whaler, upon which they were placed, and their passage paid to New Bedford, where they arrived in due course of time.

Conway and Jeff's were soon executed at Oatland. Conway requested of the high constable, a day or two before his execution, that he might be hung in a clean white shirt. It was procured for him. "No,"

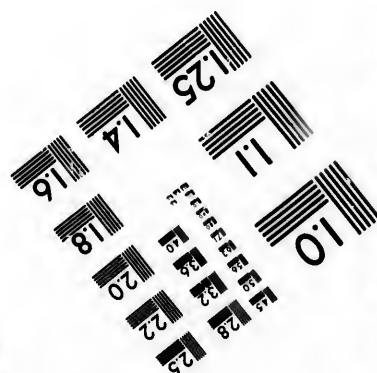
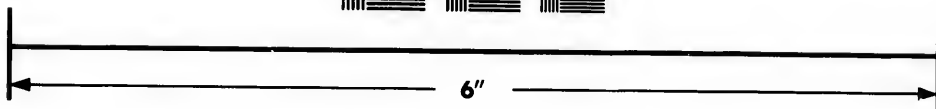
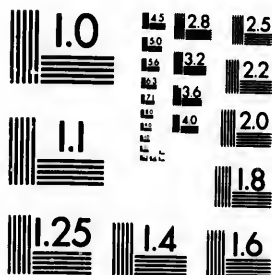
he said, "I will not put it on now. Let it be laid away till I am led from the jail, for I want it should be clean and nice. I cannot bear to die in this dirty convict's shirt." His wish was gratified. A large concourse assembled to witness their execution. He ascended the scaffold with a calm countenance and a firm step, when he addressed the spectators at considerable length in an eloquent and touching manner. Indeed I was not the only one that felt a pang, that one so well endowed to have done the world good service, should come to such an untimely and ignoble end.

At another time, a company were pressed to go in pursuit of two other Bush Rangers. Among the number was Bemas Woodbury, who had so much of the American spirit that he peremptorily told them he should not lift his hand to fight for them, though they did compel him to go so much against his will. They came upon the Rangers, when the company were ordered to fire, which they did saving Woodbury. Yet the men escaped unharmed. The captain was very angry, probably because he did not succeed in shooting them down, and therefore vented his spite upon Woodbury, who was brought before a magistrate, his ticket-of-leave broken, and himself remanded again to the roads for a year. He had been thus at work about two months, when one day being in Oatland, I observed his name gazetted as due a free pardon. I immediately jumped on my horse and galloped out to the works, two miles distant, ac-





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costing him at once—"Woodbury, do you know you are free?" The man was astonished; "No, I am not free," he said in rather a bitter tone. "But you are free." "Are you sure of it?" he asked eagerly. "Yes; for I have just read it in the Gazette." The poor fellow was so overjoyed he scarcely knew whether he was in the body or out of the body. He jerked off his old skull cap, danced, and capered about as if he were delirious with pleasure. "Is it so though, Gates?" "Are you *sure* it's so?" he asked, I presume, a dozen times. The superintendent came up in quite a rage and ordered Woodbury to work. "But you have no authority over him now," said I, "he's free!" "Free? what business have you coming here telling him he's free?" and the myrmidon of tyranny ordered me to be gone. "Not so fast, sir," I replied; "for whether you desire it or not, it is my business, and the man's business too; for we have suffered the hellish cruelty of such men as you are long enough to know how sweet freedom is." We then left him, foaming and swearing the direst vengeance against us, if Woodbury was not indeed free. There were nineteen others pardoned at the same time with Woodbury. Others had also received the same boon previously.

Calling it a crime for which we had been sent there, each was equally guilty therein, so that it could but seem to us, that whilst they were liberating some they were doing injustice to others. But as it was all injustice, from beginning to end, it was only heap-

ing more and greater wrongs on a part than on the whole.

It was some nine months after Woodbury's departure, that my hopes began again to flutter faintly. Comode, who was one of the Governor's council, was gone to Hobart on official business. Who knew but there might be more of us who should be granted pardons? and what if I should be one of them? Oh! how I hoped and longed it might be, and yet dared not to hope but faintly—very faintly indeed.

Thursday, the 13th of September, 1845, I was sent by Kimberly to the post office for his papers and letters. Just as I rode up, the mail coach arrived from Hobart. Among the passengers that dismounted for a short stop I noticed Comode. I was so anxious that I ventured to intrude myself on his notice. He was then sitting alone in the parlor. I bowed to him, remarking that, as I was one of the Canadian prisoners, I felt much anxiety to know what were the intentions of Government respecting those of us who were not yet pardoned, and why it was that a part were liberated, and the rest, who were guilty of no more crime, should still be held in confinement. He replied, "I am pretty well assured it is the intention of Government to release you all; but it was thought best that it should not be done at once, lest the liberation of so many should create an excitement among the other prisoners. But," continued he, "there have been eleven pardoned at this present sitting of the Council. What is your name?"

“William Gates.” “Gates,—Gates,” said he, musingly, “I believe your name is one of the eleven, though I am not certain. I have a list of them in my portmanteau;—(here the mail was about starting) I have not time to look for it now, for I must be going; but you ride round to my place this afternoon and I will let you know.” This was news I had longed for a great while, and yet had not dared to indulge hope lest it should prove a phantom; and now, when it seemed as though the boon was almost mine, I could not credit it, yet wished in were true. I returned to Kimberly’s with conflicting emotions in my bosom, and spoke to him on the matter, when he advised me by all means to call on Comode and ascertain the truth.

In a direct line the distance was but seven miles, whilst by the road it was fifteen. My horse was not very long in carrying me thither. I rapped at the door, when a servant appeared, and eyeing me pretty closely, announced me to his master, who bade him admit me at once; and there I stood, before the councillor, trembling with such feelings of hope and fear as may be felt, but not described. “Gates, you are free!” said Comode. “It cannot be! that boon is not for me,” I replied, hardly knowing what I did say, for I feared—oh! how I feared—he was tantalizing me. “You can see for yourself,” he remarked, handing me the list at the same time. I ran it over with my eyes, and there, near the bottom, was a name—could it be mine? I doubted my senses—

rubbed my eyes—looked again—still doubted—and yet I spelled it out: “WILLIAM GATES!” Could it be me? was my name indeed Gates? Had I not lost my identity, and was not this some other person? These, and a thousand other conflicting thoughts, rushed through my mind in less time than I have occupied in detailing even this shadow of the scene.—“Are you sure this is me, Mr. Comode?” I inquired doubtingly, as I held one finger on the name. “It *is* for you,” he answered, his countenance beaming with delight.

It was enough. It seemed as though my heart would burst through my bosom, or choke up my throat, it leaped so wildly; and my whole frame seemed so suddenly to expand, and to such a degree, that I incontinently put out my hands to pull down my trowsers legs, that I imagined had shrunk above my knees; whilst my coat sleeves in like manner were left near the elbows, vainly endeavoring to cover the arms below; and my vest was nigh to bursting its buttons, so tight had it come to be about my body. It actually seemed that my body would burst its garments asunder, and leave me standing there before the man of office in a state of nudity. I know not how else I acted. I was in a delirium of joy and felt entirely like a new man. I reigned my horse directly for Kimberly’s. It was one which had been trained expressly for driving cattle, and was therefore well used to leaping fences, logs, &c. It took a direct line home, scaling brush and rail fences, and

whatever obstructions interposed, with perfect ease. how long I was in passing the distance I know not, but the horse stood panting at his master's gate before I was scarcely aware we had left Comode's.

"It is true, it is true, Mr. Kimberly ; I am free!" I shouted, as I burst into the old man's presence. "God bless you," said he ; "but what will you do now?" "Leave the island just as quick as I can get away from it." "But how will you get away?" "Trust luck for that." "Oh, you had better stay with me another year ; I'll advance your wages to £16, which will help you materially in getting home another year." Although I had experienced good treatment from Kimberly, and thought much of him as a man and a gentleman, yet I so detested the island, I could not bear the idea of remaining, hardly another day. I was therefore determined to go immediately to Hobart town, and secure a passage home if possible ; but if not, then proceed to Australia, where I had heard wages were far better, so that I could the quicker earn my passage money. My employer had been so kind, in giving me at various times shirts, &c., and even a nice suit of clothes, that I had been enabled to lay aside nearly all my wages, so that he was now indebted to me £16. Had I been so disposed, I might have secured myself £100 by peculating his funds, and he would never have known the difference. Seeing my determination to leave, he went to the tavern to procure me the money ; but instead of returning, he

fell drunk and remained three days. Three longer days it seemed to me I had never seen. Friday I was at Oatland, where I saw my name gazetted for a free pardon. I was joined by a comrade, Riley Whitney, who was also one of the eleven. Sunday night the old man came home, and the next morning paid me the £16. He was extremely loth to have me go, and renewed his solicitations to have me stop another year. But still, he said he would not compel me to stay, if it were in his power. We bade each other a hearty good bye, and soon I was on my way, footing it with Whitney to Hobart town. Just as we entered Oatland, we witnessd the execution of a female who had murdered a child. As usual upon such occasions, there were many spectators out. We arrived at the town, a distance of fifty miles, at eleven o'clock in the night, well tired with our day's travel. Early the next morning we called at the police office for our "Pardons." We had to pass through another searching examination, to ascertain whether we corresponded with the description on record.

Everything appearing satisfactory to the man of function, we were permitted to have the bit of parchment that restored us the liberty of which we had so long and so wrongfully been deprived. But there it left us, just as far away from home, without means to return to those we loved. We went down among the shipping, but there was no vessel there from America, nor any that was bound that way. We

again went into the city to stroll about for an hour or two. We had not gone far when we stumbled upon another execution—that of two women. The hangman was just preparing them for the drop. It soon fell. One of the women died almost instantly; the other struggled for several moments, when the hangman stepped forward, jumped upward, grasped the feet of the criminal, which he pulled downward with his whole force, swinging himself clear of the ground for the space of a minute or more. It was so revolting that even the spectators, who are there hardened to revolting sights, cried out “For shame!” Whitney and myself turned away, sick at heart, and presently were again on the wharves. We soon found a small schooner, loaded with lumber for Malbourne, in Australia. We went on board and that afternoon left—I trust forever—Van Dieman’s Land: that place so horribly stamped upon the memory.

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CHAPTER XIII.

VAN DIEMAN AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

Whitney and I remained on deck watching our late prison home with feelings of pleasure—pleasure that we were no longer forced to tread its soil. And as it receded from our view, and appeared to sink beneath the waters, we involuntarily exclaimed, "So may it go down, never, never more to lift its crest above the wave." Our sufferings had been so great it seemed almost a miracle that we should have survived them. For a long time I had been afflicted with a cough, that was fast wearing away what little of my constitution the road service had spared. It had been contracted from exposure at the stations, and instead of getting better had been gradually increasing in violence. The doctor at Hobart told me I could not survive it long, for it would inevitably bring me to the grave, and that too, he thought, within a few months. A thousand thoughts thronged through my mind. The vicisitudes of life that had been my lot for the last eight years, seemed like some terrible dream, or some horrid vision. But yonder lay the island, whose first welcome to us was

the sight of men in gibbets, and whereon we had been forced to drag out some five and a half years of most degraded servitude—and whose last greeting was the more disgusting sight of women in those same gibbets. Oh! what a comment upon that island and of heavy loaded sin.

Had we been sent there for some *crime*—murder or treason—we might not have had reason to complain. Life is sweet, and man clings to it with desperation. It is well that the love of it is so strongly entwined about the soul, else earth would present a dreary waste—an uninhabited desert. But it is indeed the truth, that if the horrors of the convict life be as faithfully delineated as the capacity of language will permit, still there is that about it which yet remains untold. There are sufferings there which not only rend the flesh and break down the stalwart heart of proud manhood, but they pierce the inmost spirit and make dead every feeling of humanity. There could be tales told of that island that would curdle the blood—tales that would make man blush to think them true of his fellow man, and which, if one should relate them so far away, his listeners would but think him attempting a game upon their credulity—so fiend-like are many of the hellish souls that lord it there but briefly over a gang of their fellow clay. I would not speak thus harshly; but when one thinks of those sufferings which bowed his spirit even to the dust—that crushed and took from him his manhood, and degraded him to the level of a beast, he must indeed

be a man of more patience than was ever Job, if he can smother the bitterness of his heart.

We were ten days in making the passage, which in fair wind and weather is accomplished in four or five days. When the weather was suitable we amused ourselves in taking fish, of which great numbers hovered around our little ship.

As nothing of particular interest occurred on board the schooner, we may spend the time in taking a bird's eye glance of the "Land" we have left, and upon which were still remaining eighteen of our number.

When it was discovered, I am not well enough informed to say ; though I believe, some two hundred years since—by a Dutchman, whose name it bears. It was first appropriated to the purposes of a penal colony, somewhere about the year 1800. Of the first ship load landed, several yet remained on the island. One of these, by the name of Johnson, who had obtained his emancipation, was reputed to be the richest person in the whole country. He was an old man, and longed very much to see his native country. He offered the government the pledge of his whole property, save enough to carry him home and back, if it would but permit him to visit old England *once* before he died. But government was rigorous, and the old man could not leave the island.

There were then probably not far from ninety thousand inhabitants ; more than half of whom were convicts, including such as were emancipated.—

There are three grades of them. Those who are compelled to labor for government, generally upon the roads, are the convicts proper. Having served in this capacity an allotted time, if their behavior is such as suits their tyrannical masters, they are granted tickets of leave, when they are called ticket-of-leave men. These usually have the liberty to seek employment throughout the greater portion of the island, subject, however, to the demands of government, and under its supervision. It is very seldom they are able to save any thing from their earnings. If their conduct continues to satisfy their masters, and they have succeeded in keeping out of punishment or from a re-commitment to the roads, they are allowed emancipations, and are then called Emancipationists, having the full privilege of citizenship, and the full freedom of the island.

The natives have nearly all disappeared. The contact of the English has been even more deadly to them than it was to our aborigines. I saw several of them whilst residing there. They were less in stature than our Indians—were tattooed—had black hair, which was rather curly—a dark skin, with rather high cheek bones. There is a small colony of them on a small adjacent island, which is the only remnant of several thousands; and very soon will it be when the last of these shall have yielded to the white race.

Van Dieman society is indeed loathsome. Drunkenness and debauchery are common among those

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who claim themselves the gentry. Nor are the members of the female sex free from the practice. Ladies of high rank indulge in the social glass with as much gusto as do their leige lords; and among the lower classes, and in the streets, it is as common a thing to see females as males, reeling in all the filth of beastly drunkenness, and blaspheming most horribly. The poor man there, though he be as virtuous as a saint, has no more hope of honor and preferment, or the privilege of associating with the higher grades of society, than the most abandoned wretch that wallows in the ditch. But give him wealth—make him rich in the things of this earth, and he becomes one of the greatest “gentlemen” on the island, though he were the veriest vagabond that disgraced the magistrate’s calendar. Vice of every description seemed almost to run riot; nor could it otherwise be well expected, so long as the greater share of the convicts were but the scum and filth of England’s society. Obscenity and coarse vulgarity walked the streets and country brazen faced—nor sought to hide their deformity in darkness. The chief amusements were horse racing, cock fighting, hunting, theatre going, and the like.

The face of the country in most parts is broken. Ridges or “tiers” of land are frequent, some of which are rugged and rocky. Between these the land is generally of a rich loomy character, producing good crops, where it is not swampy or marshy. There are but few streams, and in all my time there I nev-

er saw one real gurgling spring. Through the summer season it very seldom rains ; as a consequence the country becomes parched, the swamps dry up, and nearly all the streams cease running. Good water is obtained by sinking wells from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth. For their cattle the farmers often scoop out deep ponds in the swamps or marshes, which may retain water for the greater part if not wholly through the year. The settlers live some distance apart, on estates ranging from four and five thousand to twenty and twenty-five thousand acres, very little of which they till, devoting them mainly to purposes of pasturage. Wheat however is raised to some extent, but is not always a sure crop, the heavy frosts frequently injuring not only this but other crops also. The average yield of crops is nearly the same as here. Rye is occasionally raised. Oats and barley, which are considered the surest grains, are extensively cultivated. Potatoes flourished, but were affected with the same unexplained disease that is destroying the crop throughout the world. Corn cannot flourish. Fruits and grapes do well when sheltered from the frost. The prices of produce may be judged of somewhat by the following rates, which was about the average price for the time I was there : One shilling of that currency is worth just two York shillings : Wheat was six to eight shillings—though I have known it as low as three shillings, and again as high as thirty shillings—barley brought five shillings ; potatoes two

shillings and six pence — and oats two shillings.

The roads were all constructed by and at the expense of government, and when I left were nearly completed. They are first graded, somewhat similar to our railroads, then a layer of stone five inches thick is well bedded down, and upon this is put eight inches of pounded stone, and the whole covered with a light layer of earth, sufficient to fill the interstices of the surface. When once well worn, these roads are smooth and almost as hard as a rock. Not only are the main roads thus built, but cross roads and offsets to settlers' houses. The government was about turning its convict labor to farming and wheat raising. It will be somewhat easier than road work, yet hard enough in all conscience for the poor prisoner. No animal labor is used on the works, everything being done by the unaided muscles of man.

The climate is generally healthy. Snow is never seen, except in isolated flakes that vanish almost as soon as they touch the earth. The winter is one continued rain storm, the days being moderate, but the nights cold. In spring and autumn the nights are also cool.

Of the animals, the kangaroo is the most numerous. He is a singular animal, possessing a good degree of speed, but is not long winded—is of an inoffensive nature, and whose flesh is considered very palatable eating. They use their hind feet, which are very much longer than the fore feet, mainly for purposes of locomotion. I have seen them at times

when hard pressed by the dog, turn in defence, and not unfrequently seize their pursuer in their arms, hug him tightly, whilst they would bound away to the nearest water, where they would plunge him beneath the surface till he was strangled. Opossums, badgers, and rabbits were thick. There is also a species of wild dog or wolf, but which is not numerous. The "devil," as he is called there—but which bears no resemblance in form or disposition to those of human shape from whom we suffered so much, nor indeed, to their great father, the arch fiend himself—is a small black animal, with a thick head and a bushy tail, about the size of a common cat. Skunks were common. There were no ferocious animals, and but a few species of the serpent kind, all of which were exceedingly venomous in their bite. The largest was the black snake—four and five feet in length. The silver snake resembles our common striped snake, and is from a foot to eighteen inches long. The crow and raven are found here, also species of the eagle. Parrots, magpies and cockatoos are very numerous, and often commit serious depredations on the crops of the settlers. They are often caught and tamed, and may be taught to imitate the human voice. This is particularly the case with the cockatoo, which is an unmitigated scoundrel, seeking all manner of mischief that he can get into. If a shirt or any garment be left within their reach, the buttons are sure to disappear, if the article itself is not dragged away. I have seen a strong jack-knife taken by one of them

and entirely pulled apart and every rivet extracted. There is a bird commonly called a jackass. It is a homely bird, about the size of a common blackbird—is a melodious singer, and a great favorite with the gentry as a cage bird. It possesses quite strong powers of imitation, learning to pronounce words to a limited extent. The wattle is a brownish bird, a trifle larger than the robin, and whose flesh is esteemed a delicacy. A small kind of quail is found; and ducks are numerous. The black swan is seen in considerable numbers. They are a large bird, and sit exceedingly graceful upon the water. Those however that I saw were of a mottled color and exceedingly beautiful. Besides these mentioned, there are other birds of a smaller size, with names that I knew not, but all presenting a different appearance from our own warblers. Taking them as a class, they possess more beautiful plumage, but less melody of voice than ours. They give a lively appearance to the woods, which are not by any means steeped in silence.

Of the insects, the bee, butterfly, wasp, gnats, flies, &c., were numerous.

The forest is clothed in perpetual green. The timber is different from ours. The stringy bark and peppermint I have already spoken of. The timber on the "tiers" is usually very large and tall. The wattle, with needle shaped leaves, and of which there is the black, white and silver, is a small scrubby tree, never growing larger than eight inches in diameter,

and is considered of no particular value. The gum tree, of which there is the blue, red and white, grows to a large size, and is used for timber and lumber. The wood of the white gum is as white as our bass, but much harder; the red exudes a very bitter gum of a beautiful red color. It is often found in blisters under the bark and in seams in the wood. This species is free rifted, the others tough. The bark is usually shed like the American sycamore, when it presents an equally picturesque appearance among its fellow trees. There are two kinds of oak, very unlike ours and of little worth. The white-wood resembles our hickory, particularly in the wood. The leaves are smaller and the bark less jagged. The honeysuckle is a shrub like tree, very soft, and of which shoemakers manufacture their lasts. There is said to be, in some places near the coast, cider trees, which, when incisions are made upon them, exude a liquid strongly resembling cider in flavor. There is a sort of wild cherry, bearing red fruit about the size of a pea, and which is quite pleasant tasted. These comprise all the principal part of the trees and shrubs. Brush wood abounds, but no native vines, or any thing of the sort. None of the trees produce edible nuts, nor are there but a few berries—neither are flowers abundant. There is a sort of ground fruit dug by the natives, about the size of one's double fist, which crumbles into particles, looking much like rice. This is eaten by the natives, who are quite fond of it, but which to my

taste was perfectly insipid. There are no saw mills on the island, and what native lumber is used, is cut out with whip or pit saws, at a cost of ten to twenty sterling shillings per hundred feet. The pine lumber is brought from England and New Zealand, at a high cost.

The thirtieth of September we landed at Melborne or Port Hope, in Australia, and the next day hired to a settler whose estate lay one hundred and fifty miles into the country, when we almost immediately started with him for his home.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUSTRALIA.

It was just the commencement of the shearing season. Our employer, Anderson, had a flock of ten thousand sheep and ten hands shearing. I had sheared some at Kimberly's, and had so far got my hand in that I could do nearly a full day's work—though at first it fatigued me exceedingly. We remained here six weeks, shearing at the rate of \$3 a hundred. Thence we went to Johnson's, eight miles distant, where we continued shearing at the same wages four weeks longer. By this time the season was pretty much over, and we accepted Johnson's offer and remained with him as shepherds, at a salary of £26. Johnson's flock numbered twelve thousand. When the following season came, we resumed the shears for three months. At the expiration of this time we hoped to be able to get home. We had husbanded every shilling that we could, and though we knew not what the price could be, flattered ourselves that at least, by some freak of good fortune, we might take our final leave. With these thoughts, and knowing that the London wool ships were in port loading for home, we returned to Mel-

borne. We tried faithfully, but were unable to accomplish what we desired. The cheapest fare we could find exceeded our united means by £80. So we saw there was no hope of getting to London—to say nothing of the distance thence to New York. Things looked gloomy again ; for we had worked our anticipations up to quite a high pitch, and to have them thus dashed down was, to say the least, decidedly unpleasant. We saw then there was no other alternative than to strive to be content for another year, by which time we hoped for certain to leave that part of the world.

We now engaged to another settler, by the name of Wm. Willis, who lived two hundred miles into the country. There were three brothers of them in company, possessing seventy thousand sheep and two thousand cattle. This one was in market with his wool, which having disposed of and purchased his stores, we started in company with the teamsters for their home.

During the journey we came upon a body of the natives, who were having a sort of family fight, occasioned by a love affair. If two or more happen to be suitors at the same shrine, the rivalry is settled by an appeal to arms, and he who remains victor of the field has the undisputed claim upon the affections of the fair one. In this instance, the defeated one had thrown his lance and pierced the woman through the neck, killing her almost instantly. This enraged others of the tribe, when a general set-to was the re-

sult; in which a number were wounded and three or four killed.

Their instruments of warfare are the lance or spear, which is made of the very hardest kind of wood, perfectly round, and generally eight to ten feet in length, with the end sharpened and notched. They have also an instrument called the bumering. It is made somewhat in the shape of a triangle, of the root of a very hard kind of wood. Each of the three sides is from twelve to eighteen inches in length, and made thin and sharp at each edge. They will throw them with amazing swiftness and an unerring aim. The natives have the art of throwing them so as to describe almost any curve they choose, even to describing an almost perfect circle.

The Australians are rather tall, well formed, with straight black hair, high cheek bones, and a color of skin between the Negro and Indian. They live an easy, jolly life, hating work worse than the whites do the plague, and passionately fond of tobacco. Occasionally one can be induced to turn shepherd for a week, or even to roll fleeces for an hour or two, but never longer. They subsist upon roots and game, and what little they can get by begging. They are exceedingly expert in throwing the lance, launching it with certainty for ten or twelve rods, and even to as great a distance as twenty rods. By this means they kill the kangaroo and the wild turkey, of which there are great numbers. These creatures are very shy; so shy indeed that it is uncommon that a white

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man can capture one. But the Australian accomplishes his end, by securing a thick bush behind which he secretes himself, and cautiously creeps forward whilst the bird is feeding ; but the moment it lifts its head the bush is as still as though it were itself a part of the forest or plain. Seeing nothing suspicious, the feeding is resumed, and the stealthy native creeps yet closer. Thus he continues to advance until near enough to throw his lance, when the bird is pretty sure to be victimized. In this manner they succeed in taking them quite frequently. The Australian has a remarkable acute sense of seeing. They will trace animals or persons by their tracks, when the European can see nothing at all. They will discover them, though they be made on the smoothest rock. It matters not if the track be several days old ; they will follow it with a fidelity almost equal to that of the dog. They are engaged frequently to hunt the Bush Rangers of Sydney, Melborne, and other places in Australia. They go entirely naked, except when about the towns, where the whites compel them to wear something to hide their nakedness, but which they soon throw aside. The climate is warmer than in Van Dieman, and is very mild and salubrious, which probably is one reason why they live in no houses or huts. When the weather is cool and windy, they weave together boughs as a rude defence, perhaps build a fire in the centre around which they huddle, squatting on the ground. They have such a horror of fire arms that

one gun will put to flight a hundred of them. But if they can creep up unseen to a shepherd's hut, they may impale him with their spears, or steal away his victuals. Yet they commit very few murders, and those mostly toward the interior.

We had an easy time of it sheep-tending. Each shepherd has in charge one thousand sheep. To each station are three shepherds, and at the hut or station is another person, styled station-keeper, who remains there through the day—takes care of the hut, cooks the victuals, guards the sheep when they are brought in at night, and sleeps in a little watch box close by the yard till morning—that he may be at hand in case of any attack by wild dogs. The yard, or hurdle, as it is termed, is composed of very light frame work, which can be easily removed and quickly set up again, when it becomes necessary to change the station for a better range. In the morning the shepherd receives his flock from the hands of the station tender, when he leads them forth upon his range, which is often two miles in extent, and perhaps gives them in charge of his dog, whilst he reclines himself in the umbrageous shade to enjoy the pleasant companionship of some book, or perchance to sleep and dream away the hours in some delicious reverie. Thus I spent many a day, particularly at Willis', who furnished us with many books and papers.

Had it been the home of my friends, or of my choice, I could have remained there happy and con-

tented. As it was, I enjoyed myself infinitely better than I did on Van Dieman's Land. In my humble opinion, it is one of the best countries for a poor man, as far as money-getting is concerned, there is on the globe. It matters not if one is deprived of an arm or leg, he can secure just as good wages—which range from £20 to £30—for the labor of the shepherd and also of the station-tender is easy and readily performed. Society, though, is based upon wealth for its foundation—the same in this respect as in Van Dieman. Still, it is less degraded, because there are far less convicts mixed in, and these are for the most part confined to the towns on the seaboard.

The amount of rations allowed each shepherd for a week, is usually ten pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, two ounces of tea, and as much meat as he desires. If he wishes for vegetables, or aught else, he has the privilege of purchasing them from his wages. Salt is plenty, and is procured from salt lakes, further toward the interior. Farmers usually send their men to these lakes annually for their supply. It is gathered with ease from the shores, where it is found in large quantities already crystalized for use.

The land is owned by government, and leased to the settlers for any desired length of time for the annual rent of £10—whether the estate be large or small—whilst whatever improvements be made by the settler, in buildings, &c., are paid for at the expiration of his lease. They scarce ever have any fence to mark the division lines, which are usually

traced by heaps of stone, or a furrow made with the plow, or, as they do here, by "blazed" trees. But a very scant quantity of grain is raised, except in the vicinity of towns, where mills exist. Nevertheless, the soil is well adapted to purposes of agriculture. It is truly a splendid country, generally level or gently undulating—covered here and there with noble, open forests, carpeted with a rich verdure, whilst large plains are interspersed, always covered with a most luxuriant growth of grass. Aye, the woods are enchanting—with their myriads of bright plumaged birds, and the gaudy peacock—which, here in its wild state, far exceeds its domesticated kindred in size and proud bearing, and the unrivalled brilliancy of its plumes. It is indeed a country where the seeker after wealth, with a little capital, can grow rich more surely than in delving among the auriferous sands of the Sacramento. And it is a place, too, where the lover of nature and the worshipper of the beautiful, may find themes worthy of their contemplation and adoration.

In reality I enjoyed myself much whilst here, but not so highly as I could, had I been placed in other circumstances. Home was almost ever on my mind, and the anxiety to see it again before I died lay heavy on my thoughts, marring the pleasure that else I could have feasted upon. Living quite alone by ourselves, the fictitious grades of society affected us not, nor cared we much for them. We now had our liberties, though toiling for means—means that should

have been granted us by the British Government—to enable us to see blessed America again. This thought sweetened our solitude, and in some slight degree lessened our anxiety. I recruited up amazingly in my physical energies. The cough that had so long afflicted me was sensibly diminishing, and I felt more rugged and better enabled to endure fatigue.

The timber of Australia includes the kinds found on Van Dieman, but is generally more thrifty and of better quality. There are more brooks and larger streams, which in the wet season are deep and difficult of fording. In the dry season their volume was very small, often disappearing entirely. There were no springs in the country, or at least, none that I saw or heard of. Water of good quality was obtained by sinking wells to a depth of thirty-five and fifty feet.

Of the birds there was a larger variety, embracing all the kinds of Van Dieman. Besides those I have mentioned, there is another large fowl, standing some five feet high, and somewhat resembling, but heavier than our blue heron or common crane. It is a land bird, easily domesticated, and a great pet. Black swans are very thick. Of the animals, besides those mentioned as on Van Dieman, there is a curious one inhabiting muddy waters. It is between the size of a mink and muskrat, and nearly of the color of the otter. It has a mouth very greatly resembling a duck's bill, and is sometimes known by that name,

but more generally by that of platipus. It is a very shy animal, seldom seen, except when it rises to the surface for air, when it remains but for a moment. It is generally then that the cautious hunter is enabled to shoot it. Its fur is exceedingly fine and soft and much valued, the pelts usually selling at £1 a piece.

We continued with Willis as shepherds nine months, and then took up the shears again for a little better than three months. We then had about £90 or \$450 each, by which we hoped to succeed in reaching America. There was with Willis a young man by the name of Alfred Young, whom both Whitney and myself respected quite highly for his amiable qualities, which we learned at my cost were only hypocritical. He was aware we had funds, barely sufficient to enable us to reach home, and that we were exceedingly anxious to leave at that time. About a fortnight before our leave, Young solicited a loan of £20, to pay, as he said, for a horse which he had but recently purchased. As security, he offered to give me an order on Willis, with whom he said he had not yet settled. I was loth to refuse him, for I had the most unbounded confidence in his integrity; still I was fearful some untoward circumstance might transpire which would prevent my receiving it in time. I asked Whitney's advice, who replied, that in any other circumstances than we were now placed, he would not hesitate a moment; but at this time, he should be exceedingly reluctant to accommodate the

dearest friend ; still he did not know as *he* could refuse him, for he had no suspicion of his dishonesty. I had with me only an £18 draft ; this I loaned Young, who left on Friday, the next day, to return on the following Monday. Monday came, and Tuesday, but no Young. Wednesday also. My fears were much excited. I went to Willis and asked him when he expected Young back. He looked somewhat astonished, and replied he did not expect him at all, for he had settled with him and paid him some ten days before, and he had now gone to Adelaide, a thousand miles distant. This was indeed a cold bath to my warm hopes. I went back to the shearing floor down-hearted enough. I was now almost sure that I should be obliged to remain another year to accumulate a sufficiency of funds. It may be imagined *how* pleasantly I felt towards Alfred Young, who had played this piece of black-hearted villainy upon me. Whitney strove to comfort me by exhorting me to keep up a brave heart, for so long as he had a dollar I should share it with him, and, come what would, he would not leave me alone. I thanked him heartily, but still I could not but believe we should be compelled to stay another year ; for all that we had was not enough to take us even to London. We concluded, however, to make the effort, hoping we might find some fellow countryman who would have some pity for us and help us homeward. It was about this time, too, that I accidentally lost my pardon. Though it was but a bit of paper, I would not have parted with

it for much money. I had come to look upon it as a sort of precious relic—a memento from the power that held us so cruelly, but which had relented. Aye, it was to me a little treasure, and one which I had hoped to keep to my dying day.

At last we bid adieu to the Willis's and took our course to Malborne. We found no ships here bound homeward; nor was there much probability of any American vessels visiting this port. We therefore concluded it most advisable to go to Sydney, eleven hundred miles distant, and where American ships, particularly whalers, frequently put in. We tarried six weeks looking for an opportunity, during all which time we were under rather heavy expenses, without having any chances to earn anything by way of work or jobs. Our board was £1 each per week, whilst our passage to Sydney cost us seven other pounds sterling. Melborne is situated on the river Yara, sixty miles from its mouth. It is quite a thriving town, containing ten thousand or more inhabitants. Its chief trade, as also of the other ports on the island, is in wool, hides, tallow, &c. There are no woollen manufactories, as the staple is all exported to England. A level, fertile plain, surrounds the town, which yields heavy crops of grain or vegetables.

After several days of tumbling in a small vessel, we were in Sydney, the largest town in all Australia, and which is situated on a beautiful cove, that makes for it a commodious harbor. It is about the

size of Buffalo, and though not so well constructed, is nevertheless quite a pretty town, driving a brisk business in the staple trade. The country to a considerable extent around is cultivated, and its fertile fields yield remunerating products to the farmer.

Here we found the whaler Kingston, of New Bedford, which came into port the same day that we arrived. She had been out on an unsuccessful voyage of four years; her crew taking in the time only fourteen hundred and forty barrels of oil. With so small a cargo the captain was ashamed to go home. So, with little honor and less honesty, he determined to sell the cargo, appropriating the proceeds to his own benefit, and send his ship home by other hands. Accordingly he disposed of fourteen hundred barrels, leaving forty on board for means to raise funds in case of distress, discharged the crew and hired another set throughout. He found in the place an old captain, a native of New York, who for several years had sailed between London and Sydney, and who was anxious to return to America. A bargain was concluded, and the new—or rather the *old*—captain was master of the Kingston. We had called on the American captain as soon as we ascertained his ship was homeward bound. At first he charged us \$300 each for a passage. This amount was more than I now possessed. We represented to him under what circumstances we had been brought there, when he generously lowered the price to two hundred dollars for us both. Aye, this was a bright day to us.

How quickly the sky before us became clear and beautifully radiant! Yes, we were now in a fair way of seeing home; and our ship with no loading would the quicker speed its way to its destined port. How fortunate! and surely what happy mortals we then were. After a five weeks' sojourn at Sydney, we were on board the Kingston, Capt. Mead, looking our last farewell on Australia. Oh! how heartily glad we were, that indeed we were now actually leaving that part of the world, wherein we had not only witnessed so much of sorrow and suffering, but had felt it so keenly.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSAGE HOME — FRIENDS, 'ETC.

Our orders from the ex-captain were, to sail directly for New Bedford, taking what whale we could on the passage. Including the captain and officers, with Whitney and myself, there were twenty-four souls aboard the Kingston, which was a staunch built boat and a fair sailor. At first the weather was pleasant and our sailing was delightful.

We bore down in sight of Van Dieman's Land. It yet looked detestable to me ; and still there was beauty in its outward appearance. Thus it often is, that our associations make hideous what otherwise might be very pleasant. But *there* indeed the tyrants had deformed the loveliness of nature, and made the sylvan wilderness a pandemonium of misery. How then could a fair exterior look beautiful to him who knew of the vile abominations that lay hid within ? I had learned from the former captain of the Kingston, who stopped at Hobart, that all the Canadian prisoners had been liberated, and but three were yet remaining on the island. These were rather dissolute in their habits and could not get means to leave,

and indeed they did not seem to care much whether they did or not. Twelve or thirteen of our original number left their bones in that land ; but whether their bones are now there, is another question, for beyond doubt some of them may now be hanging in some doctor's office in old England, or elsewhere. Quite a traffic of this nature is carried on there.

We had not been to sea many days when we were overtaken with rough weather ; and for two weeks I again experienced the horrors of sea-sickness, but not under such grievous circumstances as when on board the Buffalo. It undoubtedly proved a great benefit to me, for my health afterward improved rapidly. My appetite too was exceedingly active, whilst the cough grew less and less. From this time till we doubled Cape Horn we had ordinary weather. Here we experienced the most terrific storm I ever witnessed. For four days and nights we were driven under bare poles, expecting almost hourly to find our home down, down in the briny deep. The weather was cold, with sleet and snow that encased every thing about the ship in a glare of ice. It may be more readily imagined than described, how dreary and forlorn was our situation, with the cold southern waves breaking over our decks, and threatening to engulf our gallant ship.

Below deck we found it almost as difficult to keep our position, though we had in a good measure become familiar with the ordinary pitching of the vessel. We could not with any certainty steer clear of

any particular object. If we laid our course across the cabin, ten chances to one if we did not find ourselves stretched at length, or pitched into a heap beneath the table, or in some other unwilling but not-to-be-helped position. Often were we obliged to cut antics that caused many a hearty laugh from our comrades. If we undertook to sup a saucer of coffee, it more often found its way into the bosom than into the throat. Nevertheless we came safely out of the storm, suffering but slight damage.

Thence we had fine weather and wind till we arrived at the equator, where for three days we lay becalmed beneath a burning, vertical sun, and on a sea that lay as motionless as though it had been so much glass. As we neared our native land, our longings grew more and more intense, and the slightest delay seemed prolonged into hours and days. Here we were, laying perfectly motionless—not even the most doubtful zephyr to allay the sweltering heat; while we knew not but we might be compelled to lay thus for weeks. We were in no very agreeable mood, yet we strove to be as contented as we could. Having the whole range of the ship, we amused ourselves as much as possible. Compared to our outward passage, our condition was infinitely better; and when we reverted to our situations then, and drew the contrast, our murmurings vanished, for we were indeed happy though impatient. While thus laying becalmed, the mates one day invited me to enjoy with them a sea bath. Accordingly we robed ourselves in

a bathing dress and plunged over the ship's side. We had not sported in the water but a few minutes, when we heard the voice of the captain, who was leaning over the railing, crying—"A shark!" We comprehended the danger without any explanation. I was the farthest from the ship, and though but three or four rods distant, was so frightened that I could scarcely use my limbs. Ropes were immediately thrown to us by the sailors, who hauled us in as speedily as possible, myself barely escaping the monster, which swam directly under me just at the moment I was elevated from the water. For my own part, having no particular affection for sharks, I was afterward careful how I exposed myself to their salutations. I preferred to admire their beauties at a respectful distance, and therefore kept not only my head, but my whole person, "above water."

The third day a light breeze sprang up, which wafted us within the influence of the trade winds, when we again made good progress. We had not seen any whale yet. The crew had no anxiety upon the matter, and therefore the man at mast-head took no pains to discover the animals, or if discovering any, he kept the knowledge a secret. They did not wish to expose themselves to the perils of whale catching at the common wages they were receiving, and too, when they should draw no bounty on what they took. I had never witnessed the sport, and was anxious to see a bit of it. At length I was gratified. "There she spouts!" was heard from the mast-head.

“Where away?” “Dead ahead,” was the reply; and sure enough we were running under a fine breeze full upon a school of sperm. The man aloft could not now avoid giving the cry without a glaring neglect of duty.

The sails were taken in, the speed of the ship abated, and when within half a mile, two boats, under the charge of the mates, let down and pulled away for the victim. I was anxious to accompany the men, but not being experienced in the business, was not permitted by the captain. Accordingly I ascended to the cross trees to witness the scene. The boats approached the whale selected, when the mate launched the harpoon deep within the monster's flesh, when he darted off at a speed that seemed to me incredible. The length of the rope was quickly reached, when the boat, with its bows depressed quite even with the surface, shot through the water like an arrow, scattering the foam from its sides like liquid silver. Whilst the rope is being paid out, one man stands with a pail and tub of water to prevent ignition by keeping the coil of rope wet, whilst another stands with uplifted hatchet, ready to sever it the moment there is danger of being dragged beneath the waves: for it is sometimes the case that the whale descends so deep, or runs so swiftly, that he would submerge the boat unless this precaution were taken. In this instance, the creature darted off in a direct line for a full mile and a half, when it turned almost short about and nearly retraced its course with

a velocity that little diminished until it came near the ship, where it stopped. The line was then hauled in, and the boat approached near enough to use the lance. At the first stroke the boat was stove and the men precipitated into the water. Another boat was close at hand, which soon rescued them all, none receiving any serious injury. The whale made no farther attempt to escape, but lashed the water furiously till it was like a seething pot. The lancers continued their duty, till in a short time the creature lay a motionless bulk upon the water, which for some distance around was almost as crimson as the life current itself.

The carcass was then towed to the ship's side and made fast, when the upper jaw with the head was removed to the deck. Men then descended with hatchets to cut the blubber, which was five or six inches in thickness, overlaying the meat or muscle, into strips from the head downward. This done, they were loosened at the upper extremity, hooks fastened therein, and by the aid of pulleys and ropes, pulled off and raised on deck. These blankets were next cut into blocks six and eight inches square, which was conveyed to the mincing block, where they were minced fine and then put in the trying kettles, which at first were heated with coal or wood, but afterward with the scraps. The blubber being all secured, the carcass was set adrift for the benefit of sharks, &c. The jaw and head, as they lay on the deck, were some seven feet long, and three and a half or four

feet thick. A hole was cut through the blubber and flesh some three feet deep, when there appeared a hard tough case, looking as black, and about the thickness of strong cowhide. This was perforated, and three barrels of oil, of the very purest quality, were dipped from the cavity beneath. This is one of the peculiarities of the sperm whale; but for what purpose such a reservoir is designed, is more than I am able to explain. It was a small whale, yielding but twenty-four barrels, which we were three days in securing. During this time, Whitney, the captain and I, amused ourselves with the multitude of sharks that surrounded the vessel. They were exceedingly ravenous, and took not a few mouthfulls of the blubber whilst the men were engaged at their work. We had on board a large number of stout, long handled spades, that were ground exceedingly sharp. With these we would strike at the sharks as they hovered about the carcass and the ship, occasionally completely severing them in two parts; yet so tenacious were they of life that they would swim to some distance before expiring.

Shortly after this, as we came nearer our own country, we frequently spoke ships, both outward and homeward bound. Sometimes we would make a point of stopping to spend a few hours of sociality; or, if sailing the same course, keep in company for a day or two, visiting and re-visiting each other. By this means we learned a little of the things that had transpired in the States since we had been away.

Whilst in Van Dieman and Australia, I had not learned a word of the things done at home, or heard a syllable from my friends, though I had written at least seven or eight times. But I afterward learned that not a line of them had ever reached their destination. Whether they ever left the island, is a question that may undoubtedly be answered in the negative.

When within two days' sail of our port, we were befogged and becalmed, and were five days in getting to the wharf. At this time my impatience to get on shore was so great that each day seemed almost a month.

At last, on the thirty-first day of May, 1848, my foot pressed the soil of glorious New England. Since we had passed from the sight of Van Dieman, New Bedford was the first land that we had greeted. Our captain made no stops, and having no loading of consequence, and on the whole favorable weather, we were but four months and a half between Sydney and New Bedford. I had had good accommodations, plenty of exercise, pure air and wholesome food, so that I had suffered scarcely, if any. Indeed I am inclined to think the voyage, on the whole, was highly beneficial; in some respects, I am confident it was so.

But here I was again, in the land of the free. I could hardly realize it. My bosom was thronged with the most tumultuous feelings. Had I not just awaked from a dream? Could it be reality? At

times I was almost led to doubt the reality—to think it had only been a terrible trance. Yet it was so. For almost ten long years—none but the captive can tell what heaviness there is in the hours of time—had I been forced away—doomed to a life worse than of slavery, compelled to bow down to suffering that seemed to quite crush the spirit from its tenement, and still I had been spared—how miraculously!—to return again to my kindred and my home. But of those kindred and that home! What changes had time wrought? Were those friends living? or, was that home desolate? These, and other things crowded upon my mind; and for the two nights and one day I was at New Bedford, not a wink of sleep came to my eyelids. Oh, how vividly did the scenes of my life, from 1838 to that moment, throng back upon my memory. Then, fancying with what a warm welcome I should be received again by my parents, brothers, sisters and friends—the thought where are they? and how has time dealt with them? would dash the joy, and leave my mind in a harrowing suspense.

The second day of June I stepped into the cars for Boston; at which place I purchased a little clothing to replenish my wardrobe, which had become threadbare: thence I proceeded by the same conveyance to Utica, where I took the stage for Watertown. Here I began to make inquiries concerning my friends, but could learn nothing. I kept forward for Cape Vincent. At Chemaunt (Shemo) Bay, ten

miles distant, I found an old acquaintance who had known my parents ; yet he could give me no definite information. He had heard nothing of them for two or three years, nor did not know where they or the other members of the family were. But he believed that either my father or eldest brother, he did not know which, was dead. This vague information served only to make more intense the conflicting feelings that held my mind in suspense ; and which continued to grow stronger and stronger as I neared my old home. As the open stage approached Cape Vincent, I was recognized by a little Frenchman, who immediately spread the intelligence, and by the time I alighted at the hotel I was completely surrounded by the citizens, who welcomed me back with cordial greetings, and quite overwhelmed me with the multitude of their questions. Disengaging myself as soon as possible from the throng, I sought the old homestead ; but instead of my nearest and dearest friends, only strangers came out to greet me. This was quite too much. I was discouraged and ready to sink down in despair. A faintness came over me ; from which, however, I soon rallied. I now learned that my parents had, two or three years previously, sold out and started for Wisconsin. My eldest brother, who was a robust, healthy man, when I left, had been dead nearly eight years ; whilst my other brothers and sisters were scattered here and there. I had now remaining a lone half dollar of my funds, which was all the means I possessed. To

seek my parents away in the far west, where I could not ascertain, seemed another task added to my afflictions. Still I gave not out, but continued as stout-hearted as I could. I remained in this place two weeks, visiting such friends and relatives as yet remained there.

Whilst here I was called upon by a gentleman from Kingston, who offered me his home and a life of ease, if I would but accept it. He said that Canada had been greatly benefitted by the outbreak in which we had been concerned; and although *it* had failed, and *we* had cruelly suffered therefor, *they* had secured nearly all the privileges at first desired. And as he had himself been greatly benefitted thereby, he wished me to make his home my home, and that so long as I would remain with him I should not labor, but have my every desire granted. I thanked him very kindly indeed, but assured him most decidedly, that I had no inclination whatever to reside under British rule, for I had already been compelled to suffer enough of her barbarous treatment. But if the time should come in my day, when it would be necessary for them to make an appeal to arms for their liberties and homes, I was ready to give again my feeble aid. I was probably somewhat excited, and replied with more warmth than the occasion called for. Be that as it may, I felt stung with the injustice I had suffered. My spirit was not broken, and though I had been chained in slavery till doomsday, I should have never regretted the act of taking

up arms as I did. I went forward under the dictates of duty ; and though the many craven hearts turned back when danger began to appear, yet the cause was none the less worthy.

From Cape Vincent I proceeded to Wilson in Niagara county, where I had ascertained one of my sisters, who was married, was living. She had given up all hopes of my returning, and was therefore not a little surprised at seeing me, and was nearly overcome with her joy. She could hardly credit her senses, that in truth it was her brother who stood before her. Here I remained another fortnight, and learned that my parents had not gone to Wisconsin, but had stopped on the way, and were then residing at Aylmer, in C. W. This was better news for me, and I began to hope again I should soon see them.

I left Wilson on the sixth of July to visit my father and mother. At Buffalo I took passage on the "Experiment" for Port Stanley. This was the same steamer that had ten years before been engaged against us at the Windmill. She had been brought upon Lake Erie and placed upon the line between these two ports. It was an unexpected meeting, and I could not help indulging in reflections which such a circumstance would naturally give rise to. Against the innocent boat I had no sort of ill feeling. But here it was engaged in a better calling than when, in November, 1838, it was made an instrument, with its sister, the Cobourg, in thwarting the effort for liberty.

I had not been on board long when, inquiring the distance to Port Stanley, I was informed by a couple of gentlemen, who remarked they lived near there. This knowledge interested me, and I made bold to push my inquiries farther, when I found they lived at Aylmer and near my friends. I then inquired for Touzer, whom I had learned one of my sisters had married five years before. This led to inquiries on the other side, when I was informed that another of my sisters lived with one of my informants, who was a hotel-keeper at Aylmer.

We spent the remainder of the trip quite pleasantly, and at length arrived at the home of my new friend, where soon after I met my sister, just returned from Touzer's. To him I was introduced, and presently all three of us turned back to his house. On the way we met another sister and brother, who joined our party. My brother-in-law introduced me to his wife as a friend of her brother's, who had just returned from Van Dieman's Land. She made a few inquiries, and remarked that they had heard so many accounts, and which were so contradictory, that she could place but little confidence in any of them. At one time they had been told I was acting as servant for a very rich man at a salary of \$500, with scarce any thing to do. At another time, that I was married, and doing so well I had no desire to return; and had, beside, lost all affection for my kindred and home. And again, that I had been so cruelly treated that I was on the verge of the grave, and

probably ere then gone down into its darkness forever. Mrs. Touzer would not therefore place but little confidence in my story, neither believing nor disbelieving it—not dreaming that it was indeed her brother himself who was talking with her. And when I was declared to her as truly her brother, she would hardly believe it, imagining that we were playing a trick upon her. Still there was something that whispered to her it was even so. For some time she appeared bewildered, as it were, like a person half waking from a dream, not knowing whether it were a reality or a phantasy. My brother and other sisters pretty readily recognized me, although I had so greatly changed in appearance that but a few traces of my more youthful lineaments remained. My sister was soon satisfied that I was indeed her brother William, and her joy was now so great it could scarcely be controlled.

It was midnight, yet we all started for my father's, who lived a mile and a half distant. My parents were quite aged; and fearing my sudden appearance might too greatly overpower their feelings, my brother went forward to break the news. They could scarcely credit the information; but by the time we had arrived they were risen, waiting our approach. They were both so much overcome, that for a long time they could only give utterance to their feelings through their tears and sobs. It was a scene that beggars description—one of those times in which the heart can feel so intensely, that the

tongue is dumb and the pen powerless. With them I remained three months, when I induced them to leave Canada and return again to the States. They were anxious I should remain with them, as a solace in their old age. This, too, was my own desire; but I could not bear the idea of staying in Canada, to become a citizen of her most gracious majesty's government—a government that I had come to loathe with an abhorrence as sincere as it was deep.

And now, my reader, I have done with "the story of my wrongs." Whatever you may think of it, you can rest assured I have not set down "aught in malice," or penned that which is aside from truth. I do not ask that your opinions should coincide with my own. I grant you the same free privilege which is my own—to think according to the light that may be within. But were fate to order that you should be forced through similar scenes, there would be no marvel, if your soul was stirred with deeper indignation than is shown within these pages.

"Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for the truth;
And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of error:
For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead Sea's cursed shore,
But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that plucketh them
shall rue it."

THE END.

