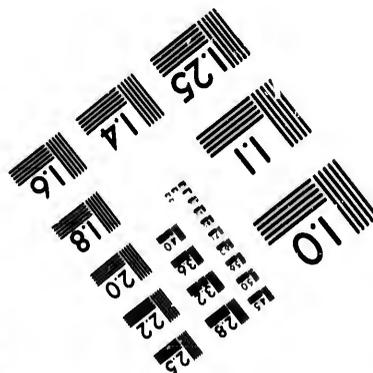
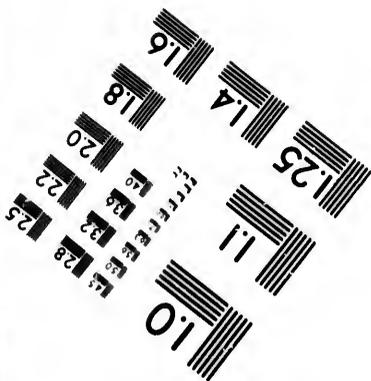
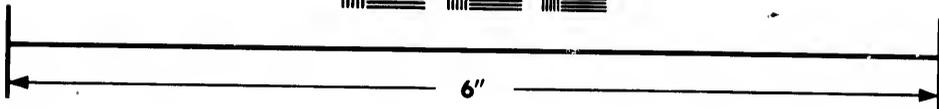
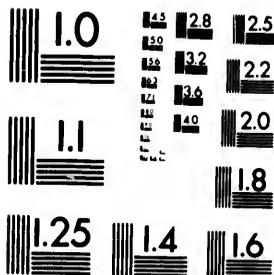


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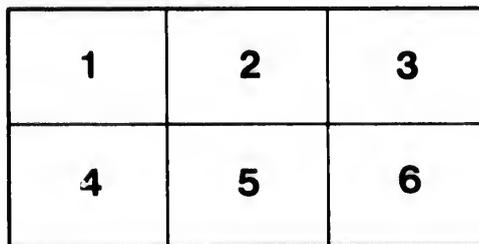
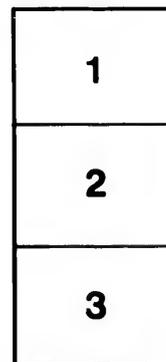
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PUBLISH

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

CONVICT,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

BY Y-LE.

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear.

POPE.

MONTREAL :

PUBLISHED BY R. & C. CHALMERS, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

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THIS VOLUME

Is Respectfully Dedicated

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

MONTREAL SHAKSPIERE CLUB,

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION:

I feel great diffidence in submitting the present volume to the public, being aware that in it many shortcomings may be visible, not only to the critic, but also to the general reader. In judging of the work, however, I request that the fact may be taken into consideration, that I have been, since *six* years of age, compelled to *earn* my own subsistence; and consequently, whatever education I possess, has been the result of chance, not of arrangement. The contents of the volume, with many other pieces which I have destroyed, were written either in the workshop or during the evening, more for the purpose of amusement than for publication.

The "Recollections of a Convict" must not be looked upon as fiction. The majority of the incidents recorded were experienced in the life of one person. The whole of them were recounted to me by parties conversant with the facts. It has been my endeavour so to arrange them as to form an interesting narrative, in order, if possible, to arrest the attention of young men, and show them the evils and hardships which result from becoming the companions of those who depart from the path of duty and the fear of God.

In the hope that neither the reader nor the writer may lose by the undertaking, I am, the public's humble servant,

Y-LE.

MONTREAL, March, 1847.

1770-1771

The first of the year was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The crops were much injured, and the people suffered from want of food. The winter was a very severe one, and the people suffered from want of food. The spring was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The crops were much injured, and the people suffered from want of food. The summer was a very hot one, and the people suffered from want of food. The autumn was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The crops were much injured, and the people suffered from want of food.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.

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RECOLLECTIONS
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CHAPTER. I.

INTRODUCTORY AND PARENTAL.

PARDON me, kind reader, if, previous to laying before you the hardships I endured as a convict, I state a few particulars respecting my early history, and the circumstances attending my transition from a state of liberty to one of worse than slavery. We have all a beginning in life, and that beginning, so long as our shield of second causes remain, is more likely to be one of innocence than of vice; but should He, in whose hands is the issue of all things, be pleased to take from us that shield, our life, taking the world as it is, is more likely to be influenced by evil than good; as there are few hands or hearts—few indeed—willing to help or feel for the sorrows of a parentless or a fatherless child. The foregoing I take for granted, as, had it been otherwise in my own case, the painful recollections called up in giving publicity to this history, might have been spared me.

There is an adage which says that “those who are born to be hanged will not be drowned.” I narrowly

escaped the former, and regarding the latter, I have so often nearly realised being so, that I begin to think the above aphorism has no bearing on my case. Having introduced myself to you thus, allow me now to proceed with my narrative.

In 1811 there was a small thatched house standing at the outskirts of a village, situated a few miles from Glasgow, N. B. In that house it was that my parents were blessed with a son, and that son was myself. There were no bells set a-ringing; no bonfires lighted; no roar of artillery; no addresses presented in honour of my first appearance; although, I believe, the usual assemblage of neighbours and blythemeat seekers were not awanting; but whether out of respect to the happy couple or otherwise, it is not for me now to enquire. The bustle of this era over, I became, in time, capable of paying visits to our neighbours, and enjoying the luxury of dabbling in a dub of stagnant water, which erst had been a pond, lying convenient to our thatched domicile; and no duck very exhibited more real pleasure in its aquatic gambols, than I did when jumping knee-deep in this green-surfaced village lake.

School-boy days succeeded, and with them the routine of fighting, flogging, crying, coaxing, and learning; but, were the truth told, the last received the smallest share of my attention. I had, somehow or other, a peculiar knack of getting into mischief, and it was a rare case in which I managed to effect a retreat, honorable or otherwise, without carrying with me indubitable evidence of being concerned in the affair, whatever it might be. I had few compeers at "bools and but-

tons;" I could throw a stone as far and as high as most boys of my age; and, on one occasion, in attempting the latter juvenile feat, I sent a pebble through a pane of glass in front of a house, the said pebble, after *winding* its way along a passage, making its exit through another pane in the rear of the dwelling. But why should I dwell on such things? Why! Is there a being possessed of his faculties who does not look back with pleasurable feeling, almost indescribable, to the days spent around the home of his birth, and remembers the season, with all its joys and sorrows, only as a glorious feast of early associations, of the most interesting character? Friendships are often formed at that time, which end only in the grave—loves, not unfrequently, which, as "heaven is love," may last us eternally. Yes, home of my boyhood! when all else has failed to yield a happy moment, to thee have I turned as a never-failing source, capable of affording, as far as worldly pleasures are concerned, a stream of the kindest waters that ever flowed from the sweetest spring on earth.

My father, previous to my birth, had carried on an extensive trade in a neighbouring town. He was shrewd and intelligent. There was no society connected with the place, in which he was not interested. His advice was asked on many occasions of doubt by his less gifted neighbours, and his workshop was a common resort for parties discussing the various measures in which the town was interested. His advice, as I have already stated, being often asked, it became, unfortunately, the custom with those persons who wished

to have the benefit of his judgment, to send for him to a public house in the locality. Although, for many a day, no evil resulted from this circumstance, still, there it was, that the germ was first engendered which ultimately wrought his destruction. Beware, reader! if God has given you talents above your fellow men, beware, I say, least those very gifts become the means of luring you from a high path to one of degradation and misery. Beware that ye be not hurled from your station of religion and morality to the detested life of a drunkard. If I have had a feeling of regret for actions committed; if I know what it is to suffer; if I ever had a pang, (and many keen ones I have had), at being banished my fatherland, and made the companion of the hard-hearted and cruel,—I owe them all to the curse of drunkenness. Do I stand alone on this darkened precipice? Look around you, reader, and the investigation you make, be it ever so slight, will tell you the unfortunate truth, that there are few corners of the rock on which I stand, where the flag of distress is not exhibited in all its dirty and tattered glory.

But I must return to my story. It will be understood from what I have stated above, that my father fell; yes, fell from his high standing: his business was neglected—in short, he became a ———. I dare not name it. The memory of that being is too sacred to me to be associated with such a detested word. But fall he did; not at once, oh no! the enemy was too cowardly to show his real colours at first, nor was he aware of the design of this arch-deceiver, till he became so completely hemmed in, that escape seemed impossi-

ble. It was only when all hope had fled that he opened his eyes to his true position. After this unfortunate event, my poor father, unable to bear the thought of seeking employment in the place where he was wont to employ, removed to the spot described at the opening of this chapter.

Time wore on, and with each succeeding year some little was added to my personal bulk. My father's unhappy propensity, however, kept our domestic hearth but barely supplied with worldly comforts, although that hearth was presided over by one of the best of mothers. No flaw was ever found in her character; no spot of her existence, surrounded as it was by afflictions of the severest nature, was ever stained or tarnished. She was one of those beings whose very "failings leant to virtue's side." When her spirit winged its way upwards, far, far above, I could truly say, with Pope, that the place she left had

"Lent heav'n a mother to the poor and me."

It was necessary at the end of each week for my father to return the work finished to his employers in Glasgow; and on these occasions it but too frequently occurred that the money he received, and which should have gone to the support of his family, was spent in the ale house. Consider what our situation was under such circumstances. But for the character of my mother, starvation might have been the end of our existence. We had kind neighbours, however, who completely understood the position we were placed in, and who lent us both food and money, in the hope that a

change *might* come over the spirit of my father's dreams. At last all hope was abandoned, and our neighbours, kind and good though they were, got tired of assisting us farther. It was at this juncture that my mother, wearied with expostulation, impressed upon my father, with tears as sincere as ever were shed, the necessity of changing his hitherto infatuated career. Reasons as strong as a naked and starving family, and a heart-broken woman, could urge, were given; and my father, who really loved both his wife and children, with silent grief confessed his error, and proposed that, in future, I should be his companion each Saturday, that he might the more readily excuse himself to the solicitations of his boon companions.

This was a new era in my young life, and how I kept the trust committed to my charge, will be seen. To those who have been brought up in a country village, and remember their first visit to a large city such as Glasgow, I need not describe my feelings on the morning of that day on which I was to make my *debut* on the world's stage; for so the event appeared to me. Shoes in my case were superfluous, and the covering for my head, a Kilmarnock bonnet, had "seen better days," for when placed on my pericranium, a bunch of hair could be seen peering through its upper portion, similar to an overgrown cluster of grass on a pasture field, and what the aborigines of this country, in their hey-day, might have considered an excellent "scalping lock." No matter, off we went—I dreaming of ships, minus "colonies and commerce," my father probably brooding over his own degradation, which made it ne-

cessary that I should thus accompany him, or on the cause which gave rise to it.

I need not say that "the sun had reached its meridian height" when we reached "the city of the West;" neither do I mean to state how I went gaping about with "eyeballs distended," and a mouth as large as the newspaper receiving-box of a post office; it is sufficient for you to know, that after my father's business had been transacted, and while I was urging our speedy return, an acquaintance made his appearance and accosted my devoted parent. A slight shower of rain beginning to fall, a suggestion was made that, for the purpose of *screening* themselves from a few drops of rain, they should adjourn and "tak' the share o' ae gill." To this proposition my father gave an unwilling consent, but I stoutly protested against the lawfulness of the proceeding; my protest, however, met the fate of many others, although I had the satisfaction of making it again *at* the table. The *ae gill* was soon discussed, but the appetite was whetted. I did all in my power to remove my father; and hinted plainly enough the state of affairs at home. This had the effect of bringing the crimson to his cheek, but it passed unheeded by the infatuated mortal alongside of him, who, from all I learned, was but too conversant with scenes of family suffering, brought about from the same cause as our own. There is no use in dwelling longer on the day's carousal, for such it turned out. My father knew not where he was till within a short distance from home, although he received two severe falls in his endeavour to catch some tormenting urchins, whom, to use his

own expression, he was making "flee like chaff before the wind."

As I have said, my father's consciousness returned only a short distance from our mournful home. A little way from the village, there was a small rivulet, which, in seasons of heavy rain, became very much swollen. Arrived at this point my father sat down on a jutting stone, which formed part of the little bridge across the stream. I kept close to him. In a few moments he began to give utterance to his thoughts, in terms showing his ignorance of my presence. In fact, he had made up his mind to drown himself. He lamented bitterly what he had done, calling out several times that he had again spent all his money, that his family were out of meal, out of potatoes, out of bread, out of every thing. My fears were raised for my father's sad condition, and, taking him by the arm, I said

"No, father, we're no oot o' every thing?"

This assurance gave him new hopes, and he eagerly inquired what it was we were not out of.

"Father," I quietly replied, "we're no oot o' *debt*."

Thunderstruck at the answer, he sunk back on his cold seat. In this posture he remained for a short time; then, as if inspired with new life, he started up, and taking me kindly by the hand, and with his face heavenward, he prayerfully exclaimed:

"Thank thee, O God! my boy has saved me. Before thee I here promise I will drink no more?"

We then quietly returned to my weeping mother.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAL AND INCIDENTAL.

"A weeping mother!" What recollections are called up with these words. Now, while I write, an involuntary tear forces me to pause. While I do so, I cannot help thinking there may be a wide difference between a "weeping woman," and a "woman in tears." The one is real, the other fictitious. Anger, malice, spleen, envy, or any other of such evil emotions, may cause a woman to shed tears, but this cannot be called *weeping*. It is recorded in sacred writ that "Jesus *wept*." Will any one suppose that the Apostle states this merely because our Saviour shed tears? Oh, no, he who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," had great cause to weep. Let us think of this. But to return.

When we entered our small, cold-looking comfortless dwelling, a scene sad enough was exhibited. There sat my poor mother surrounded by her sorrowful young family. No stir was made when we approached them; and, young as I was, I could see that had my mother endeavoured to rise, she must have fallen in a faint in the attempt. There she sat, the youngest on her knee, its little tiny hand moving playfully backwards and forwards across its mother's woe-stricken face. Oh, what a heaving was in the breast to which my little brother was pressed! What a load of sorrow

on that heart! If I may use the expression, it was like the inward commotion of a volcano previous to the belching forth of its burning lava. There was deep and severe internal suffering, as if the very heart would burst; and when a little relief was yielded by a flow of tears, she turned her face towards my penitent father, and in accents of tender severity, mildly exclaimed, "Oh, William, William, ye're unco, *unco* cruel!"

There is little use in dwelling on the explanations which followed. I may merely state, from that night forward, my father was an altered man. There was no more sorrow or suffering on his account, and so long as he lived, ours was the happiest family in the neighbourhood. Ultimately we became, instead of recipients, capable of administering healing balm to many a wounded heart.

Two years elapsed, as happy as ever were spent during the bud of boyhood. At t' e end of this time a strong and unaccountable fancy took possession of my mind—a growing desire to visit the sea-shore. I had been often told of the mighty power and the vastness of the waters of the sea, but I had never seen it, and every additional particular which I learned concerning the wonders of the ocean, only rendered the desire more intense. I had, on the occasion alluded to, got a glimpse of a few vessels at the Broomielaw of Glasgow, but I was told that they were not to be compared to what could be seen at Greenock. I knew that my father had a relation in Rothsay, and that both Rothsay and Greenock were "down the water:" this, however, was the maximum of knowledge which

I then possessed regarding the situation of both places. For weeks the desire was nursed, till at last I could withstand the temptation no longer, and resolved that my wish should be gratified, and this, too, without the consent of my parents. This was my first *actual* transgression. To carry my purpose into execution money was necessary, and the devil having been allowed a lodgment in my heart, beat about so keenly that he soon possessed himself of my whole mind; and, as money was necessary, he argued that as I had none, nor any means of procuring it honestly, the only alternative would be to *borrow* it from the family repository. This point being settled to the satisfaction of myself and the Wicked One, I took the first opportunity of my mother's absence, stole the money, and, thus provided, I took my passage to Greenock in a steamboat from a place known to "Paisley bodies" as the "water neb."

In my anxiety to carry this plan into operation, I never once thought of the agony such a step would cause my parents, or of the fearful crime I had committed. I only thought of gratifying a curiosity, innocent in itself, but made altogether reprehensible by the means used to gratify it. Nevertheless, after the steamer was set in motion, I could not help running first to one side, then to the other, in order to watch the boiling of the water caused by the splashing of the paddle-wheels. Every thing I saw was new to me; and in my search after the power which propelled the vessel, I at last alighted on the man at the helm, and

put him down as being the party who compelled the boat to

"Walk the waters like a thing of life."

Thus amusing myself, we arrived at Greenock, when I went on shore, and had equal cause to wonder. I wandered about the docks till near dusk, with another lad, with whom I had picked up an acquaintance. Being tired out, my friend invited me to his mother's, assuring me of a good lodging for the night. I went with him and was made very welcome. His mother, a widow, suspecting I was a runaway, gave me some wholesome advice, and advised me to return home in the morning, which I promised to do.

On the following morning when I awoke, I did not feel comfortable. It was the first night I had ever spent from home, and the fact of my parents not being aware of my departure or where I was, rendered me extremely uneasy; I therefore determined to return and ask forgiveness. After I had partaken of some breakfast, I left the good woman under the belief that I was to take the first steamboat for Glasgow. Arrived at the quay, I found a steamboat about to start for Rothsay, the very place I had left home to visit. I ruminated a little on the course I was to pursue, and in the end found myself, instead of returning home, on my way down to Rothsay.

The scenery between Greenock and the Island of Bute, on which Rothsay is situated, is capable of calling up in the contemplative mind ideas of the most sub-

lime character. On the right, towards the North, rise far up, one over the other, the dark mist-covered hills of the Western Highlands,

“ Where the clouds love to rest
On the mountains' rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er an islandless sea.”

On the left you have Gourock with its beautiful crescent-like bay, and its bold point, opposite to which, at the dead hour of midnight, the fated Comet went down with its living freight, having come in contact with another vessel called the Ayr, at the very moment when the passengers were killing time by dancing to the merry strains of a violin, thinking of every thing save their latter end. What a time to be called to judgment! On the opposite shore again you have Dunoon, with its lightsome doungs of marine villas. Crossing again, and near to where “Clutha meets the sea,” are seen the white fronts of the houses and cottages of Largs and the Fairlie. Thus I might run on for a length of time, but I must return, for here we are rounding Toward Point, and entering Rothsay Bay, after crossing which, the vessel drew up alongside the quay.

On landing, I had some little difficulty in finding my relation, as all the knowledge I possessed respecting the good lady was my being able to repeat her maiden name; but whether married or single I could not tell. Fortunately for me, it was customary there, as it still is in some small towns in Scotland, to call ladies, even after marriage, by their maiden names, and from this

circumstance I at last stumbled upon an old woman who furnished me with all the intelligence I desired. When I found my friend, I had little trouble in making myself known to her, and, without suspecting the truth, she gave me a hearty Highland welcome. She felt proud, she said, that the "dear laddie" had come so far to see her. With this assurance I soon made myself at home, and before going to bed, I handed her what little money I had saved, which, however, she only took to let me have again at my departure.

Next morning I was up betimes, and enjoyed the luxury of a sea-bathe. Being a good swimmer, I felt proud in showing off before those parties who durst not venture beyond walking distance. Among those who had watched my first performance, was the son of a Glasgow merchant, somewhat about my own age. This young gentleman was anxious to learn the art of swimming. By the time I had got dressed, he had left his own companions, and stood at a little distance, as if waiting for an opportunity of speaking to me.

I trust the reader will bear with me in the little matters I may have heretofore mentioned, or may yet have occasion to notice, as I deem it necessary to state these things in order that incidents of greater moment may be introduced, the one being to the other what cause is to effect. My acquaintance with this young man bears mightily on all I have to say hereafter; and having made this statement, I will now resume.

As I mentioned, John, for so he was named, seemed anxious to enter into conversation with me; therefore, when I reached where he stood, he accosted me by

asking if I had learned to swim in fresh or salt water. I answered that this was the first time I had ever been in salt water. Some further conversation passed, when I soon found him to be one of those, who, though like Burns' dog,

“ His locket, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Showed him the gentleman and scholar ;”

yet, devoid of anything savouring of pride, he seemed to enjoy himself, and did so, with those whose parents were in less flourishing circumstances than his own, and he, still keeping the dog in view, would

“ Stan' as if right glad to see them,
An' stroan on stanes and hillocks wi' them.”

We parted at this time under the promise of meeting at a certain hour on the same day, when he was to come under my tutorage in the art of swimming. We met, accordingly, as we also did several times on the following day.

On the third morning after my arrival on the island, I was up, as usual, at an early hour. It was July, and as beautiful a July morning, as ever the sun looked down smiling upon. There was, on the one hand, the music of the morning breeze, as it played lightly over the ripples of the sea; on the other, was the music of the birds from every other bush, as they strained their little throats with their matin songs of praise to the God of Nature. The humble bee had commenced its busy task, and was already dipping into the sweets of the opening blossoms. Afar off on the bosom of that calm and sleeping sea, a few bright

specks were visible, which, by gazing awhile, could be distinguished as light skiffs, whose crews were employed in fishing. With such a scene before them, who would not stop, look, and admire its beauty? I will not pretend to say that, at that early age, I did so, but this I know, that I paused occasionally to look across the waters: and I can recollect wishing myself on board of some tiny bark afar off on their heaving surface. While thus engaged, I had made but slow progress towards the bathing ground, and was, consequently, behind the hour I had appointed to meet my young friend. Before I reached the spot, and while yet a good way off, I thought I could discern an unusual crowding towards one point; for this reason I quickened my pace, till I got near enough to ascertain that some one or other was on the point of being drowned. The crowd consisted of boys; and there was no grown up person near them. I came amongst them, and as soon as two or three of them, whom I had before seen, were aware of my presence, they cried out, "See, see, it's John, it's John, he's drowning!" In an instant, my bonnet, jacket, and the other parts of my clothes, were thrown on the shore, and in I dashed, determined, if possible, to save my unfortunate friend. I could still see him struggling, but his strength was fast going. I called to him to lie still; he was deaf to words. I felt a little timorous, lest he might get hold of me when I approached him; and all the knowledge I possessed respecting securing persons in that situation, was summed up in "get behind them." This I endeavoured to do, and at last succeeded. Poor John!

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He seemed unconscious of all around him. Having laid hold of his arms from behind, I then struck out with my feet, and in this way pushed him before me towards the shore. Two men now appeared on the beach, and by the time I reached near enough the bank to gain a footing, one of them took my burden from me. Well it was that he did so, as I had exerted myself beyond my strength in accomplishing what I had done. I was scarcely able to drag myself to the spot where I had left my clothes. John was carried without loss of time to the nearest house, but great doubts were entertained whether he would ever recover. Every exertion was used to restore him, and at last success crowned their efforts; but he was unable to be removed till the following day. The parties who were present had all followed my poor friend, and I was left, in an exhausted state, to shift for myself the best way I could. I made several attempts to dress, but all in vain; I felt myself so giddy, that, half dressed, I was forced to lay myself down on a little grassy plot, where I was found some time afterwards by one of the gentlemen who were present when I came out of the water. This gentleman very kindly assisted me to dress, and also accompanied me home. When the good woman saw the gentleman enter with me, she was afraid some accident had befallen me; but when he told her what had happened, she seemed as if she could have cried for joy, and became more fond of me than ever. I was put to bed, and not allowed to stir out for the remainder of that day.

In the afternoon I was rather surprised at the visit

of another gentleman, who called to see me. He made strict enquiry as to my name, the situation of my parents, and my own prospects. At last he said that my friend John was his son, and that for having saved him from drowning, he was anxious to make me some recompense. In order to carry his purpose out, he thought it would be advisable to see my parents. On his mentioning this, I could not help shedding tears. He enquired why I did so, when I confessed to him what I had done. He bade me keep my mind easy, and that, as he intended to return to Glasgow on the following day, he would take me under his charge, and act the part of a mediator between me and my parents. He then left me, with the understanding that I should be in readiness by eight o'clock the following morning, to accompany him back to Glasgow.

My kind friend, with whom I lived, was angry with me for not making her aware of my having run away: as, although she was glad to see me, she did not wish it thought that she had given me any encouragement in staying away so long from home. Under these circumstances, I promised her that I would tell the truth, and let my father know that I had not acquainted her with my having left home without his sanction. This gave her complete satisfaction, and I left her the next morning on the best of terms, after having received from her some good advice as to my future conduct. I then took my passage for Glasgow, along with John's father, and, like the Prodigal Son, I returned home a sincere penitent.

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CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN.—A CLIMAX.

“A sincere penitent.” If there be one thing more than another capable of calling forth the kindly sympathies of our nature for a fellow-man, it is when a transgressor unburdens his whole soul in all openness, expressing sincere regret for what he may have done amiss, and promising amendment for the future. Is it a friend who, in the heat of passion, has laid some unworthy motive to your charge! Let his temper become cool; allow him time for reflection. He soon feels uneasy; he is aware he has wronged you, and his internal monitor points out to him the means of redress. He approaches you timidly; the blush of shame sits in glowing colours on his reddened cheeks, but his heart tells him he is only about to do what is right. He extends his trembling hand towards you, and while he confesses his fault, you feel that your conduct would be worse than his, were you to refuse forgiveness. Such scenes are common among right-minded persons, and the heart must receive no small benefit from calmly contemplating such an act. But I must proceed with my narrative.

After our return to Glasgow, Mr. S—— made me accompany him to his place of business, from whence, when he had left such orders as he considered neces-

sary, we set out for my father's dwelling. Various ideas crossed my mind on our journey. I did not know how I could meet either my parents or play-fellows. I felt ashamed; and the difficulties of my position increased, the nearer I approached home. I would fain have hung back, but my kind conductor would not allow me. At last I distinguished the shout and merry laugh of a few of my companions, who were amusing themselves in a field close by. I did not wish to encounter them, so we hurried on, and in a few minutes after entered the house. Mr. S—— preceded me;— my father was absent; but my dear mother occupied her usual place. She started when she saw us, and before my mediator had time to speak, her sharp eye rested upon me. Oh! what a look! it went quick and forcibly to my heart. Her face seemed to wear the same quiet uniformity it had ever done, but there was a glistening in the eye, and a tone in the voice, which sounded like the chiding of one who felt more than the being who was admonished. She uttered but one simple sentence, but that one was enough to open the flood-gates of my mind. Looking me steadfastly in the face, she said, "Weel, Jamie, hae ye come back again?" She could say no more; for her eyes filled with tears, and her sobbing stopped utterance. In a moment my whole soul was in sympathy with hers, but I exhibited my feelings in a more noisy manner. The influence spread on all sides, and all in the house were soon in tears; even Mr. S—— himself was unable to restrain his feelings. This first overflow was somewhat subsided, when my youngest brother, then

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about four years old, came running up to me, and seizing one of my hands, looked up in my face, and, half crying, lispingly exclaimed, "you no gang awa' again, Jamie?" A fresh burst of grief on my part was the consequence, and I was singing out in a pretty high key, accompanied by my young brother, who played an excellent second, when my father entered; but his appearance did not prevent our finishing the bar. To Mr. S—— we must have exhibited a very interesting family group. How could it be otherwise; for all felt that one who seemed as dead was now alive, and he that had been lost was found.

My father's entrance gave Mr. S—— an opportunity of explaining where he found me, and what I had told him; nor did he conceal the great service I had done him, in saving his son: He also stipulated for my complete forgiveness. A long conversation ensued, in the course of which it was agreed that I should, at the expiry of another year, leave my parental home, to take up my abode with Mr. S——, into whose service I was to enter as an office boy, in order to receive the necessary instructions to fit me for filling the situation of a junior clerk in his establishment.

Six months passed from the date of what is above recorded, and all recollections of the runaway had nearly become forgotten. New Year's Day was approaching. Lochs and streams were covered with the handywork of the winter-king. Hedges and plantations were clothed in white, and nodded and shook their frozen branches in the winter's blast, like so many spirits of the ruling power. The windows of the sur-

rounding cottages were decked in the beauty of winter's silver-like spangled flowers. The village gardens showed little signs of vegetation. Here and there, it is true, might be seen the green top of some favorite pot-herb, looking peeringly forth from its cold snowbed, around which a few small footmarks pointed out where the timid hare had made a scanty meal, and then scampered off again to the more open fields. The male portion of the villagers were busy making preparations for a forth-coming *bonspiel*. My father, in company with one or two other neighbours, had gone off, in the forenoon of a Monday, to inspect the state of a sheet of ice some two miles distant, and all around was happiness and glee.

How soon is joy often turned into mourning. The smile which played on the features of each member of our family in the morning, was, ere night, effaced, and supplanted by the deepest anguish and wailings of despair. The head and support of his family, the example of his neighbours, as well as the hope of his little ones, was suddenly called before the judgment-seat of God, to render an account of his stewardship. Reader! has it been your misfortune to lose a loved parent in the days of your childhood? If so, you can feel for those who mourn over such a calamity. He was 'taken from us, and that too, without being permitted to bestow upon us his last blessing. Had we but seen him die, it would have moderated our grief; but no, it was otherwise ordered. God's ways are often mysterious, yet his will be done! My father had gone forth from his home and his family in perfect

health; there was no warning, for true it is, "in the midst of life we are in death." He and his companions had enjoyed their walk to the appointed place, and were in the act of leaving the ice, when it gave way, and my father was engulfed. When he was rescued, his spirit had fled to God who gave it. He was carried back to our now mourning home, dead—*dead*. I must pass over the rest of this sad scene.

Another six months passed, and my removal to Glasgow became a desired event, although my now widowed mother had many misgivings as to my future conduct. He who would have advised and consoled her was gone, and the whole burden and responsibility of rearing a young family, rested upon her undivided efforts. Her duty, relying upon the blessing of God, she was determined to do; and no one ever had occasion to point the finger of reproach at her, whatever might be the fate of any of her children.

Installed at last in the office of Mr. S——, I spent the first three years much to my own and employer's satisfaction. The influence of youths of my own age, was, however, beginning to make encroachments on my yet somewhat rusticated nature. In the son of Mr. S—— I found one who was already pretty well initiated into all the vices, vastly too common in large cities. From my first appearance in his father's office, he had, by various acts of kindness, endeavoured to show his gratitude for the service he considered I had rendered him. These acts were extremely flattering to me, but they were carried at last much farther than his father, or any one interested in my welfare, could

wish ; but they were done in such a way as rendered me incapable of refusing them, from the fear of displeasing one for whom I entertained a great respect.

He often made the theatre a resort ; the ball-room occasionally ; and a sporting house almost nightly. At first, and to the first-mentioned place, I was induced to accompany him, by his presenting me with a ticket of admission ; to the second-mentioned place I was introduced in the same manner ; but as to the third, wine and curiosity, from what he had told me concerning it, was the cause of my visits there. *Curiosity*, a curse on it ! *curiosity*, if I may so speak, caused the fall of our first parents ; it has caused the fall of many since, and will cause the fall, if not guarded against, of many yet unborn. I had no natural desire to become a gambler, for I possessed a strong abhorrence to card-playing ; but once admitted, I was led imperceptibly on, till I became altogether engulfed in that devil's cauldron—a gambling house.

Would that at this juncture some kind friend had stepped in to advise me how to escape from my dreadful dilemma. I had various conversations with my devoted companion on the subject—for we were both adrift in the same doomed vessel—but he seemed alike heedless and careless as to consequences, and all the consolation I received from him was—“ Try again—fortune *may* smile on your next attempt.”

One dark night in the month of January, 1830, I left that gathering of human depravity—the gambler's den. John was by my side, but I was scarcely conscious who he was. I had drank deep, and all I possessed had

passed into the hands of other parties. Had the money been my own, the consequences would have been less fearful; but it belonged to him who had striven to raise me in the scale of society, and give me a standing in the world. Alas! this was not the first sum I had so squandered; and that, too, by the advice and sanction of his own son. Reflection at that moment was impossible, as the powers of my mind were too deeply steeped in wine, for healthy exercise. Various fancies, however, spread across my mind. I had a feeble conception of the danger of my position, and as we strolled on in an opposite direction from home, visions of the gloomiest character kept floating directly in my path. In this state of mind we reached part of the public green termed "The Flesher's Haugh." By this time the cold evening breeze, and the distance we had walked, wrought a beneficial effect upon me; but as consciousness returned, neither I nor my equally unfortunate companion, could explain why we were there, or how we had gained such an unlikely spot, on such an evening. The Clyde, close by, rolled rapidly and moaningly downward to the sea. The wind rushed drearily past. The face of the sky was completely covered with thick heavy clouds: not a single star was visible to guide our wandering and depraved hearts from earth to heaven: all above and around looked desolate and lonely, as if everything below and above had been under the supreme control of the spirits of darkness.

Under such circumstances, I have many times since wondered that self-destruction did not occur, as a ready

means of freeing me from all worldly perplexities. But my time was not come, neither were the purposes for which I had entered the world fulfilled. As glimpse after glimpse of the past came shadowing forth, and reason worked more and more into play, the feelings belonging to my bodily frame also showed signs of susceptibility. I began to feel the cold, and at last I proposed, although in a most desponding spirit, that we should endeavour to retrace our steps and seek home.

At length, at a late hour, we reached home, and soon after entering the house I was stretched upon my bed. The transactions of the day rose up before me in vivid colours. A sum of money had been placed under my charge on that day for a specific purpose, more than the half of which I had taken with me, at the instigation of John, to the gambling-house, and out of which we had been fleeced. I spent a restless night. What means to adopt to ward off the evil day, I knew not. I felt as if I could have given the wealth of the world, had I possessed it, for the guileless innocence in which I was enwrapt when I first entered the office.

The clear rays of a winter morning's sun were beginning to dart into my bed-room, yet sleep had not visited my eyes, and I was still undecided what course to pursue. My better judgment told me that I ought at once to confess my delinquencies, and ask forgiveness. This mode I would have adopted, but in doing so I must necessarily throw a share of the odium on my unfortunate friend. My evil heart suggested another mode, and I am sorry to say with too much success,

Nine o'clock—an hour earlier than usual—found me that morning entering the office in a hurried manner. My head was in a fevered state, and my eyes were red and inflamed. I hastily applied the key to the lock of the desk, and having abstracted the remainder of the money, hastily took my departure. I made for the Broomielaw, in the hope of getting on board a Liverpool steam-packet, to make my escape to England; but I found the vessel was not to sail before mid-day. During the time I was in waiting for the sailing of the packet, being a novice in roguery, I threw myself more than once in the way of parties to whom I was known. My absence from the office was soon discovered, and this leading to inquiries, it was ascertained that I had been seen on board of a Liverpool vessel. John was questioned as to my disappearance from the office, and although he knew nothing of my intentions, he made a complete *exposé* of the whole of our transactions. The consequence was, I was apprehended on a charge of embezzlement, and thrown into prison. What were my feelings, I need not describe; neither is it necessary to detail the various proceedings attendant on such a state of matters: suffice it therefore to say, that when the day of my trial arrived, I was found guilty of the charge, on my own confession, and was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Mr. S—— would have saved me if possible, but in the warmth of the moment, when my guilt was first made manifest, he had gone too far to enable him to recede.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE.—THE CONVICT.—THE COXSWAIN.

The agony of my trial over, I had sufficient time to reflect on the degraded position my short but unfortunate career had placed me in, and that, too, within the gloomy walls of a convict's cell. I saw the light from the sun come and go day after day, and as that light slowly and stealthily entered and departed, and no sound reached my ears but the grating of the lock as the turnkey came on his daily examination, my heart sunk within me at the recollection of the liberty I had hitherto enjoyed. What pained me most, however, was the grief of my poor, heart-broken mother.* From motives of delicacy, I have refrained from describing the scene which followed my incarceration, at first, but now that I was torn from her, on account of my own guilt, a feeling of despair laid fast hold on her mind, so that when she came to pay me a last adieu, she was to every eye who had formerly seen her, but the shadow and remembrance of what she had been. Oh God! how my heart bled for her. As for myself, life and all its joys were gone, and I could have laid me down happily and died.

At length the day of our departure arrived, and, however much I expected to suffer as a convict, I hailed the dawn of that morning with pleasure. I

wished to be far away from the scene of my ignominy, vainly imagining that remembrance would become obliterated as distance intervened. All things being ready for our removal, the prisoners were led out handcuffed to a coach which stood at the entrance to the prison. As the great door opened, and the refreshing breeze of the morning fell unbidden on my burning cheeks, I raised my eyes to look upon the surrounding objects for the last time. But from whence comes that hum of human voices? They are not shouts of joy, nor peals of laughter. They sound like the whispers of persons in eager conversation, mingled with stifled groans, and heavy sobs. Half a dozen paces forward, and all is explained. On each side of the passage leading from the jail to the coach, are congregated crowds of eager gazers,—some brought there from curiosity—others deeply interested in the fate of some one of the prisoners. Could my poor mother be amongst the number! This thought made me tremble. I determined not to look round, for fear I might encounter her mournful gaze; but the more I felt inclined to do this, the stronger became the desire to satisfy myself, whether she might be present. Not being able to control this feeling, I cast a quick and anxious look, first on the one side, and then on the other, and had all but come to the conclusion that none was among the crowd who felt uneasy on my account. I was about to withdraw my eyes, when a move was made amongst the assembly near to the place where the coach was placed. I had no power to withdraw my eyes from looking in that direction, and

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on the crowd opening to admit of some one who was eagerly pressing forward, I was nearly struck powerless on beholding the very person who had been the chief instrument in causing my downfall,—it was my unlucky companion, John. His eyes were red, and the tears on his cheeks told that he had been crying. In an instant my mother stood at his side,—to please her, he had forced a passage that she might be permitted for the last time to look upon her lost, but dearly-beloved son. I have stated before, that she was sadly changed, and when I recollected that all her suffering had been on my account, I could not help inwardly cursing my folly. Tears came as a relief, and while I lifted both hands to wipe my eyes, the sight of the handcuffs excited her so much, that she had only power to repeat my name, when she fell back into the arms of John. I rushed forward to support her, but was soon reminded by one of the officers in attendance, that this could not be allowed. I cast one glance at the unconscious form of her who had watched over my childhood, and who had so often prayed to God that I might be kept from evil. From her I turned my eyes on John. He seemed to read my thoughts, for, as I entered the coach, he called aloud, "Forgive me, James—I will be a son in your stead."

How can I forget that morning—big as it was with so many things to be remembered. On that morning I was forced to bid a long farewell to the land of my fathers and the land of my birth. True, my acts had disgraced me, but I was not hardened in guilt. Had I been so, the pangs of that fearful day would have been

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

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

companions we had to commune with ; let it suffice, therefore, to say, that at the end of five months and four days, we were safely landed at Hobart Town.

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

At the time we landed, Hobart Town was very ill supplied with water, and the governor had set a project on foot for cutting into Wellington Mountain,—a high hill at the bottom of which the town stands,—in order, if possible, to discover a spring by which the inhabitants could be supplied with water. As all the convicts who had arrived before us were otherwise engaged, the governor ordered that twenty of our number should be set apart for this undertaking. It was my lot to be appointed one of the party nominated for this task, and a fearful task we had to perform. It was in the very depth of winter, but to interest us some little in the enterprize, we were promised, if successful in finding the spring, some indulgence in our situation as convicts. Drowning men are said to catch at straws, so, in our position, anything which had even the most distant hope of alleviating our sufferings, was eagerly seized upon. This hope kept us for some time alive, else we must otherwise have sunk under the influence of the extreme cold. It was, however, all to no purpose, for at the end of seven weeks, we

were carried back to town, almost frozen to death, and were obliged to go into hospital for the treatment of our frozen limbs.

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

turned out with the pleasure I experienced in the captain's service.

One day the captain informed me of his intention of taking a trip to an Island on the coast, called Maria Island, situated about 150 miles from Hobart Town. He intended taking a party of ladies and gentlemen with him. For this purpose he was to be favored with the governor's barge, his own gig being too small, and the governor's barge pulling eight oars. The captain only allowed me a given time to have the barge brought round to an appointed place, with a full complement of hands to work her. Fortunately I accomplished my task in good time, but I had scarcely seen that all was right, when the captain and his party arrived. The party consisted of his daughter, niece, and other two ladies, and three gentlemen. The word "all right" being given, we hoisted a lug sail, and, with a fine breeze from the N.W., we were soon scudding gallantly along on what turned out to be a rather perilous voyage. Everything went "merry as a marriage bell" for the first day, and when the gloom of evening began to darken around us, we had reached as far as Sloping Island, where it was agreed we should go ashore. We were soon landed, and, with the assistance of the crew, tents were erected for the ladies and gentlemen—having brought canvas and poles with us for the purpose. As for myself and the crew, the lug sail answered to screen us. After a hasty but no less hearty supper, we prepared for sleep, and arose in the morning well refreshed by a night's sound repose. Having prepared breakfast for the party, it was soon partaken of,

and we again embarked, a stiff breeze having set in from the S. W. We continued our course without encountering anything worthy of remark, and, at five o'clock in the afternoon, landed at East Bay Neck, where we kindled a fire, and pitched our tents for the second night's rest.

From the circumstance of my being often up and down the coast with the gig, I had become well acquainted with the history of the various places along its line. I was aware that our situation that night was neither so safe nor so comfortable as I could have wished. Not a few seamen had been murdered by the natives of the place, and I felt certain that if we escaped being surprised by them, it would only be in consequence of their having retired farther inland, or from our own watchfulness. Accordingly, after supper, and when the captain, his party, and the crew had retired to rest, I continued seated at the fire, determined to act a cautious part, and, if possible, guard against being surrounded by a host of savages, for I looked upon the natives as such. While I was thus seated, I could not help thinking on the many changes I had experienced; my mind, at times, soaring far, far away, and, in imagination, I was once more mingling among my merry youthful companions. Then again the truth would dart across my wandering thoughts, and, thinking on the horror of my position, the warm tears trickled down my sun-burnt cheeks. The scene around was well calculated for reflection. On each side towered ponderous trees, the huge branches creaking and groaning with their own weight. At a little distance from the fire stood the

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canvas tent, and the flickering light of the burning wood falling faintly on it, gave the scene a solitary appearance; while overhead the clouds were dark and heavy looking, and the hollow murmuring of the ocean close by, rendered the scene, to my simple ideas, wild and romantic.

While thus reflecting, I was suddenly startled by the sound of what I conceived to be a foot tread on some broken brushwood lying in the bush at some little distance from the place I occupied. I involuntarily started up, gazing anxiously and uneasily around, but I could discover no object to cause alarm, and was about to set it down as the effect of overheated imagination; but scarcely had I applied this flattering unction to my mind, when the noise was repeated, even nearer me than when I at first heard it. Fears now crowded upon my mind, and a sense of danger laid its agitating fingers upon me. The inmates of both tents were asleep, and what would be the consequences if a host of savages were to dart upon us from the surrounding thickets? Were such the case, our deaths would be speedy and inevitable. I scarcely knew how to move; but God having restored calmness to my mind, I made toward the spot where the crew lay, in the most cautious manner I could. There I stood, ruminating on what course I should next take. I did not wish to awake my companions, without being fully assured that danger was near. My suspense was but of short duration, for the figure of a human being that moment passed between me and the fire, as if in the act of reconnoitring. No time was now to be lost, as I felt confident he would

not be alone. I therefore proceeded cautiously to awaken the crew, and making them aware of the danger, we prepared our fire-arms, with which we had been furnished by the captain, and then silently crept to the tent occupied by the ladies and gentlemen, determined to save them, if attacked, or perish in the attempt. Scarcely had we secured ourselves here, when we observed about forty of the natives surrounding the fire. At last they discovered the tent, towards which, after some little consideration, they quietly advanced, each armed with two spears—the right hand which held one being raised above the head. The spear was thus ready to be thrown at whatever object might present itself. From the position in which we were placed, we had a decided advantage over them, for besides their approaching between us and the light, we were partially concealed from them by intervening trees. Having no wish to create an alarm among the ladies, we did not make them aware of their critical position, and the men, used to obey my instructions, readily gave in to the plan I intended to pursue. I therefore allowed our savage enemies to advance pretty close to our hiding-place, when, giving the words “now for it,” we fired in a body. The suddenness of this proceeding struck terror to our foes, for seeing some of their party shot dead, and others wounded, the rest uttered a yell past all description, and hastily fled to the bush. As might be expected, the captain and his guests rushed out to ascertain the cause. I had no words to meet their inquiries, but pointing towards two or three dead savages, this silent language told all that was necessary. The gentlemen

then again returned to explain and soothe the ladies, while the captain remained with us, that we might have the benefit of his advice and direction in our further proceedings.

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CHAPTER V.

PERILOUS POSITION.—THE ENGAGEMENT.—OUR LOSS.
ESCAPE.

I do not deem it necessary to say, that the position of the ladies was one of great anxiety. This much may be imagined. Aroused as they had been from the sweet embrace of that soother of sorrow—balmy sleep; awakened from their slumbers of security, by the sound of fire-arms, to a sense of danger, their hearts almost forsook them, and they gave vent to their feelings in piercing cries. The attention of the gentlemen, with the intelligence that we had driven the natives back, coupled with assurances of safety, tended in some degree to calm their agitation. In this position I leave them for a little, and return to the state of affairs outside the tent.

The captain's first movement after he was made aware of all that had passed, was to order the fire to be extinguished, for the purpose of concealing from the natives a knowledge of our numbers; which he was afraid might be obtained from the reflection of its light. This we endeavoured to accomplish by throwing earth over the still burning embers, but it was a task of a rather dangerous nature, from the circumstance of one or two of the more daring of our enemies having secreted themselves in the vicinity of where the fire was placed. We did not discover this fact till one of

our party, in the act of throwing some earth on the burning wood, received a wound in the arm from a spear, which was thrown with nearly fatal effect. Our tactics, therefore, had to be changed. Retiring behind a cluster of trees, one only advanced, while the rest remained stationary, and kept up an irregular firing in order to frighten our enemies. In this manner our object was attained. But for this proceeding some of our little band must have fallen. The natives of this creek are so adept at spear-throwing, that they can strike an object with unerring precision at a considerable distance. Had we therefore continued together near the light, unprotected by any covering whereby we could be screened, a shower of spears from hands so dexterous could not have been otherwise than fatal.

In the performance of this duty an hour had elapsed, and the captain, anxious to learn the state of the ladies, ordered me to proceed cautiously to the tent, and bring him intelligence of their condition. He would have undertaken this business himself, but preferred remaining for a short time in the position he occupied at the head of the few but gallant fellows who composed the crew. It may be a natural question to ask, why not proceed altogether? If the circumstances narrated do not form a sufficient answer to the query, allow me to remark, that had we moved in a body towards the tent, its situation being known to those we were extremely anxious to avoid, we would have paid dear for our temerity, and I think the sequel will show that the captain had judged correctly as to the probability of this being the case.

The tent stood at a distance of not more than fifty yards from the spot occupied by the captain and crew. I had not, therefore, far to walk in the performance of my mission. I had loaded my gun in case its services might be called into action. With the utmost silence and caution I then made towards the tent, but with all the caution I could exercise, I occasionally disturbed the fallen leaves and dried branches, which were plentifully strewed around. These sounds which had been the cause of my alarm at first, tended also to point out my whereabouts; and to the practised ear of a native, my position could be told as plainly and as readily as in the glare of the mid-day sun. I had accomplished about half the distance, and the certainty of reaching the tent in safety and without molestation began to occupy my thoughts. But, alas! how frequently are we the subjects of disappointment! and in this instance I was made to experience this fact in a most trying manner. At this moment I had fortunately reached the shelter of a large tree, when a whistling sound came hastily through the air, followed by a stroke as if from a hatchet, on the opposite side of the tree, and seemingly in a level with my head. It was the act of a moment, and my scattered thoughts were forced into a new channel. My progress and place had been discovered; the cunning enemy had sent a spear to greet me, but, thank Heaven, the friendly tree interposed between me and the messenger of death. In an instant my hand was passed around the tree to satisfy myself of the truth of my supposition. Yes, there stuck the weapon so firmly fixed as to refuse yielding to a violent

effort I made to extricate it from the tree. What mode of attack to expect next, I knew not; but there was no time for deliberation. I, therefore, threw myself flat upon the ground. I put my gun in order, and there I lay, silently waiting the result. The sounds which had betrayed me, soon told the spot where my enemy was, but whether there might be one or more the darkness of the night prevented me from ascertaining. All nature seemed at rest; no sound reached my ear, save the stealthy step of one, who, although I had never seen, I knew to be a deadly foe, and that he was thirsting for my blood. It was a fearful moment; and never did tiger watch more closely the movements of its devoted victim, than I did the wary advance of my enemy. At last I could discover a dark form moving in a crouching position, behind a thicket in the vicinity of my hiding place. The next moment it became visible on the opposite side. My heart beat fiercely and almost audibly within my bosom. I felt as if one of us must die, and I breathed out a silent prayer to HIM in whose hands is the life of all men, that He would sustain me in the dreadful conflict which I saw before me. Nearer my opponent came. To have shot him dead would have been my safest remedy, but I could not bring my mind to do it. Besides, my near proximity to the tent—the state of the ladies—the probable rushing forward in a body of my companions—thus exposing them to unforeseen danger, which was sure to follow the discharge of my gun, and my ignorance of how many natives were near the place—all crowded on my mind. As it were by instinct, I un-

fastened a tomahawk which I carried in my belt, and which I had used in the fore part of the evening for cutting fire wood. In this state I waited a moment longer. It was evident, from the manner of my enemy, that he had not discovered the exact spot where I was. He was now nearly within arm's length of me. At last our eyes met: his spear was raised. In another moment I was on my feet—the tomahawk grasped firmly in my right hand. I was perfectly calm. His eyes seemed like balls of fire, and his whole manner was ferocious. There we stood for an instant. At last his spear descended, but, happily for me, its point came in contact with the steel buckle attached to my tomahawk belt, opposite my heart. There was no time to think on my Providential escape, and in an instant my tomahawk whirled in the air, and then fell on his head with a force which a skull thicker than that of a savage could not resist, and without a groan he fell dead at my feet.

My situation, even in this moment of victory, was no enviable one. Having an idea that some of my fallen enemy's companions might be lurking near, I became undecided for a moment what step to adopt;—whether to return to the captain, or endeavour to reach the tent in the fulfilment of my mission. A little reflection led me to adopt the latter, which I at last accomplished without further molestation.

The scene in the tent was a very melancholy one. The absence of the captain, and the occasional firing which had taken place in the interval, had wrought so much on the fears and feelings of the captain's daughter

a young lady of about seventeen years of age, that when I entered the tent alone, she was so much excited that she sprung from the arms of one of the young ladies who had been supporting her while in a faint, and from the influence of which she had only recovered when I entered, seized me by the arm, and in the most heart-rending tones inquired for her father. The effort was too much for her strength; for becoming exhausted, she would have fallen to the ground, but for the timely aid of one of the young gentlemen. From one faint to another, she continued in a very alarming state, till the arrival of her dear father, for whose safety she was so much concerned. Owing to my long absence, the captain had become uneasy for the safety of his friends, and ordering each of the crew to keep a good look out, and hold well together in case of surprise, and also to discharge their muskets alternately as they moved forward, they succeeded in reaching the spot where all that was near and dear to him lay pale and motionless. The knowledge of her father's presence, however, with the gentle and affectionate attention of her companions, in a short time happily revived her. The sad state of my young and gentle mistress, with the energy of mind required to soothe and calm her agitation, kept her female friends from thinking seriously on their own condition; but on her recovery, and when they were left to reflect on what had passed, and the dangers still before them, they shuddered with horror, yet felt secure when surrounded by those whom they knew would save them from death and violence, or perish in their defence.

The captain, when calmness had been restored, and tranquility had resumed its place in each breast, posted the crew at convenient distances round the frail dwelling, and in this state each anxiously waited for the hour of daylight.

Morning! welcome morning to those whose sorrows make the long night irksome, at length opened on us. All nature seemed rejoiced and happy :

“The bee, the bird, and butterfly,
Were on their lightest wing ;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad.”

Rut with us—the bond and the free, the convict and the master—it was very far otherwise ;—for, under present circumstances, there appeared but little distinction between the felon and the innocent. We felt glad, however, that day had broken, and happy that the sun had begun to pour its lightsome influence on things animate and inanimate ; but the scene before us was nearly of a nature to check our rising aspirations to heaven for safety vouchsafed to us during the night. Opposite to the tent, and in a direct line between the tent and the creek, was a small piece of rising ground covered with beings, who seemed eager to glut their savage propensities in the blood of those who wished not to shed a drop of theirs, and who had only been driven to do so by stern necessity, and the natural feeling of self-defence. In such a predicament, what was to be done ? To enable us to escape, our savage foes would have to be driven from their vantage ground ; but our little band, trusty and faithful though they were, seemed but as one to a hundred, compared to the

number of our enemies. How, then, were we to effect our escape? This thought appeared to occupy more minds than one, at least if the countenance can be held as an indication of what may be passing inwardly. We had one hope left, and only one. In a line to the right of the tent, our barge had been drawn up on the previous evening. Close to where it lay there was a small neck of land, which the keen eye of the captain had observed when he landed, and across which, with some difficulty, could the natives be kept off during the attempt, the barge could be drawn, and then launched. The captain, therefore, called us together, and, pointing in the direction of our enemies, he said he hoped we were not dismayed in consequence of the numbers opposed to us, for, with God's protection, firm resolution, and the proper management of our fire-arms, our escape, he felt confident, was certain. He then proposed that we should proceed in a body towards the barge, and make the attempt to lift it across the neck of land; which we did. Having turned the barge keel down, we lashed the oars across, and then commenced to drag her over. Scarcely had we begun our operations, when the natives moved gradually toward us. The crew kept busy at their work, while the captain and the other gentlemen watched the movements of our foes. Our labour had not continued long, when the idea seemed to enter the minds of the natives, that we were afraid of them, and were thus endeavouring to elude their vengeance; for their hitherto gradual approach changed into a hasty attempt to close upon us. Seeing their drift, the cap-

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tain immediately ordered us off from dragging the barge. We then turned it bottom up, and placed the ladies under it, to secure them from danger. Our fire-arms and tomahawks being placed in proper order, we stood prepared for further instructions. Anxiety was strongly developed in every face, although all were strangers to any feeling of fear, our minds being made up, either to conquer, or sell our lives at a round interest.

“Now, my lads,” said the captain, addressing us in the plainest language, “I have but one proposal to make, and I will explain to you what it is. You see these savages are still approaching; they think we are afraid of them. Well, we will show them whether we are or not, but we must wait our opportunity. See that your muskets are in order. I will head you, and give the word when to fire, and there must be no hanging back. After your muskets are discharged, take to your tomahawks; and I promise you I will not desert you even then. If you agree to this, I will stand by you to the last. I see no other mode of escape; and if we fail in this, there is not one of us can leave the island alive. The gentlemen will remain where they are, to protect the ladies; but your work, and mine too, must be to drive these blood-hounds back. Are you agreed?” This proposal met with a hearty and ready response, and with “hearts resolved and hands prepared,” we waited the command of our captain.

Our resolution was soon put to the test. The captain, judging our enemies had advanced near enough, gave an encouraging look to the gentlemen, and then

exclaimed, "Board them now, my lads." We rushed forward. "Fire," cried the captain; and the ranks of our foes told how well his orders had been obeyed. Giving them no time to recover from the confusion our discharge had created, we seized our tomahawks, and rushed amongst them, dealing death on every side. In fact, so sudden was our movements, that not one of their party had the power to cast a single spear; for, turning with dismay, they fled into the bush with the utmost precipitation. We continued to follow them for some time, till the report of fire-arms in the direction of the barge caused the captain to call a halt. We then returned in haste to the ladies and their protectors, and only arrived in time to save them from being taken prisoners or butchered by a party of the natives, who had been lying in ambush, and who, during the time we were in chase of the main body, had taken that opportunity of attacking our friends.

It was fortunate that we returned to the barge at the moment we did, for one of the gentlemen had received a wound with a spear, and was consequently unable to render further assistance; the ladies were uttering cries of despair, while the two gentlemen, as yet unharmed, were only enabled to keep their enemies from rushing on them, by firing in turns. It was at this juncture that we made our appearance; and seeing the jeopardy of our friends, we sent forth a hearty shout to cheer them, and flew with the speed of grey-hounds to their rescue. On perceiving us, the natives did not wait our attack, but fled in terror to the bush.

The rescue of our friends being thus accomplished,

a few minutes was allowed us to rest, being nearly worn out with the fatigues of the night, and the excitement and exertion of our morning's work; and as our enemies did not make their appearance, we flattered ourselves that further interruption would not be offered to our departure. With this hope, the barge was again put in motion, and we soon succeeded in dragging it to the water's edge. This important duty being performed, the ladies were allowed to go on board first, and were soon followed by the gentlemen and the crew. Scarcely had the captain taken his seat, and the barge shoved off, when a number of the desperate beings inhabiting the island, suddenly sprang from behind a thicket where they had concealed themselves, and, taking aim, hurled a shower of spears amongst us, killing the gentleman who had already received a spear wound, wounding the captain's daughter, and another lady, and three of the crew. With hard pulling, we soon got out of the danger to be apprehended from another discharge of spears; but the captain, enraged beyond measure at the death of his friend, and the thought of so many of our little company being wounded, ordered us to stand up and repay our treacherous assailants with a volley from our guns.

There was no want of alacrity to obey this order, and as they stood on the beach scowling at us like so many demons, we poured a well directed fire into their very centre with such effect as must have made them wish that they had still kept behind the thicket.

And here let me pause a little. Could this summary vengeance bring back the breath to the being who now

met our eyes locked in the firm embrace of death? Could the fall of one, aye, or of twenty of that terrible race, call back the look of intelligence, which, but a few minutes before, beamed in that youthful but manly countenance? Could the extinction even of the whole tribe, summon him from the sound sleep of death, where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Alas, no! Vengeance *to him* was fruitless; and yet how very often are the best energies of our minds paralysed—their holiest streams dried up in scheming out plans of revenge for some imagined injury. Time flies while we feed the cherished but unholy thought, nor stop we till the fiend-like wish is either accomplished, or the being possessing it is himself engulfed in the ocean he had created to swallow up the object of his hate, who, more than likely, rises from the attempt to blast him a triumphant conqueror.

And now to my subject. What an unhappy condition was ours!—one of our small party dead, and six wounded! In this state, and yet fifty miles from Maria island, how were we to reach that place! Scarcely knowing what to do, each having sufficient cause for reflection, we remained for a time almost unconscious how to act; but a half gale springing up, and the wind being from the proper quarter, our captain seized this opportunity of arousing us; and ordering a single reef in our lug sail, he determined to endeavour to reach our place of destination without further loss of time, where we fortunately arrived in the afternoon of that day, without any other notable occurrence.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR RECEPTION.—RETURN TO HOBART TOWN.—AN APPOINTMENT AND ITS RESULT.—DEATH OF CAPT. W.—A PRISONER.—THE ESCAPE.—INCIDENTS ATTENDANT ON A RUNAWAY.

On our arrival, the captain and the whole of the party were very kindly received by Major L——, the commandant of the Island, and his amiable lady. The wounded were also sharers in the Major's humane attentions, and were immediately placed under the care of the surgeon, who exerted himself as far as possible to alleviate their sufferings. Three days after our landing, the body of the gentleman killed in our encounter with the natives, was consigned to the grave, and in a day or two following, despite all the care and attention bestowed upon him by all parties, one of the crew died also. The two bodies were laid side by side, all distinction between their rank and circumstances being laid aside; and although both had breathed their last far from their friends and home, still they were not laid in their last narrow bed without tears of sympathy and sorrow for their untimely end. These sad events over, we remained about a month on the island, expecting every day the arrival of a government brig with provisions. It was intended, in case of the brig calling, that the captain and his friends should take their passage

in her, as the ladies were extremely unwilling to venture a return voyage in the barge. Day after day, however, passed on, and no appearance of the brig. Every day's disappointment added to the uneasy state of the captain's mind, and at last it was agreed between Major L—— and him, that I should be sent back with the barge, and that I also should be entrusted with the governor's despatches. On the evening of the same day on which this arrangement was made, I was sent for and ordered to put the barge in order, so that we might be ready to start next day. I was also instructed not to touch at the scene of our unfortunate disaster, nor indeed to touch land at all on my way back. It was also intimated to me that the government despatches were to be kept in my own possession, and that when we reached Hobart Town, I was to proceed directly to the government office, and deliver them to the governor, through his principal secretary. With these commands I took my departure from the island on the following day, the Major having appointed some of the hands on the Island to take the place of those who had been wounded, who, he intended, should be sent back with the first vessel that touched on her way to Hobart Town. We were four days and three nights on our passage, but it was accomplished safely, and the instant we reached our destination, I waited on the governor with the despatches. On the receipt of them by the secretary, he ordered me to be in waiting in the event of the governor wishing to see me; this step was the more necessary, as I wished for instructions as to the manner I should employ myself to the captain's return.

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The governor having perused the contents of the packet, expressed a wish that I should be called into his presence. After putting several questions to me, he stated his satisfaction at the manner I and the crew had conducted ourselves in the perilous situation of Captain W—— and his friends, and before leaving him, he rewarded me with the present of a sum of money and a free pass till the return of the captain. The same indulgence was also extended to those of the crew who had come down with me. Thus freed for a time from the trammels of the convict, I passed nine happy days in the enjoyment of every rational and instructive amusement within my power, as far as the little money I had received from the governor would admit of.

At the end of nine days, Captain W—— and his friends returned in the brig Prince Leopold, and immediately waited upon the governor. In the course of their conversation, the captain took occasion to speak very much in my favour, and the consequence was, that some days afterwards I was appointed to the command of a sloop of thirty tons, to be engaged in carrying provisions to several stations on the coast. For this responsible duty, I was not only to be at perfect liberty, but I was to receive a certain sum monthly. With this appointment, I had reached the pinnacle of my greatness, and for some time every transaction I was engaged in prospered under my hand, and for which I really felt grateful to God. But alas! the time of my trial was near at hand,—my prosperity and happiness were but of short duration, and the phial of God's wrath, opened on account of my iniquities, was almost too much to bear.

The first token I received of this, was the death of my esteemed and worthy patron, Captain W——. In his death I felt that I had really lost a friend and protector, and I shed tears on his account, as sincere and full of sorrow as if he had been my father. In my deep sorrow for his loss, there was nothing selfish, although on many occasions after I had cause to regret his death. From this point, therefore, I begin to note the second series of my troubles.

Few months elapsed after the melancholy event I have just recorded, when the sloop was sold. I was therefore transferred to a schooner, named the Finisher, and I thought often afterwards that there was meaning in the name, for with her all my hopes of happiness in the colony were *finished*. My air-blown bubbles were all burst, and I was torn from comparative comfort and liberty, to undergo a second time the realities of a convict's life.

In the schooner, I had two men to assist me, both, like myself, having

“Lest their country, for their country's good.”

One of the two was a quiet, easy, good-tempered fellow, and who, I really believe, had no viciousness or malice in his constitution more than the common run of mankind, but his neighbour was very differently constituted. He had, long previous to his transportation, connected himself with an obnoxious and daring gang of burglars, and, from all accounts, he was an adept at his unlawful profession. In his youth he had been apprenticed to a locksmith; so that, in joining the lawless association, he became a great desideratum. In confirmation of

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this fact, I will relate an instance. After he had, with other two of his accomplices, been apprehended, and was lying in prison awaiting trial, by some means or other, a small saw had been concealed about his person. The window of the cell in which he was confined was strongly guarded by strong iron bars. He thoroughly examined the state of the whole, and then coolly calculated his chance of escape. The lead with which the bars in the window were secured in the stone, was within his reach ; he, therefore, set about picking from the mass as many small pieces as he considered would be necessary for the construction of a key, with which he intended to open his cell door. He had no fire, neither had he any thing in which to place the lead for the purpose of melting. At last he discovered in the corner of his room a small piece of sheet iron, placed upon a broken piece of the floor. He had little difficulty in forcing this off, and appropriating it to the intended purpose. His ingenuity was next turned to the melting process. In accomplishing this desired object, his attention was directed to the small lamp furnished him in the evening, over the light of which he placed the sheet iron, on which were laid the small particles of lead. In this manner he formed the whole into a key. The next step was to procure the impression of the lock on the cell door. He examined the door minutely. It was studded with strong iron nails, running up and down in an oblique direction. His plan was to cut a small piece out of the door, directly under the lock, to enable him to thrust his arm through the aperture thus formed, and putting his leaden key

into the key hole, by this means he would be able to fix the lead so that it would fit the lock, and thus open the door. The task he had assigned himself was a difficult one, but it was one he was determined to prosecute to completion, and he succeeded; so neat, so clean, had he performed his work, that unless with the closest attention and inspection of the part, it was impossible to detect the spot where the door had been cut, so very close were the joinings when the piece was inserted. He was now master of his own room, and could walk out and in when it suited, but which was only at a time when neither turnkeys nor gaoler were at hand. He and his accomplices possessed certain signals, and he was not long in finding out the cells in which they were confined, and he soon managed so to alter the key, that it opened their cell doors also. Thus having the means of meeting and acting in concert, a plan was soon formed, by which they intended attempting their escape. They had thus met for two or three nights, and always on retiring, the locksmith secured the cell doors, and then retired to his own, making the door fast by means of the opening he had cut under the lock, replacing the piece afterwards as if nothing had taken place. At last it was agreed as the most likely means of escape, that the three prisoners' blankets should be cut into stripes, and attached to each other, and in this way let themselves down from a window, and so bid the gaol and gaoler farewell. The above arrangement had been agreed upon at their last meeting, and the night following was fixed upon for putting this project into execution; but their fondest anticipations were

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thwarted. On returning to his cell that night, in order to while away his time for one short day, and dream the intervening night over in pictures of future scenes of plunder, it so fell out that in the act of turning the leaden key in his own lock, the key snapt in two, in such a way as defied all his exertions to extract the one portion from the lock, and there it had to remain. The turnkey, on examining the cells on the following morning, was unable to introduce his key into the lock of the door on our hero's cell, and on an investigation taking place, the circumstances here recorded came out in evidence.* It is needless to detail further particulars. I now found him one of my crew, and well may I regret the day he set his foot on board of the schooner, as the sequel will show that his character was not changed.

It being my duty to carry provisions to the stations along the coast, I was, in the performance of that duty, necessitated to be often absent from the vessel, while in port, for the purpose of receiving orders. One day, while lying in Hobart Town, not many months after I had joined the schooner, I was ashore, and during my absence, the ex-locksmith took on board a quantity of stolen goods, of which fact I was entirely ignorant. The robbery became known, and, amongst other places, the schooner was searched, and the stolen articles found. The villain denied all knowledge of the transaction, nor could evidence be procured to convict him. The goods being found on board, and all denying

* This circumstance occurred in the Kirkdale Bridewell, near Liverpool.

any knowledge of them, the charge was preferred against me. In consequence of the vessel being under my care, I was held responsible, and committed for trial, as either having stolen the goods, or as being a party to their coming on board the schooner. Protestation was useless, appearances were against me, and I had the mortification, on my trial, of hearing myself pronounced guilty, and condemned to work in chains for twelve months.

This was a sore stroke to all my sanguine hopes. Innocent, and yet condemned; guiltless of the crime laid to my charge, and yet branded with the mark of infamy; the guilty wretch himself being at liberty, and I compelled to suffer a punishment earned by him, and which ought to have been visited on him alone. My heart burned with an anger which availed me not, and I was carried to a dungeon, more dead than alive, although the wish was more than half expressed, that, like Job, "I had never been born."

After I had passed a few sad, melancholy days in prison, I was ordered out, for the purpose of being removed to join a party who had been condemned to work in chains. This was a galling thought; and on my way to join them, I made up my mind to make my escape. My existence was now miserable, and this feeling determined me in concluding to free myself from the heavy, and, to me, unbearable yoke. In taking this step, I was perfectly aware of the risk I ran, and that in making the attempt, I might have my existence altogether terminated by a bullet from the sentinel's gun. Ruminating in this way, and with a soldier on

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each side, I kept mechanically moving onwards, heedless of surrounding objects ; but my reveries were brought for the time to a sudden termination, by the sweet tones of a voice which I had known in more prosperous times. I felt ashamed, in the degraded position in which I was placed, even to look up, but when I did so, my eyes met those of the daughter of my late lamented master, Captain W. It appeared that she had been walking in the neighbourhood, and on recognising me in such a sad situation, and although she was aware that it was against the rules, yet she could not resist the opportunity of inquiring into the cause.

Before I could summon courage sufficient to answer her, one of the persons in whose charge I was, stepped forward to prevent any interview ; he, however, took her aside, and gave her an account of what I had been charged with. She expressed great sorrow, and bespoke for me kind treatment ; placing two guineas in the fellow's hand, to lay out to my advantage, which he solemnly assured her he would do, but which he never did ; she then departed. I could not help following her with my eyes, wet, indeed, with unavailing tears, yet I was eager to catch a last glimpse, as I believed it would be, of the lovely daughter of my deceased benefactor.

I travelled in company with my guards till night-fall, when we took up our abode in a small house which stood by itself, about a quarter of a mile from the main road. The dwelling was little more than a hut, although it consisted of two apartments, and was inhabited by an old man and his wife. After enjoying some scanty refreshments, the inmates, myself and the soldiers ex-

cepted, retired to rest ; a hard wood seat being thought sufficient for me. The soldiers were obliged to keep a look out, in case I might endeavour to escape, which I had determined in my own mind would be a very likely occurrence, at least if an opportunity offered itself. I noticed that the latch on the door was one of an exceedingly light construction, and which, with a very small force applied to it, was sure to yield. Could I but get quit of the chains upon my hands, I thought I would try and dart from the house, and trust the darkness of the night to aid me in eluding pursuit. These thoughts, it may be readily guessed, were too important in my estimation to allow me to close an eye. The soldiers, knowing the difficulties a runaway had to encounter, and that but few escaped, flattering themselves, at the same time, that the manacles with which I was bound were sufficient to prevent flight, yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. There was only a small table between them and me, their seat being the one next the door. Wistfully I watched their movements, till at length I had the extreme pleasure of hearing them breathe heavily, denoting that all their cares, crosses, and losses, were drowned in a deep sleep. Now, thought I, or never. Gently, yet forcibly, I began to push the iron rings over my hands ; it was desperate work, but it was worth persevering in to gain liberty. The skin on the thick part of my hands was drawn off, bit by bit, as the rings were forced downwards ; pain I felt none, for the thought of being free, and the deep trouble of my heart, chased bodily pain afar off. At last I succeeded ; but the eagerness

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with which I had completed the task, sent the heavy chain rattling upon the floor. The sentinels started; I rushed across the room, giving the door the weight of my body, desperation rendering my strength double to what it would have been in ordinary circumstances; it burst open, but at the same instant a ball from one of the soldiers' guns went whizzing past my head. I heeded it not, but rushed onward towards the river side, expecting that I might be enabled to secure a passage in some vessel bound for another part of the globe. In this hope I was disappointed, for the guard-boat was in the neighbourhood, and had I shown myself, I would have been instantly seized, carried again to prison, and my punishment would have been doubled, if I even escaped hanging.

This circumstance I learned from a poor fellow whom I accidentally stumbled upon in the dark, but who did not betray me. He also advised me to make for North West Bay, where, he said, I might fall in with a whale ship. I accordingly turned my course in that direction; but no sooner had I done so, than I heard the sound of my pursuers, which immediately frustrated my designs, and compelled me to make at once for the mountains.

I continued, sometimes walking, sometimes running, during the whole night, and when, as day broke, I found myself at the foot of a high hill, which was plentifully covered with trees, it gave me some hope that here I might remain for a short time undiscovered. A small stream of water near the spot quenched my thirst, and, entering some brushwood, I stretched my weary

limbs upon the ground, to enjoy, if possible, that repose of which I stood so much in want. Fear of being taken or starved kept me for some time in a feverish state of mind. At length the softener of human sorrows, sweet sleep, took me in his kind embrace, whispering in my ears the tales of happy childhood, and carrying me far away from the perils and dangers by which I was then surrounded. Happy moments! why did I ever awake to other scenes, and only to wish that that slumber had been my everlasting one? I awoke, however, in a state of terror at hearing the barking of dogs, engaged, as I supposed, with their master, in hunting the kangaroo. I drew myself more closely into the centre of the thicket, expecting every moment to be pounced upon by the dogs. In this state I lay for a considerable time, but no one approaching, I ventured out, and walked in the direction from which the sound had proceeded, keeping an anxious and watchful eye on every thing around, afraid that every step I took would lead me into the arms of my pursuers.

In about an hour I perceived the dogs in close chase after a kangaroo. I concealed myself behind a tree, to watch their motions, and, if possible, discover from the countenance of their owner, whether I might venture to intrust him with my secret. No one appeared, and, at last, the dogs mastered the poor animal. This act reminded me of my own situation and probable fate, and I could not stay the progress of a tear, as it came trickling down my weather-beaten cheek. I was hungry, however, and I saw there was little use indulging in such reflections; I consequently went up to the vic-

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tim and its conquerors. When I approached, they left off worrying the animal, as they had, no doubt, been trained to do on the appearance of their master. Fortunately I had a knife, with which I cut a piece from the kangaroo for myself, and gave the remainder to the dogs, which I now perceived were four in number. I then went forward, in the hope of reaching Big Sandy Bay, with the view of crossing the river at Storm Bay Passage, and thus get on to Brunie Island, where I would be, for a time, secure. Whilst jogging along, sorrowful enough, I was astonished at the baying of the dogs a little in the rear: they very soon joined me, nor would they, with all my endeavours, quit following me, wretched and unhappy as I was. This circumstance appeared quite a mystery. A stranger, and to meet with them in so wild a spot, it was altogether unaccountable why they should thus voluntarily join their fortunes, as it were, to a creature who dared not show himself openly. This fondness on their part, tended, in a great measure, to soothe my troubled mind, and, after caressing them, I pursued my journey till night forced me to seek shelter in some part of the mountain affording security. After having cut some small branches, and placed them as a break-wind, I laid myself down; the dogs creeping close to my body, and from which I derived great warmth. My sleep, however, was very much broken, in consequence of the barking of the dogs, to keep off a very dangerous animal, termed a "devil," a small species of the tiger, I believe, and which are plentiful about the mountains in that quarter.

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CHAPTER VII.

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

From the many causes of uneasiness with which I was encompassed, I slept but little; notwithstanding, I arose very much refreshed, and having carried with me a portion of the kangaroo flesh, which I had cut from the carcase, I endeavoured to satisfy my appetite by masticating it in its raw state, there being no means within my reach of lighting a fire with which I could cook it; but, hungry as I was, the task was too much for me, and, after cutting it in four parts, I threw it to the dogs—(these animals are larger than a grey hound, and more strongly built.) I commenced my third day's journey hungry enough, but with four faithful protectors against the attack of either man or beast, the hope of yet escaping sustaining me in my tiresome journey. Thus I continued from one mountain to another, having only the sun to guide my feeble judgment. However, about the middle of the afternoon, I had the great satisfaction of descriing the river, and very soon afterwards I reached the beach, which was some alleviation to the sorrows and anxieties I had suffered. On looking round I had also the pleasure to see Sandy Bay.

I kept along the beach until I arrived within hail of two free men, who were employed in burning lime at a lime kiln. I did not wish to venture too near till I could ascertain whether or not there were any parties in the vicinity on the look out for me. I accordingly seated myself behind a little hillock, keeping the dogs by me, till midnight, when I stole cautiously onward to the house occupied by the men. Finding all quiet, I next proceeded to the creek, in the hope of finding the boat to cross with, but fate was still against me, the boat having been sent that day to Hobart Town.

It is an old adage, that "misfortunes never come singly;" whether there is truth contained in the above, those who have gone along with me in all my vicissitudes and wanderings, may judge how far the axiom can be applied to my case. I would fain have crossed the river without the boat, had I thought it possible; but the distance from bank to bank seemed too great for mortal strength. The hope of being able, at this point, to effect my escape, had sustained me in my heretofore long and painful journey; but when the truth came to be known, fact taking the place of imagination, I became completely helpless and hopeless. Weak with hunger, I sunk upon the sloping bank, and, in the midst of my distress and danger, fell fast asleep. In this state I might have remained long enough, but my trusty companions, as if aware that my liberty was not to be gained by lagging in the attempt, came to me, and commenced licking my face and hands. I awoke hurriedly, and, for a while, was unconscious of where I was. After a few moments' reflection, I became fully

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sensible of my forlorn condition, and, though weak, arose with a full determination to follow up what I had begun. How to accomplish my fond wish to be at liberty, I knew not; and, when various views had sprung up in my mind and been dismissed, I came to the resolution of applying to the inmates of the house attached to the lime kiln. In this step I judged man in his natural state, void of all the tricks, termed by the world policy. I was hungry—I meant to tell them so. I was tired—that also should be told. Indeed, I determined to tell every thing, except what might militate against myself. I followed the course of the world in this respect, not inclining to endanger either myself or the people belonging to the hut; as, if they knew I was a runaway, they would have been punished for affording me shelter. Under all these circumstances, therefore, I thought it best to make for the house, and give myself out for a hunter, who had been benighted on the mountains, and claim their hospitality under this pretext.

Having formed this resolution, I thought the sooner I applied for admittance the better. I consequently proceeded to the door and knocked.

“Who is there?” asked a voice from within.

“A friend,” I answered.

“Where do you come from? and what do you want at this time of the morning?”

“I have been out hunting, and, losing my way, I got benighted. I wandered about for a long time, till the light from the lime kiln directed me here. Being hungry and wearied, I wish some food and shelter.”

"Come in," said the same man, who, I afterwards learned, was a constable.

I immediately applied my hand to the latch, and, opening the door, entered.

The wood fire was still blazing, and, on casting my eyes about, I found that the exterior of the building did not belie the interior. It consisted of only one apartment, with two sleeping berths, a rough table, and two forms. The constable eyed me rather keenly; and, after satisfying himself with scrutinising my outward appearance, broke silence as follows:—

"I think you said you had been hunting?"

"Yes."

"And lost your way?"

"I have."

"It is seldom people go a-hunting without dogs; pray, where are yours?"

"They are outside."

"You may bring them in."

I did so; and, as soon as he saw them, he remarked, "Now, I believe your story: had you been without dogs, I would have considered it my duty to have detained you, until you could have procured better proof than your own statement, unsupported by any other evidence."

He then, without further ceremony, began to place upon the table some bread and cold meat, telling me to help myself; nor did he forget the dogs, who shared equally well with their unfortunate master.

When I had satisfied my craving appetite, he went to his companion, and told him it was time to be up to

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look after the kiln. On receiving this summons, the other man arose and left the place. My host then told me I might throw myself down on the now empty bed and rest, a proposition which I willingly embraced, and shortly after my mind was relieved from its heavy load by the influence of a refreshing sleep.

On getting up in the morning, I found the place empty, and, on going to the door to look about, I was horrified to see a party of soldiers approaching the house. I soon learned that they were in search of me. I quickly returned to the house, in a state of mind not easily described, and had scarce taken a seat when two of the soldiers entered. One of them came close to me, and touching me on the shoulder, exclaimed, "You are my prisoner," and immediately proceeded to place the detested manacles upon my hands. Careless of consequences, I could not allow the soldier to do this without a struggle, the state of my mind rendering me almost desperate. Starting suddenly from the seat, I seized him rudely by the neck, and hurled him violently against the wall. "Come, come," said his companion, "we will have none of this work, you must either yield quietly, or," touching his musket, "there is in this will soon make you." This remark, instead of working the effect upon me contemplated, only tended to add fuel to the fire already burning within my breast. "Yield quietly!" I exclaimed, half choked with rage, "never: I am innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned to suffer; I am therefore determined to hold out to the last; and I feel that the threat you have just uttered, instead of producing fear, only makes me the

more eager to dare you to the worst, confident that, after a few short and hurried breathings, I would be ushered from a world in which enjoyment, pleasure and hope are denied to me." During the delivery of the foregoing, spoken in a voice loud and angry, the faithful dogs seemed to understand the circumstances in which I was placed, for the whole four commenced to bark violently at the soldiers; and, on the soldier presenting his gun, either to frighten me into a compliance with his wishes, or to make his threat good, two of the faithful animals sprung upon him, and brought him to the floor; the other two, as if eager to assist me, attacked the other, compelling him to kiss the dust beside his companion.

My fallen foes were now in my power, and loudly they called for my interference; the dogs had bitten them severely; and, I do not doubt, had I not called them off, they would have killed the soldiers outright. Afraid, however, lest others of the party might enter, I seized both the muskets, and, calling the dogs, fled towards the same river I had thought too broad to cross the evening previous, determined to plunge into it, and leave the rest to God. On my leaving the hut, the alarm was instantly raised, and, before I reached the river, the whole of the party were in close pursuit after me; the noble animals keeping up an incessant barking, as if to frighten my pursuers from following us. I kept hurrying onwards till the words "Fire on him" reached my ears. These words acted on my feelings like an electric touch. Turning round, I threw down one of the guns, and presenting the other, I fired; throwing

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the newly discharged gun from me, I seized the other, discharging it also, and wheeling quickly round immediately after, I rushed into the stream, amidst an irregular fire from my baulked enemies. The event which had caused my regret on the night before, was now a matter for rejoicing, if I could be said to rejoice in the unfortunate position I was placed in, that was the absence of the boat. The dogs having taken the water after me, prevented the soldiers, however fond they were to secure me, from following; they consequently contented themselves with firing upon us till we were out of their reach.

The creek, at the part I entered, was considered to be about one mile broad: it may, therefore, be easily judged, that the task I had undertaken was one of no ordinary nature. Excitement for some time served to support me, but this feeling becoming less as my danger from the soldiers decreased, I was oftener than once on the point of giving up all hope of ever being able to reach the opposite shore. The humblest of us at times may be able to look death in the face with considerable calmness, while at other times we are compelled to shrink under the slightest glance of the grim tyrant. Often, as our troubles darken around us, we may express a wish to be freed from our troubles by the hand of death, but as the clouds and storms of adversity burst with redoubled fury on our heads, frequently will the world and its allurements draw us into a mood of wishing to live a little longer; and were the bane and antidote before us, we would cling to the latter, while we set the former aside. Still entertaining hopes of

liberty, I struggled on, and at length reached the opposite shore in a state of great exhaustion. Here I was obliged to rest, as my limbs were completely benumbed, rendering me incapable of moving a single step. I rested myself for about an hour, when I got up, but was only at first able to proceed slowly, from the coldness of my limbs. As I proceeded, however, I became warmer, and in the expectation of reaching Bull Bay, where the whalers at times call for the purpose of cutting up their blubber; and, trusting that I might get on board one of them, and so escape, I hastened on with a lighter heart than I had experienced since the commencement of my journey.

It was now about mid-day, and the sun shone out in its richest effulgence. On one side I had the music of the surge, as it beat against a gloomy and broken shore. The sea fowl, at times, came whirling in playful gyrations overhead; then again they would sweep off, and become altogether lost in the distance. On the left, the mountains rose one over the other, like the beautiful hills of my native land; but, being covered in many places with large trees and thick impenetrable brushwood, I could not forget that they were not the woods and hills of my father-land. The dogs went gamboling before me; and, but for the nature of my journey, and the dangers that still surrounded me, there is no position in which I have ever been placed, where a greater degree of enjoyment seemed opened before me: nature in all its varied form was around me; and, pressed down as I was with distress, my mind involuntarily rose from the contemplation of "nature, up to nature's

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God;" to Him I breathed a fervent but short prayer, that my steps might be directed aright, and, if it were His will, to bring me soon to a haven of rest.

In this mode, and thus reflecting, I walked quickly onward for a few hours, keeping a good look out in case of danger. At last I arrived at Bligh's Point, where my dogs, having got the scent of a kangaroo started off in the direction of the mountains. I could not at the moment account for their thus so suddenly leaving me; but, determined to know the cause, I seated myself on the edge of a rock, and patiently waited their return. I did not require to wait long, for very soon after two of them came running towards me, showing, by various signs, that they wished me to accompany them. I accordingly rose from my seat, and followed my dumb but faithful companions. In a short time, with the aid of my guides, I came upon the other two. I found they had mastered a large kangaroo; the two had returned for the purpose of bringing me to the spot, while the other two remained by their fallen victim, to watch it till I approached. I lost no time in cutting the kangaroo open. I then skinned it, throwing the flesh to the dogs, when they jumped and fawned upon me, as if returning thanks for thus helping them to so dainty a bit.

Resting for a short time, I again set out, keeping as much as possible amongst the mountains. I was aware there was a farm not far distant, none of the inmates of which I wished to see till after dark. At length I had the happiness of seeing the farm, but, fearing my dogs might betray me, I determined to keep aloof from the

dwelling till nightfall. About an hour before the sun went down, the wind began to blow from the S. W., which soon rose to a gale, the rain at the same time falling in torrents. This was no source of uneasiness to me, as I was scarcely dry from the effect of my morning's bathe. Taking advantage of the storm, I went forward to the house, in order to ask for assistance from the first who made their appearance. At the end of the farm stood a large tree, under the shade of which I took my stand. There I could see every party who arrived or left the house. While there, my dogs had well nigh brought me into trouble. The house was situated but a small distance from a creek. In the direction of this creek, I thought I could overhear, above the raging of the storm, voices speaking in a loud tone. The dogs began to growl, but, as the voices approached nearer, they proceeded from a growl to a bark. I could easily discover that the voices came from two men, who seemed eager to reach the house. I exerted my utmost to keep the dogs silent, but this could not altogether be accomplished. The men did not belong to the farm, and, luckily for me, imagined the dogs were the property of the farmer. I could also perceive that the strangers were armed. What can they be seeking? was a question I put to myself, but it was one I could not solve in a satisfactory manner. While thus ruminating, a farm servant made his appearance, apparently making for the barn. The strangers by this time having entered the house, I immediately made towards this person, but what was my astonishment when I found in the servant

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one of the parties who had been brought out in the same ship with myself. His astonishment was equal to mine.

"What, James!" said my friend, "what are you seeking here? but I do not require to ask that question. I know what you want, and, James, I know who wants you. But hush," and he pointed towards the barn. "In, man, in, and do not speak."

I followed his advice. He secured the door after we were inside.

"James," said he, in a very earnest manner, "there are two fellows who have just arrived in search of you; they are convicts as well as we are, but are acting as bush constables. You know what you have to expect from them if they come across you."

"I know," I answered, "if they get their hands upon me, dead or alive, they will secure me, if it were only for the indulgence they will receive in return for capturing me; but I am hungry; I cannot move further to-night unless I am refreshed some way or other. Oh, me! it is a sad thing to be hunted like a wild beast. I am innocent of what they condemned me to the chain gang for, and it is this knowledge that makes me seek my escape from the torments to be endured in such a situation."

"James, I believe you. I will do what I can to assist you," answered my friend. "Meantime, remain here while I get something for you to eat, and also a little to take with you;" and so saying, he unfastened the door and went out, leaving me in a very sad state of mind.

My friend soon returned. He had provided a bag for me, in which he had placed a quantity of victuals. He also made me eat as much as I could at the time. He likewise gave me a flint and steel, and a tinder box, so that I might be enabled to make a fire when and how I liked, as opportunity might occur. He also presented me with a horse pistol and ammunition; ending his presents with a large sealing knife. How could I repay so much kindness? Alas! thanks were all I had to give, but never were thanks bestowed with so much sincerity, than were mine at this moment.

“Now, James, since you are so far provided, I will conduct you to a hut, where you can remain for the night. It is but a slight covering, but it has served to shelter me from many a storm, and I trust you will find security there. You must not, however, light a fire to-night; it would probably lead you into danger. In the morning, you can take a small tract through the wood, which you will discover near the hut. The track will lead you to the south end of the island. Remain there for a day or two, and I will find means to see you again, and put you on some plan to get clear off.”

With tears, I promised to abide by his instructions. I had seen him looking very much at the dogs; I therefore asked him if he would like one. He replied in the affirmative; and, loath as I was to part with them, I freely made him a present of a couple, as I thought that two would be sufficient for me. We then left the barn, the dogs being allowed to accompany us, in case, during his absence they might betray themselves, which would, as a consequence, betray me too.

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The storm still raged, but in place of being a cause of regret it was one of gratulation, as it kept those I was so much afraid of, close to the house. The hut was situated in the centre of the forest, about two miles from the farm. It had been built by the aborigines, and was composed of bark. The proprietor of the farm had allowed it to remain unmolested, as it stood in a convenient place for affording shelter to any of his people who might be in that direction when the weather was unsettled. At last we reached the spot. I took a handkerchief and fixed it round the necks of two of the dogs. The animals looked up in my face, and showed every demonstration of dislike to leave me. Neither of us thought on the consequences that might follow, or I am certain had my friend thought it would bring me into peril he would never have taken them. Be this as it may, we parted in tears, he taking the road home, and I remaining in the hut. Short time had elapsed ere I heard the dogs which my friend had taken howling and barking. Those I had kept immediately followed the example, and, springing from the hut, disappeared in the direction of the farm. I stood for a few moments, undecided how to proceed. While in this dilemma, I thought I heard some one approaching; -I flew to my bag, threw it upon my shoulder, placed the pistol, now loaded, in my bosom, to protect it from the wet, determined to use it in self-defence, if circumstances transpired to call such a resolution into action, and hurried from the hut.

I took, as near as I could ascertain, the track pointed out by my friend, but it was no easy matter to judge

whether I was right or wrong. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and the rain still fell heavily; indeed, it appeared to me as if earth and air had entered into compact against me. Still I trudged along, liberty being my guiding star, surrounded as it was with satellites of a less cheering description. My dogs, too, my faithful companions, had they deserted me for ever! It was a bitter thought, and one that gnawed sorely at my heart. In this state of mind I travelled during the whole night and the greater portion of the next day, when I came to a running stream, at the bottom of a high hill, where I rested. I placed my bag, and other articles which I carried, on the green sward, and perceiving a dead tree at a little distance, I stripped the bark from it, and commenced banking myself round with the aid of some bushes. I then sat down, taking some provisions from the bag, and endeavoured to eat a small portion, but I could not swallow a mouthful, I was so much fatigued. In a little time the sun began to peep forth from between the clouds, rendering the scene more cheering. I tried to sleep, but, wearied as I was, my eyes were no sooner closed, than some fearful dream disturbed my repose, and I awoke in a fright. In one of these fitful starts, I thought I heard a low angry growl from a bush close to where I had taken up my quarters: but judge of my horror when, on looking up, the eyes of one of those "devils" met my gaze, as it stood watching an opportunity to spring upon me. I quickly seized my pistol, and fired, lodging the contents in the left shoulder of the enraged animal. I started to my feet, and just as the "devil" was about

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to fix his teeth and claws in my limbs, I was agreeably astonished to hear the barking of my dogs. In the next moment they were with me, and, getting their eyes upon my enemy, they set upon him with so much fury and boldness, that it was soon stretched at my feet lifeless.

I could not, however, but feel alarmed; some one of my enemies might have followed in their track, and thus come upon me unawares. While thus reflecting I observed the dogs prick up their ears, as they generally did when listening; this confirmed me in my suspicion that they had been followed. I looked eagerly around, when, to my satisfaction, I saw my friend approaching. I ran to meet him, but he beckoned me to keep the bush, which I did till once he came up. On his approach, I could see that his looks betokened alarm. As soon as he came near me, he exclaimed, with much agitation in his voice and manner,

“Fly, James, fly as quick as you can. It was unfortunate that I took the dogs; they have been the innocent cause of betraying you. They would not be quiet at home, and the bush constables knowing that you had dogs with you, affirmed that you had been in the neighbourhood, and that, to assist you to escape, you had given me the dogs. I did not know what answer to give them, but waited for an opportunity, when I started off with the dogs to give you warning. I am glad I have met you, but there is not a moment to lose.”

I could only again thank my warm-hearted friend, and, bidding him farewell, I set off in another direction. On looking behind, I observed my friend doing the

same, and the last words I heard him utter were, "fear not, James, I will save you if it is in my power." I waved my hand as a token of belief, and hurried on.

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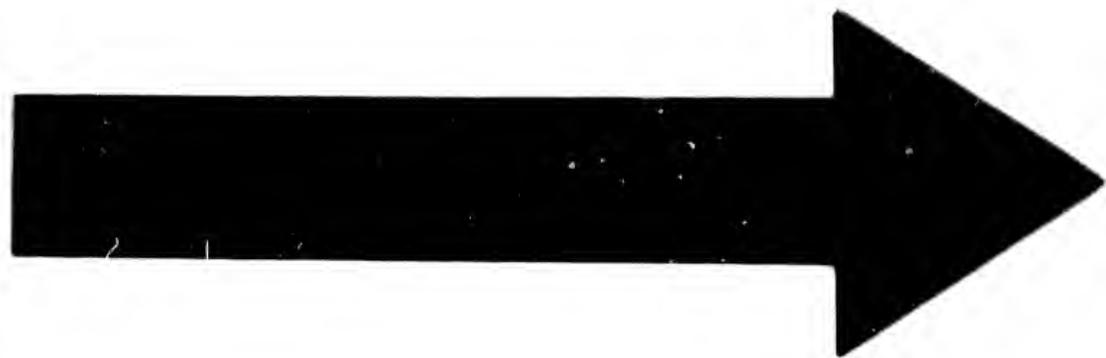
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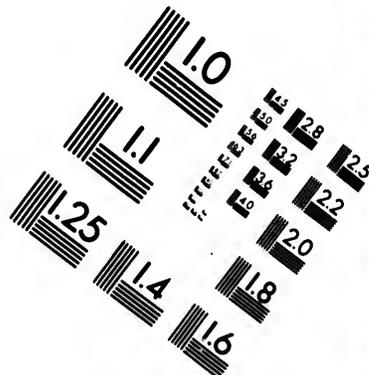
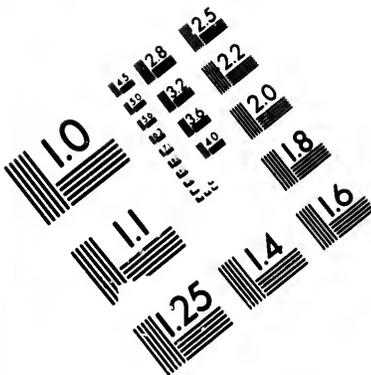
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CHAPTER VIII.

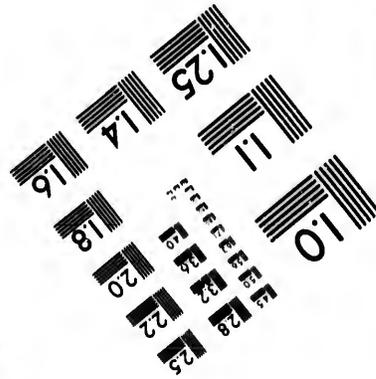
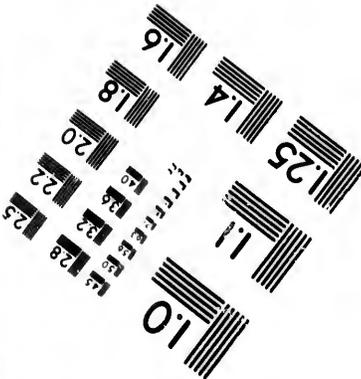
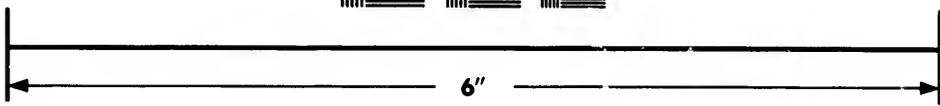
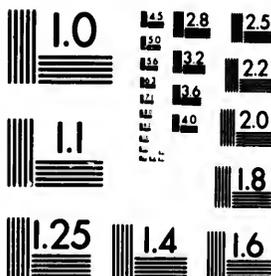
FLIGHT CONTINUED.—A SURPRISE.—COMPANIONS IN MISERY.—A DEATH AND BURIAL.—THE ATTACK AND STRUGGLE.—CAPTURE AND REMOVAL FROM THE ISLAND.

Can it be doubted that my gratitude to one who had rendered me so much service was unbounded? Those who have tasted of adversity, and know the value of even a kind look or word while their hearts are crushed with deep suffering, will best understand what my feelings were towards the man who had exposed himself to suspicion, and perhaps punishment, in order, if possible, to effect my escape. What his after fate was, I never learned, but the kindness I received from him at that period remains fresh in my memory, and fond wishes for his welfare will only have an end with life. Oh, that the world knew how much pain might be alleviated by one single act of kindness shown to a miserable fellow-mortal. Many a harsh unfeeling joke would remain unsaid; many a haughty sneer and proud cast of the head would be unwitnessed. It is in bitter taunts and unchristian actions the foundation of many a desperate crime is laid. Let a man totter on the verge of ruin, it is the world's way to look on unconcerned, and not a few even endeavour to knock the last remaining prop from under him, and he is left to





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go down to perdition without a hand being stretched out to save him from his fate. I know there are exceptions to every rule, and exceptions to this one I experienced largely; but such I know to be the governing principle of man generally. Yes, in my experience I have found those who would smile you into security, and yet laugh loudest when your calamity came. I trust this short digression will be excused, and now to my narrative.

I travelled towards the mountain, after the departure of my friend, till the shadows of evening began to darken around me. My clothes were wet, and a chill began to creep over my whole body. Seeing I could not proceed much farther, I began to look about for a place of shelter, which I at last found. Resting for a little, I commenced to muse over my past sorrows, but was unable to gain a glimpse of happier prospects. The chillness increasing, I at last determined to light a fire. This was a matter, however, not so easily accomplished, for the rain had so damped every thing around, that I had great difficulty in finding a sufficiency of broken wood and leaves dry enough to effect my purpose. At last I succeeded. I then began to collect a quantity of moss for a bed. When this was ended, I sat down to dry my clothes at the fire. The heat relieved me, and, in about an hour, I fell into a sound sleep, nor did I awake till day light the following morning.

The sun, which "slumbers not nor sleeps," now shone forth in all the beauty attendant on a lovely morning; no clouds to interrupt the bright rays which descended

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to the earth, as if they wished to quench a feeling of thirst with the dew drops scattered around on leaf and grass. It was indeed a delightful morning, and well calculated to rouse my drooping spirits ; but there was a weight at my heart which defied all my endeavours to become cheerful. For this depression I could not account ; it seemed as if a foreboding of evil hung upon me, my utmost exertions being unable to dispel it. I managed, however, to partake of a slight repast from my slender store, and collecting together the few articles I possessed, I proceeded in the direction of the south end of the island. As I hastened onwards, not knowing how soon I might fall into the hands of the constables, I occupied myself with watching every object to prevent being surprised. At length I thought I distinguished voices as if engaged in a sort of whispering conversation. I suddenly stopped, listening eagerly to acquaint myself whether I had not been deceived, or, if possible, to discover from what quarter the sounds proceeded--but all was still. Afraid that it might be my pursuers, and having every reason to fear being surprised by them, I moved quietly to a tree whose branches hung drooping down close to the grass, with the intention of concealing myself there ; but judge of my surprise, when, on moving a branch cautiously aside to allow of entering, I beheld a young man in the act of supporting the head of a middle-aged female. Seeing they were discovered, the young man cast a terrified and imploring look at me, and exclaimed, " Oh, sir, for the love of God do not betray us : " he then became so agitated that the head of the female dropped from his arm, and he threw

himself across the seemingly insensible form of his companion, giving vent to his grief in deep drawn sobs and words expressive of his agony, exclaiming at times, "Mother, dear, dear mother, we are lost, we are lost." These and other broken sentiments uttered by her son, at length brought the helpless and unfortunate parent to a sense of her condition. The lustre had left her eye, but there was language of deep sorrow and suffering in the look she gave me, that pierced me to the heart—a language which, really, can only be understood by those who have suffered. That glance rivetted me to the place; I could not move; I remained as fixed as if I had been chained to the spot. She attempted to speak, but the tongue refused to perform its office. What her feelings were I could guess from the mental torture exhibited in the writhings of her thin and miserably clothed form. The spell under which she seemed at length gave way, and the melancholy tones of her voice reached my ears, while she supplicated me to spare her boy, whom she said she had ruined, expressing her willingness to suffer any punishment were he to pass unscathed; then, turning towards her son, she raised her feeble arm, and placing it round his neck, made a violent effort to imprint a kiss on his lips. The effort seemed too much, for her head fell back, and she again relapsed into her former state.

Could I dream, or was the spectacle before me real? It was some moments after she ceased to speak ere I could assure myself of the truth of what I saw and heard; and I was no sooner aware of this, than I endeavoured to soothe their fears by stating to the son

my own position. Having done so he became less agitated, and confessed to me in turn that they were themselves runaways, which, from what I had heard, I suspected previous to his confession. A friendship thus suddenly sprung up between us. His mother by degrees recovered sufficiently to mix in our conversation. From what they stated, they had fared much worse, from the time of their escape till I found them, than I had done. On one occasion they had been betrayed by a man who professed the deepest sorrow for their condition, and who, to keep up the appearance of that profession, invited them to his house. Happily, they were informed of this person's treachery by one of his daughters, and had barely time to effect their escape from his *kind* intentions. Surrounded by dangers, and suffering the greatest privation, they had passed nearly a fortnight. The exposure to the cold, want of food, anxiety of mind, and great bodily fatigue, had wrought so much on the health of the poor woman, that she was unable to proceed farther. They had, therefore, sought their present retreat, where, for two days, she had been tended by her son, who believed she could not recover, and that he would be compelled to leave her body to be devoured by the animals which infested the woods. I placed my slender stock of provisions before them, and, with the aid of a little water the young man had provided for bathing his mother's burning head, we all partook eagerly, although unable to eat much.

I learned from them a short history of their sad life. They were natives of Wales, and had at one time been

in respectable circumstances. The woman's first husband died when her son was four years old, leaving some property. A villain, under the mask of love, insinuated himself into her favour, whom she married. From that moment all her happiness fled. He squandered away her property, beat her and the boy, and at last left them in a state of utter destitution. Thus left, her life became one of sin, by which her son was contaminated. Ultimately he committed a robbery, and the degraded mother acted as a receiver of the stolen property, for which crime they were banished. For a considerable period after their arrival in the colony, they never saw one another. At length chance brought them in contact, when the plan of attempting their escape was entered upon. The rest is known to the reader.

The woman sincerely repented her misconduct. She seemed to reflect seriously on the ruin of her poor son, reproaching herself as being the cause; and bitter was the price she had paid for turning from the paths of virtue and rectitude. The stamp of death was on her brow, but all her thoughts were centred in the wish, that her son might be enabled to return to society, and by an exemplary life atone for the failings of himself and his parent. The strength urged forth to support her giving these details, gradually disappeared, and again she became the same inanimate being as I first saw her. However much the son would have suffered to revive the helpless form before him, or wish her days to be lengthened, yet he could not hide the stern fact, that her journey was near its end. An earthly judge

might have pronounced him hardened in iniquity, but what man could look on the picture of filial and tender affection, evinced at this moment by that unhappy youth, and deny that he possessed the holiest and most sacred feelings belonging to humanity? Properly trained and educated, he would have been an ornament to *his* domestic world. I need not dwell longer on this subject; suffice it to say, that, after a burst of the most endearing affection, the poor woman breathed her last in the arms of her beloved son, the sky for her covering, the trees for her curtains, the leaves for her bed, and oh, I am afraid, no certain hope for her futurity.

I will pass over the scene which followed. I have stated before the horror the young man had of leaving the remains of her he loved so well to become the prey of beasts. Silently we stole forth in search of some spot of earth which might be made to receive the body, and where it might lie in security. In a spot where a tree had fallen and torn a portion of the earth up with its roots, we cut out with our knives the resting place of her who had known prosperity, but had breathed her last amongst the wood-covered mountains of a penal settlement, as a runaway convict. No deep-toned bell told of her departure; no priest delivered an oration over her remains, ere they were for ever consigned to their lonely habitation:—No: but the evening breeze, with its melancholy whisperings through the branches, and the last notes of a solitary bird far off in the wood, lent a more solemn influence than all the gaudy pageantry attendant on the funerals of high-born mortals. At the bottom of the grave we placed a layer of dried

leaves, and, when the body was laid down, the same substance covered it. We then drove strong pieces of branches into the ground on each side, and throwing broken shrubbery and brushwood over the body, we at last covered it with the loose earth, pressing it firmly down, then placing some heavy roots over all, it was left to repose till that great day when the God of all will call on earth and sea to give up their dead.

The funeral procession was small, but our feelings were keen, and the grief expressed sincere. We returned silently to our resting place under the tree; few words were spoken, and in the end I sunk into a pleasant slumber. When I awoke I found my companion sitting in the attitude of deep thought, his head resting on his hand. I spoke, and he looked up. I then told him of the constables being in search of me, and proposed that we should part, as the safest mode for both. After dividing with him what remained of my victuals, we shook hands, and I bade him farewell.

About the middle of the afternoon the dogs, which still continued to follow me, got into the track of a kangaroo, and went off in pursuit of the animal. Fatigued with incessant walking, I sat down to await their return. In this position it was not allowed me to remain long, for a few minutes had only elapsed, when I was astonished at the report of a musket fired very near the spot where I was seated; but my astonishment increased to something like terror when I observed that I had been the object aimed at by the cowardly villain who had discharged the gun. I was made aware of this fact from the circumstance of the ball falling within a few

feet of me. I sprung up in an instant, when I perceived a man in the act of re-loading a gun. There could be no doubt as to who he was, and what was his aim. The thought of my pursuers being so close upon me, the absence of my dogs, and not knowing where to go, rendered me almost incapable of moving. Flight seemed my only resource; I therefore started off in the direction opposite to where the person stood. In my haste I had taken my pistol, but my ammunition and other things I had, were left on the ground. Heedless of every thing save escape, I continued to run. In time I became exhausted, and at last fell to the ground unable to proceed a step farther, giving myself up for lost, and my mind over to despair. In this position I became so much excited, that in a few moments I was altogether insensible, nor did I awake to consciousness till aroused by a fierce grip from the fellow who had fired upon me. Being thus recalled to a sense of danger, the gloomy and sullen looks of the person who now stood over me, grinning as he was with malicious satisfaction, made me exert what strength I had left in order to escape. I got upon my feet, and a violent struggle ensued between us. I succeeded in wresting his gun from him. He then flew towards me, throwing his arms around my body. I at last got my right arm loose. I drew my pistol from my bosom, but, while endeavouring to discharge it, I was stunned by a blow from behind with the butt end of his companion's gun. I staggered backwards; the blood began to flow from my head; but retaining some little recollection of what I had been

about to do, I fired the pistol at random, and again fell to the earth in a state of insensibility.

When consciousness again returned, I found that my hands had been firmly secured. My head was severely cut by the blow, and pained me exceedingly. The pain of the wound, however, was nothing to the anguish that burned within me. All hope of freedom was now gone. If not guilty at first, I had rendered myself amenable to the laws of the colony for having attempted my escape. I felt confident that if my life was spared for this, yet for having fired the guns at the soldiers who pursued me, I could expect nothing short of the sentence of death being passed upon me, and it required a stronger and higher influence than many convicts possessed to keep the law from taking its full course, or moving the governor to commute the sentence to banishment for life to the worst settlement under his jurisdiction. These thoughts, it may naturally be supposed, affected me, and rendered me altogether careless of my future fate. The first signs I exhibited of recovery were taken advantage of by the bush constables to urge me to try and walk, assuring me that there was a house at a short distance, where I would be allowed to rest and have my wound dressed. To this I made no reply farther than looking them in the face. Knowing that if I did not endeavour to try my strength, ulterior measures would be used to force me, I got up, with their assistance, and made the best of my way with them to the house spoken of.

When we reached the house, it was dark. I was

immediately ushered into the presence of the master. The farmer—for such he was—looked at me earnestly for some minutes, and then inquired if I had not been in the service of Captain W. I returned his gaze, in order to ascertain, if I could, who the querist was, but I could not call to mind ever having seen him before. Being too weak, from the loss of blood, to speak, I merely answered him by a nod of assent. The blood still continued at intervals to trickle from the wound; and the farmer, seeing my distressed state and ghastly appearance, gave orders that I should be immediately put to bed, and the wound washed and dressed. This being accomplished, I was then left to my own reflections. I lay a considerable time in a very distracted state, occasioned both from pain and a knowledge of my forlorn and hopeless condition. I tried to close my eyes in sleep, but the attempt was unavailing; nor can I at all describe the agony of my feelings throughout the long, long hours of that sad night. I endeavoured to think of home, and those who mourned my absence, and in imagination I summoned up the spirit of my dear mother weeping the degradation and loss of a loved but unworthy child. Then again would my thoughts wander in search for the future; my trial, condemnation, and fearful end flitted before me, till the scene became too awful to contemplate, and I was only relieved by a flood of tears. At length the day began to dawn; and ere the sun had advanced an hour on his journey, I was visited by the humane farmer. After kindly asking how I felt, and evincing a degree of interest in my helpless position, he put several ques-

tions to me concerning what had induced me to run off. I told him, as fully as my weakness would permit, the whole of my history, and of my innocence of the crime I had been sentenced to the chain-gang to expiate. He looked hard in my face when I finished, and replied that, from the character he had received of me from my deceased benefactor, Captain W., he believed I told the truth. He also expressed his determination to assist me as far as he could. It was only now I was made aware of the fact, that in discharging the pistol I had wounded one of my captors in the side, but fortunately not dangerously. He told me he had made the man promise not to mention this circumstance on my trial; he also added, that whatever influence he could command would be exerted to save me from dying on a scaffold. I could only thank him for his kindness, when he retired, and I was once more left for a little to my own reflections.

For three days my wound would not permit of my being removed. I did not regret this, as I was shown every attention by the kind hearted farmer. Knowing, too, that as soon as I reached Hobart Town, the walls of a prison, and the harsh discipline exercised within their precincts, would be a sad contrast to the comfortable house and warm bed I now occupied, I wished to remain as long as circumstances would permit. It was impossible, however, to allow me to abide longer at the farm house than secured me from the danger of being attacked by fever, with which, for the first two days, I was threatened. As soon as the constables became aware that all fear on this head had disappeared,

they announced their intention of removing me on the fourth morning. This communication, although I had been expecting it earlier, came like a shock upon me. Surrounded as I had been with danger while ranging the mountains, still I was at liberty, and although I had, since my capture, been under their guardianship, yet I had been treated with every kindness. All this was now to come to an end, and the clear sky and the forest were now to be abandoned for the felon's cell. It is not natural for man to contemplate such a change unmoved and unaffected, nor had the Great Creator made me an exception in this particular. My first burst of grief over, I became somewhat reconciled, and saw their preparations to depart going on, with a sort of stoical indifference.

On the evening before my departure to town, I was informed that four dogs had arrived at the house, nor could they be prevailed upon to depart, although every effort had been made to drive them away. The farmer hearing of the circumstance, came to me and inquired if I had not been followed by dogs. I then related to him the whole story of how I fell in with them, and also the services they had rendered me. He seemed much affected at the recital, and instantly ordered a servant to allow them to come in. As soon as they were admitted, the whole four came running towards me, jumping upon me, and showing every token of satisfaction, nor could they be prevailed upon to sleep elsewhere than in my bed room. As I was to depart on the following morning, I went early to bed, where, after tossing to and fro for some time, I at length sunk

into a deep sleep, from which I awoke in the morning very much refreshed. The constables having got the boat in trim, came to inform me that I must now make ready for the journey. Yes, I thought, I must take my trial before an earthly judge, because I willed to be free from a punishment put upon me for a crime of which I was innocent. As I could not take the dogs with me, I gave them over to the care of the farmer, with instructions that, if he could find their owner, to return them to him, and, if he could not, to keep them in his possession for his own use or amusement. I was then escorted to the boat, followed by the farmer and the dogs. Before we pushed off from the island, the farmer shook me kindly by the hand, repeating his promise to aid me as far as he could, and expressed a hope that I would not allow my spirits to sink, and encouraged me to hope for the best. The boat was then put in motion, on seeing which, and that they were not allowed to accompany me, the dogs sent forth such a piteous yelling, that the noise resounded far and wide, and so much was I affected by this last trait of their attachment, that I threw myself into the bottom of the frail vessel, and endeavoured to deaden their cries by stopping my ears with my fingers, in which position I remained till Brunie Island was left far behind.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO HOBART TOWN.—THE TRIAL.—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.—SENTENCE OF DEATH AND ITS COMMUTATION. — FELLOW-UNFORTUNATES. — THE DEATH AT SEA.—A CONVICT'S FUNERAL.—ARRIVAL AT MACQUARIE HARBOUR.—ANOTHER APPOINTMENT AS COXSWAIN.

Being at length beyond the sound of the howling of the dogs, I again took my seat at the stern of the boat, the constables having placed me in that position in order that they might have an opportunity of watching my movements. By firing upon one of the soldiers and also wounding one of themselves when they captured me, I was looked upon as a determined and dangerous character. They had promised the farmer not to use me harshly, but they took the precaution to have their guns laying alongside of them, after having loaded them with ball in my presence. Neither of them spoke a word, and my mind was busy enough in revolving fears for the future, to keep me in meditation, and thus the thought of again attempting escape had no place in my ruminations. The day was beautiful and calm, the little air that passed along the surface of the sea being just sufficient to catch the curling waves at the top, throwing them into beautiful and variegated particles as the rays of the sun descended upon them. Afar on the

bosom of the ocean, the eye might distinguish a lone and solitary sea bird, buoyantly breasting wave after wave, and, like some aerial spirit after its mission to earth had been completed, it again soared aloft in its flight of sweet and blessed freedom.

My mind was full of gloomy fears, and I continued to muse until aroused by the loud voice of some one hailing the constables. On looking up, I saw another boat rowed by two men, who were proceeding in another direction. The strangers seemed to be aware of the errand on which my captors had gone, for no sooner had they come within a short distance of our boat, than one of them exclaimed,

“Halloo, Jack, you have nailed him at last.”

“Ay, ay,” returned the party who had been addressed.

“It would just have been as well for *him*,” rejoined the other, casting a glance at me, “if he had gone back with the soldiers. I am afraid his neck will feel queer soon. Firing upon soldiers is generally paid with a dance to the tune of a muffled drum.”

At this remark I inwardly shuddered, but being anxious to ascertain who the speaker was, I raised my eyes a second time for that purpose, when I discovered him to be the constable in whose hut I had passed the night previous to my encounter with the soldiers.

“He’s a daring devil,” muttered my tormentor, as he was about to proceed down the river, “so you had better keep an eye after him.”

“Leave Gallows alone for that,” returned my captor, meaning his other companion, the term implying

that he had at one time escaped death by the hands of the public executioner.

Gallows, who did not seem to relish the title, replied, with more feeling and warmth than I thought he possessed, "Why, Jack, you might have spared your breath there. It is not because you did not deserve it that you escaped a *leap*. Besides, you ought to have remembered the promise you made the farmer, not to hurt the prisoner's feelings with jokes of that nature. I have my suspicions, besides, that you could throw some light on the very robbery that this poor fellow was condemned to the chain gang for."

I eagerly waited the reply to this remark, as I imagined life or death rested on the discovery of the really guilty party. I was disappointed, however, as the other merely remarked, in a sort of half offended tone,

"Why, what are your suspicions worth? I told you before that I knew nothing about it, and I tell you so again. You had better, therefore, mind number one, and not keep poking your fingers into other people's pies, when you know you are not thanked for it. As for hurting that poor fellow's feelings, I did no such thing. It was old Growler, and I am not going to stand out as his bully. Say what you like of him, but don't blame me."

The conversation here closed, and I again relapsed into a moody state, and only became aroused when the boat was within a few yards of our landing place. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we landed, and my wound being still of a frightful nature, I was placed under a guard, and conducted to the hospital,

and put under the care of the surgeon. The hospital being strictly guarded, there was no hope of a second escape; and even if I had seen an opportunity of doing so, with no prospect of reaching some place where I would have been free from pursuit, I do not think I would have attempted it, aware, as I now was, of the dangers by which a runaway is surrounded. I had been in hospital for about a week, my wound rapidly healing, when the keeper entered the room I was confined in, accompanied by my kind hearted friend, the farmer. After being satisfied that I was recovering, he told me he had come to town in order, if possible, to serve me. He had seen Captain W.'s daughter, who evinced much sorrow at my unhappy condition; and to show that her feelings were sincere, she had accompanied the farmer to the house of one of the gentlemen who belonged to the party engaged with the natives. The farmer received their assurances that whatever could be done to assist me, would be done. As soon, therefore, as he parted with them, he had obtained permission to visit me in the hospital. Before he left, he expressed his hope that I would, at all events, escape an ignominious death.

After the farmer took his departure, I was thrown into a new train of ideas. What even if my life were spared? My ultimate destination, from all the accounts I had heard of it, was such a horrid place that I could almost have wished rather to die at once, than eke out a miserable existence, half fed and almost naked, at Macquarie Harbour, subject to the most fierce cruelty that possibly could be exercised to a fellow being.

Where, but in the grave, were my sufferings to end! Happy had it been for me, I thought, if my narrow bed had been made in that lonely spot where, with the son, I had laid the heart-broken mother. And yet how strange the feeling which imperceptibly creeps over us at times. "While there is life, there is hope," and dark and cloudy as my position seemed, these words occurred to me. They opened up a new source of reflection. At last I concluded that some chance might occur to carry me from the colony altogether, and enable me at last to end my days, my body being as free as my mind. With these consolations, I anxiously waited the day of trial, which was now fast approaching.

At length the eventful day dawned which was to seal my fate. Various conjectures arose in my mind as to the probable result, but nothing certain could I lay hold of. The hour came, and I was summoned to the bar. I left the hospital, where I had remained since my arrival with the constables. Strongly guarded, I was taken into court. I looked timidly around to seek for encouragement from some known face, but no one appeared to my wandering gaze. Before me sat the dreaded judge, and, at a table before him, sat the counsel. Alas! counsel I had none. At last my charge was read, and the voice of the judge sunk deep into my heart as he asked whether I was guilty or not guilty. I was charged with having escaped from my guards, and with firing two guns at his majesty's servants while in pursuit of me. I knew I was guilty, and what could I say? With my head dropping on my

breast, I replied that I was guilty. The judge, immediately after, passed upon me the sentence of death. Before I was removed, however, he asked if there was any one I knew who could speak of my previous behaviour. I answered, that the only friend I had was now dead; but, ere the words were finished, a stir was made near the door, and I heard some one call out, "Make way there, quick!" I turned my head towards the spot where the people were pressing back, and the first one whom I saw was the honest farmer, forcing a passage for Miss W., the captain's daughter, and her cousin, one of the young ladies who had accompanied her on the voyage. She was also accompanied by one of the gentlemen. As soon as order had been restored, the farmer advanced and asked permission to speak in my behalf. Leave being granted, he stated, that while I had been in charge of Captain W.'s gig, he had various opportunities of conversing with my master, and that I had given the captain so much satisfaction, that he expressed himself willing to leave me in charge of all that was dear to him on earth, with the certainty of his orders being sacredly attended to. He said that I had also rendered some very important services both to Captain W. and some of his friends; but, as there were other parties in court who had been eye-witnesses of the scene, he would leave them to state the facts to the court.

The farmer then withdrew, and immediately afterwards advanced with Miss W. The young lady was very much agitated by the novel position she was placed in, and it was some minutes before her presence of

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

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

My spirits were wonderfully buoyed up during the latter part of the proceedings in the court, insomuch that I heard the sentence of banishment to Macquarie Harbour with something akin to indifference. Now,

however, that I was immured within the walls of a gloomy, damp cell, the full weight of misery into which I had been plunged descended upon me in full force, and the first relief I found was in a burst of excessive grief. Here it was that I felt the keen anguish of being deprived of both kind looks and words, and for a fortnight I remained in such an excited state as to be bordering on distraction.

At length the prison doors were opened, but not to freedom. The guards entered, but not to protect me from molestation. They were opened in order to bind the fetters with which I was secured, to a host of other sufferers, whom I was to accompany to Macquarie Harbour. What a spectacle presented itself to my view! A number of human beings, the most miserable looking imaginable, wedged together as firmly as iron could make them, their countenances dark and foreboding as the dreariest winter sky; there they stood, pensive, sad, and sullen. They knew they were degraded beyond hope of redemption. They felt that they were no longer men, and that they were worse than the beasts that perish. Amongst the whole group, no one feature was discoverable that told of an immortal soul, but every lineament bespoke the despair of a damned spirit. Could I look upon such a scene unmoved? The effect was electric. I took up my position without a murmur, and in a few minutes there I stood, a fair counterpart of the rest of my unhappy companions, hoping nothing—fearing nothing.

The arrangements being completed, we were marshalled in order, and conducted to the vessel destined

to convey us to our dreaded destination. As soon as we got on board, the whole party were driven below, and the hatchway secured, a small opening being left to admit a portion of air; and, during the voyage, which lasted a fortnight, the hatchway was only removed once a day, at the time we were supplied with victuals; and so scanty was our share, that not a few felt the cravings of hunger ten full hours previous to the next day's portion being distributed. One of the party died from the effects of former suffering, but his death was hurried on by the hard treatment received on board the brig. What a death scene! One entire day preceding his demise he raved continually, uttering the most horrid imprecations. This was a fearful picture to me, but had I been the unfortunate person chained to him, I verily believe I would have actually gone mad. In the midst of his frenzy, he threw himself into all the attitudes of despair and desperation; and when he raised the arm by which he was attached to his unfortunate neighbour, his unwilling companion was forced to allow himself to be moved at will. His strength ultimately became exhausted, and he gradually sunk under his multiplied troubles, till death embraced the sufferer, and set him free from bodily pain. But his soul—where is it? There were many rough hearts amongst my fellow-outcasts—fellows who had been born-brothers to guilt and crime of every description—who, perhaps, in the prosecution of their ungodly calling, would not have scrupled to commit the crime of murder for the purpose of carrying their wicked schemes into execution, and afterwards soothed their consciences

with the idea, that their victim deserved his fate for interfering between them and their unjust desires, and would have looked upon the murdered party with cold indifference. Here the effect was changed. No sooner was the truth apparent that the poor fellows ravings were hushed in death, than they became alarmed and uneasy. They dared not to look upon the corpse, their appearance showing that extreme terror possessed their inmost soul. This feeling was more strongly depicted in the face of the being chained to the body. His eyes stared wildly around, and as often as he ventured to glance at the object of horror, his frame quivered and shook, the blood left his face, and he seemed as colourless and death-like as the lifeless form beside him. At length we were delivered from this unpleasant dilemma; for, fear having taken possession of each one, they gave vent to their terror in loud cries, which at last arrested the attention of some of the crew, who, upon inquiring into the cause of tumult, carried the tidings to the captain, who forthwith issued orders for the removal of the object of our loathing.

To die at sea is at all times a melancholy reflection, even under the most favourable circumstances. The burial of a seaman may have something romantic connected with it. The solemn toll of the bell may ring strangely in the ear while the chaplain or captain proceeds with the reading of the service for the dead. It may even be picturesque to witness the hardy seamen collected together to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed messmate. A tear may start to the eye of the on-looker as the gangway is opened, and the

body, encased in a hammock, or "coat," is gently dropped into the ocean, leaving no mark to distinguish the spot where the sailor is buried; but all is soon over, and the crew return to their duty with the painful feelings depicted in their looks, that their own turn may soon come. There may be something romantic about such a scene—the clear sky above and the "blue sea" around; but the thought of being cast into the deep, far from the resting-place of our fathers, renders the idea desolate and lonely.

If this be true where the party has been honoured with all the punctilio observed on board ship, much more so is it where the party is esteemed unworthy of these Christian rites. A doubly-guilty convict—what could he expect? Nothing more than actually was performed. No sooner was the corpse lifted to the deck, than orders were given that the body should be thrown overboard. One of the seamen who had assisted in raising it from the hold in which we were placed, as soon as it was laid on deck, asked the mate what he intended should be done with it.

"What think you?—toss it overboard, to be sure."

"Won't you read prayers?" asked the seaman.

"Who would ever think of reading prayers over the body of such a rascal? Were any of our own people to drop off, it would then be a different matter, but it is of no use troubling ourselves with such a customer as this."

The seaman, thus baffled in his endeavour to get the body respectably buried, as he thought, was then ordered to call another man to assist him in tumbling the

unfortunate convict overboard; which being done, everything resumed its wonted appearance, as if the body thrown into the sea, had never encased nor possessed such a treasure as an immortal soul.

Our lot was not of the most comfortable description, and the circumstance just narrated did not help to make us more easy. Although we knew pretty well the nature of the hardships to be undergone when we reached Macquarie Harbour, yet all wished the voyage completed. At length the port was made, and we were sent ashore; but all my ideas of the place fell greatly short of the actual state I found the unhappy beings there in. Parties of them were in a state of nudity, while others were barely covered with rags. They seemed to be creatures who would scruple at no act, however outrageous. More than one, whose feelings of respect for themselves were not lost, loathed their position so much, that, to bring their sufferings to an end, actually committed murder. In such a place, and with such companions, will my readers wonder, when I tell them, that I was taken suddenly ill, and had to be carried insensible to a hut. It was two or three days before I recovered; and when I got better, the pilot of the place, hearing that I understood a seaman's duty, ordered me on board his vessel, where I was installed a second time, into the situation of coxswain.

CHAPTER X.

MACQUARIE HARBOUR AND ITS INHABITANTS.—THE PILOT.—A MURDER, AND SUMMARY PUNISHMENT OF THE GUILTY PARTY.—EVACUATION OF THE HARBOUR.—SIGNS OF INSUBORDINATION.—A CONSPIRACY AND PLAN OF ESCAPE.

Although installed as coxswain of the pilot boat, it must be borne in mind that, in whatever situation a convict may be placed at Macquarie Harbour, the stern eye of a task-master is ever over him. There is no rest nor relaxation during the hours allotted to work. No communing with their fellow-sufferers. The day's task accomplished, they are driven like so many animals to their sleeping places. In fact, all interest in the surrounding world becomes deadened, and at last completely dies away. It will not, therefore, be imagined that my position, although called upon to perform the duties of a seaman, was one of an easy nature. The pilot was very much addicted to intemperance, and often, while under the influence of intoxication, he made me suffer some punishment I did not deserve.

When I looked around me, however, I found I was much better situated than many who were probably as good as myself, but whose treatment was far different to that which I experienced. The lash was continually over them; whereas, unless when the pilot had been drinking, I was comparatively easily dealt with. This

treatment, as I have before stated, drove some of them to be guilty of offences of an aggravated nature, in order to get rid of life. An instance of this occurred a short time after I arrived. The poor fellow implicated, as I afterwards understood, belonged to a very good family in England, but had paid too much attention to the deceits and frauds carried on at the great races and gambling tables in England. At last he connected himself with a company of notorious characters, and his interest became so much mixed up with their proceedings, that, when two of the company were arrested for a robbery, it came out that he had been one of the perpetrators. For a long time he eluded the vigilance of the officers of the law, but at last he was secured, and ultimately banished to Botany Bay. After his arrival there he met with some of his old associates in crime, who, even in banishment, carried on their vicious practices, and he became mixed up with their depravities a second time. At this point he changed his master, and was hired as a servant to a gentleman in the country. Here he was guilty of appropriating some articles to his own use belonging to his master, for which crime he was sent to Macquarie Harbour. The usage he experienced, contrasted to his mode of life and the luxuries he enjoyed while at home, wrought so much upon his mind, that one day, while he and another convict were engaged at some laborious work, he took advantage of the momentary absence of the guard, to make an attack upon his neighbour, whom he knocked to the earth with a billet of wood, and then seizing a rough-edged stone, completed his work of murder. So well and fatally had he

completed his dreadful scheme, that, on the return of the guard, the person who had been attacked was found to be dead. In answer to the guard's interrogatories, all the satisfaction received from the guilty perpetrator was a loud string of execrations; then suddenly recollecting himself, he resumed a calmness in his manner, in the meantime advancing forward to the soldier. His motions, however, were watched, and just as he was about to spring upon the guard, that party levelled his piece and shot him dead on the spot.

Nor was this a solitary instance of poor wretches endeavouring to shake off the tyranny by which they were oppressed, either by self-destruction or a breach of rules, which they well knew would end in their sufferings being terminated by an unnatural death.

In the situation of coxswain I continued till the evacuation of the settlement, experiencing troubles and trials of the most afflicting nature. No night passed over without the pilot being drunk. In this state he would often come to where the men were lying, and the first one he came across he generally struck, or if he had nothing in his hand, the unfortunate object received the full weight of the pilot's body, by being jumped upon or kicked. If the poor fellow groaned under the pain of such treatment, he was forced, in order to escape a repetition, to obey some useless command given by the brutal wretch. Nor dared a single person to show sympathy for the wronged man, for fear of being tied up and lashed. This punishment I suffered twice in my attempts to expostulate with the low, brutal, petty tyrant, on account of his cruelty. For our own sakes,

therefore, we were obliged to stifle our wrath, which, but for the soldiers on board, would have risen to a pitch beyond his power to allay, and must have ended in his destruction.

If ever there was a time when I would have run the risk of escaping, even to undergo all and more than I had previously done, it was during my sorrowful sojourn in this dreadful spot. We had no opportunity of conversing together, but there was a language in the eye that told each other's self-communings—a language not to be misunderstood by those who bear an accumulated weight of sorrow and trouble: it, too, was the language of truth, for it came glancing forth pure from the heart, and as we meet each other's gaze, the sentiment expressed by all was, "I wish for liberty."

At length the day opened upon us which laid the foundation of this wish being granted. Orders had arrived that the prisoners were all to be removed, and Macquarie Harbour evacuated. On the 12th January 1834, we received orders to prepare for leaving—nine years, within two months, of what I may call my captivity, for captive I had been latterly. What were the feelings of myself and miserable companions, at this unexpected intelligence, can scarcely be described; but this much I may state, we cared not whither we were taken, as we knew our condition could not be altered for the worse. Still there was a feeling within of brighter days—a hope that we might escape. This hope became so strong, that those whose hearts had for long been strangers to every thing else but sorrow, now possessed a spark of pleasure. Countenances long

formed to speak despair, were now lighted up with a glimpse of animation and liveliness. To a universal feeling of this kind which seemed to enter and pervade all the prisoners, am I indebted for the liberty I now enjoy. But I must return to the manner in which we effected our perilous escape.

The day previous to our embarkation was employed in collecting together all the government stores, carrying them on board a small brig intended to convey us we knew not where. In the discharge of this duty, we had no guard placed directly over us, the soldiers being stationed at convenient distances between the shore and the works to see that every thing was done in order. At first we only glanced at one another, as opportunity offered, then we whispered, and at last a leading spirit or two might be seen, screened by some intervening object, engaged in close conversation.—The nature of these conversations was only known at the time to the parties themselves, but the rest saw sufficient to convince them there was something of importance going forward, and that the subject of their whisperings was likely to become an affair that all would be necessarily engaged in.

In this state matters continued till the darkness and the voices of our guards called us from labour, to experience a night of extreme suspense—at least if I may be allowed to judge of the feelings of those who were my companions from the state of my own mind. Dark and gloomy as the scene around had been, there was a gleam of sunshine, as it were, before me afar off. I hoped the master spirits of the convict colony might be

able, if assisted by the others, and opportunity offering, to work out our release, and that soon I would be able to place my foot on some other shore in liberty, without the fear of being hunted down, and that by honest endeavours I might yet live to enjoy a freedom long unknown to me, in being allowed to follow the dictates of my own conscience in earning a subsistence by whatever means was in my power. Such thoughts as these were busy with my brain during the whole of that night, and although narrowly watched and strongly guarded, I yet hoped that some fortunate circumstance would occur to bring our tyrannical rulers to a sense of the cruelty we had experienced, and also enable us to bid them farewell.

On the following morning we were aroused to a renewal of our labours, and by mid-day all was ready for our going on board. Previous to this order, we were all marshalled in the same style as we had been the morning I left Hobart Town. Every one being found at his post, we proceeded on board the vessel with our hard task-master, the pilot, as captain. Towards night we made the Heads at the entrance to the harbour, but the surf was so heavy, beating violently over the bar, that he did not venture to cross it. Orders were consequently given for making all snug for the night. In order to accomplish this, the prisoners were left pretty much at liberty, as they had to assist in working the vessel. To secure her from being driven from her anchor, the brig had to be moored head and stern on, as the current was at the time running at the rate of seven knots an hour. When this was accomplished, all

hands, with the exception of a guard and the anchor watch, retired to rest, in order either to dream of present misery or coming freedom.

On the following morning, at five o'clock, all hands were called up. The surf still continued beating over the bar as violently as ever. There was therefore little hope of our proceeding immediately to sea. From the hurried manner we had been ordered from the colony, our small portion of clothes, or rather rags, which only half covered us, were in a very filthy state. The captain thought the time the vessel lay at anchor could not be better employed than in sending us ashore to wash them. A boat was therefore ordered off with a party of prisoners to perform this necessary piece of work. Fortunately, I was of the number, and no sooner were we landed and left to ourselves, than the means of our escape became the subject of conversation. One of the leaders in the conversation of the previous day opened the subject by observing, that it was shameful for so many men to suffer, as we had been compelled to do, by the orders of one man.

"You mean that monster, the pilot, I suppose," said another. "It is not only shameful, but degrading even to us; and I, for one, say, if there is any way to get rid of him and the red coats, why, let me understand it, and my hand will not be backward in doing its share of the work."

"Here's another," eagerly cried the whole of the party at once.

"Easy, brothers," said I. "There is no one present would be more willing to join in such a scheme, were it

practicable, than myself ; but there is one condition I wish to make, before proceeding farther."

"Name it," said the leader, with a look of suspicion.

"There shall be no blood shed," I replied. "My hands have never yet taken the life of a fellow-being ; and, horrid as our condition has been, I, for one, will not consent to the taking away of life. Upon this condition alone will I join you in wresting our liberties from the hands of a tyrant."

"I am of the same opinion," said another, "only with this difference, that should we be compelled to fight in self-defence, why, rather than be again taken, I am willing to do my best, even at the expense of bloodshed, but let there be no calculated murder."

The recollection of my having fired the pistol at the constable came with force to my mind, and unwilling as I was to risk the chance of periling any man's life, I saw that our escape could scarcely be accomplished without a possibility of being placed in a position where, in self-defence, a blow might be struck. To the above proposition I therefore agreed. This being the seeming wish of all my companions, the next step discussed was our mode of procedure. There were twelve men on board the brig, well armed, while our number was no more, having neither arms nor ammunition nor any other weapon in our power. The person who had first spoken said he had, with another prisoner then on board, weighed all the chances of an attempt to take the brig ; he therefore proposed to guide us in the matter. Each was anxious to hear what plan he would adopt, as they could not see how it was at all possi-

ble. He then laid down the following as his plan of operation :—

“As soon as we have got through with our present work,” said he, “we will then go on board, each man conducting himself as if nothing was intended. If there be any soldiers on deck, we will invite them under hatches to hear a song. Let us succeed in this point, and the rest can easily be managed. As for the captain, he will have dipped too deep into the bottle to be very particular as to how we are conducting ourselves, and by the time he is ready to come on deck, I hope things will be in such a state as to make his conquest an easy matter. If we succeed in getting the soldiers below, why then your tender consciences may rest at ease, as there will be no necessity for hurting a hair of any man’s head.”

This scheme, so simple and yet so hopeful, met with entire approbation. We therefore applied ourselves with vigour to our task, with happy thoughts of accomplishing our freedom. No sooner was the work ended, than with light hearts and buoyant steps we proceeded to the boat, which had been made secure on shore a little distance from the brig. The oars fell slowly into the river; as, had we showed too much eagerness or haste, suspicion might have been raised, and our fond hopes blighted. Slowly the boat was impelled nearer the vessel, every stroke of the oars bringing us either into deeper misery or the rich reward of liberty. Every heart beat with emotion, and had we been well armed and had a fair enemy, the distant shore would have echoed to the cry for liberty. Far otherwise was our

position ; determined, if possible, to throw off the cruel bondage by which we had been so long oppressed, not speaking above our breath, the very wishes of our hearts became so powerful as to make us feel as if they would burst. But soon we were alongside the brig ; four soldiers leaned over the bulwarks, while the master-carpenter walked the quarter-deck. At length we got on board, after which the carpenter went below to the cabin. One of the soldiers stood to joke with me. I thought I would have fallen. Recovering myself, however, I returned his remark, (he was a country-man of my own.) At last I mustered courage to invite him below. I said there were a few good singers amongst us, and we had proposed to pass an hour or two in singing. He hesitated at first, as he expected the captain on deck, but promised, if he saw an opportunity, to make one of our party. I then gave him to understand that if his companions could do the same we would be glad of their presence hinting that should anything like quarrelling arise amongst the prisoners, his presence would tend to check it. We then parted, and I hurried below, to report the success I had experienced, whither the convicts had immediately gone on seeing me encounter the soldier.

They were in ecstasies at the near prospect, as they thought, of our enterprise being successful. It was then arranged that the soldiers should be allowed to sit next each other, in order to allay all fear for their safety, and that at a certain signal agreed upon, a rush by the whole of our number should be made upon them, and thus, by an overwhelming force, we might at once disarm and

secure them. These preliminaries, interesting to us at the time, being settled, we took our seats and patiently awaited the coming of the soldiers.

Half an hour elapsed before any sign of their approach was heard, when, about the expiry of that period, we had the extreme pleasure of seeing the soldiers descend the ladder, and enter the fore-castle. Heartily welcome they were, and each one was more eager than another to shew attention to them. At last everything was adjusted, and one of our party, an Englishman, was invited to sing. His voice was sweet, and as he repeated the first verse, a thrill of pleasure and delight ran through every vein of my frame. There seemed to be a sympathy in my inmost soul with the words of the poet. I had never heard them before, and yet the lines of the first verse are as fresh in my mind at the present moment, as if I had laboured to commit them to memory. I cannot help quoting them here, in order that my readers may judge whether, if their lot had been cast as mine was, they could have resisted the influence of the associations it was capable of calling into active exercise, when the mind, in such circumstances, is so prone to contrast the happy scenes and companions of youth, with what may be our present situation. The lines, which still ring in my ears, are the following:—

“ There is an isle—a bonny isle,—
Starts proudly from the sea;
And dearer far than all the world
Is that sweet isle to me.
It is not that its meads are green;
It is not that its hills are fair;
*But because it is my native land,
And my home, my home, is there.*”

Yes, thought I, my home is there ; all that I ever loved on earth is there ; but do not exist—cannot now exist, for me. I hid my emotion from the others awhile, but at last was forced to cover my face with my hands, and weep in silence, during the singing of the last verse.

The feelings of the soldiers were also raised, and, when the last note died away, they could not contain their expressions of approbation.

The person who had been appointed to give the signal, had not, as yet, seen a proper opportunity ; and another of our party, a Scotchman, entertained us with another song, the air of which, if I am rightly informed, did more harm to some of the Scotch regiments on the continent, than the bullets of their enemies. It was "Lochaber no more." His voice wanted the rich sweetness of the first singer, but he evinced a better and richer conception of the meaning and sentiments contained in the song ; the consequence was, that when he finished, each of the company wore a desponding aspect. Our signal-man—a man of strong nerve and mind—immediately burst forth with "Britons never shall be slaves." Being thus called to a sense of duty, —the last word of this song being the signal for capturing the soldiers —we resumed our former mechanical attitude ; and, so much were our minds bent upon the subject we had in view, that every line repeated rendered us more on the alert. Each heart, judging by my own, beat high with fond expectation ; and when the last line was begun, each eye was bent on the singer. At last we were in an attitude to spring upon

our guards, the signal was given, and, in a body, we rushed upon them before they were aware of our intention. Few moments sufficed to take their fire-arms from them, and secure them firmly with ropes.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction of the subject. It is divided into three sections: the first section deals with the history of the subject, the second section deals with the present state of the subject, and the third section deals with the future of the subject.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE PILOT SECURED.—CAPTURE OF THE VESSEL.—
DISPOSAL OF THE CREW AND SOLDIERS.—CROSSING
THE BAR.—OUR DEPARTURE.—A DANGEROUS VOY-
AGE.—SHIPWRECK.—PERILOUS POSITION.—AN OPEN
BOAT AT SEA.—ARRIVAL IN SOUTH AMERICA.—
FROM WHENCE I SHIP AS A SEAMAN TO THE UNITED
STATES.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The work of deliverance had now commenced; our hearts were elated at so easily overcoming the first barrier; no time, therefore, was lost in following up this advantage. We therefore soon appeared on deck, where we silently and unsuspectingly made prisoners of the carpenter, mate, and the others. What we had most to fear was the resistance of the brutal pilot. He was below in the cabin, but, happily for us, the serjeant in command of the soldiers, along with a corporal and private, were in a boat at some distance from the brig, engaged in fishing. They had taken two of the convicts with them to manage the boat and bait their hooks. The pilot, serjeant, and corporal, along with the mate, generally had possession of the cabin.—The mate was secured, the serjeant and corporal, as I have stated, were not on board, and the pilot occupied the cabin alone. He always went well armed, and there was some risk of blood being shed before we mastered him, yet there was no time for delay. It was at last determined

to proceed to the cabin in a body; if he resisted, one of us might fall, but there was a chance of succeeding without this result. We accordingly proceeded to the cabin; so noiselessly had our object so far been attained that, when we entered, the pilot had no suspicion of our design. In his usual unfeeling manner he therefore ordered us on deck, but we did not give him time to repeat his orders. We instantly rushed upon him, and he was made a prisoner without the slightest hurt to any one.

His guilty conscience made him believe that his life was in danger. We told him we had taken the vessel, and were determined to escape with it to some other country. Fervently he begged for life, and prayed that we would not harm him. To his earnest entreaties we answered, that no harm was intended to any one on board; our object was to free ourselves from the tyranny of himself, and the disgrace of being convicts. That he deserved to suffer punishment for his cruelty to us, we told him, but it was not our intention to return evil for evil. Hard as his heart was, when he understood that we did not mean to harm him, he cried like a child, and confessed that he did not expect so much mercy existing in the bosoms of convicts who had been sent to Macquarie Harbour, as being incorrigible and lost to all sense of shame.

Being now in possession of the brig, our attention was next turned to the serjeant and corporal. It was arranged to get them on board, and secure them as we had done the others. Accordingly we fired a musket as a signal, for the purpose of bringing them on

board, which succeeded. As soon as they came out of the boat, we made prisoners of them, and explained our reasons for so doing. We then told the pilot that he was at liberty to take from his chest whatever articles he considered necessary. He was therefore unloosed, two of our party being placed over him with loaded muskets. After he had satisfied himself with what he wanted, a boat was brought alongside, and we ordered him to take his seat in it, and await our further commands. The mate was used in a similar manner, and took his seat alongside the pilot. The rest of our prisoners were brought up one by one, and all ordered into the boat. Oars were then handed to them, while some of us, well armed, manned another boat, and everything being ready, the pilot and his companions were ordered to shove off, our own boat keeping a little in the wake, in order to guard against any attempt being made to recapture the vessel. In this way they reached the shore, where we told them they must remain for some time, and that our future orders respecting them would be given with the least possible delay.

As soon as the other boat returned to the brig, a council was called as to our future proceedings. The day being pretty far advanced, it was thought prudent to lay-to all night, more especially as the breakers over the bar still seemed as fierce as ever, and that, when morning came, if the violence of the sea had not subsided, we should venture across at all hazards. We also came to the conclusion of dividing fairly the stock of provisions in the brig with the pilot and those who were with him, and also of allowing him whatever

spirits were on board. This last arrangement met with some opposition, but our signal-man and myself saw the necessity of keeping nothing on board that might either tend to create wickedness, or probably lead to our capture, or the total loss of the vessel and all on board. These results we pressed strongly on the minds of those opposed to it, when they ultimately yielded to our view of the case. These matters being accomplished, we made preparations for passing the night where we were, setting a strong and active watch on deck to prevent any possibility of surprise.

On the following morning another council was held. The passage over the bar was still as formidable as ever, yet, according to our previous resolution, we determined to brave all dangers. A boat was then put in order, into which the other party's share of the provisions were placed, along with the whole of the rum on board, which was taken ashore. We would not allow any of their number to come within a certain distance of us, but called the carpenter, and handed their portion to him. He expressed a heartfelt thankfulness for this mark of our consideration and kindness, saying, it was more than any of his party had expected, considering the small quantity on board, and the nature and danger of our voyage in a leaky vessel. Our answer was, that we wished for nothing but our liberty, and if it so turned out that God had ordained us to perish, we were willing to submit to the decree, but we were determined to run the risk rather than be oppressed and treated as we had been. The step we had taken had not been hastily entered upon; we knew the

consequences of failing in our attempt, but we had used no unnecessary violence in carrying our object into execution. No blood had been shed, nor did we consider that in making our escape and leaving them, as we were about to do, that we were guilty of any great crime, as it was likely a vessel would soon call, by which they could get a passage. He replied to these remarks, that we had done injury to no one; then with the tears running down his cheeks, he prayed that God might protect us on our perilous voyage. We thanked him for his kind wishes, and then returned to the brig.

When we got on board, immediate preparations were made for getting under weigh. After a great deal of labour this was accomplished. We could see from the deck that every motion we made was noticed with intense anxiety by those we had left on shore. They seemed to wonder if we really intended to cross the bar in the state the sea was then in; but our resolution was firm, and although the waves were breaking over the bulwarks, there was not one on board who seemed to quail at the sight. Trusting to Providence and a good cause, we hoped to be helped out of all dangers and difficulties. With a firm reliance on His power to save us, we ventured to face the foaming surf as it came roaring and rolling on in its swelling power. Every hand, every eye was on the alert; there was not a single man but considered that upon his individual exertion depended, under God, the safety of our lives. At length we got upon the bar, when one of those heavy surfs, common to such places, struck the vessel across the bows with such force as made her tremble

from stem to stern, and, for a moment or two, the deck was completely covered with a sheet of water. We knew not how the vessel would stand the shock, whether she would keep afloat or strike the bar in her heavy lurch, and be shivered to pieces. Happily for us, when we recovered our consternation we had reached the outer side of the bar. Those on shore had seen the dangerous position we were placed in, and as soon as they were aware of our safety, they gave vent to a simultaneous shout, which re-echoed in our ears far above the loud dashing of the waves. We returned the cheer with hearty vigour, a knowledge of our safety lending strength and energy to our voices.

When struck by the surf, the vessel had received some little damage, but as it was on her standing out that our lives and liberties depended, every possible exertion was made to repair the injury. The breeze fortunately was in our favour, but there was not one on board who understood navigation. Although I had been principally engaged on board of vessels during my sojourn in Hobart Town, yet my voyages were along the coast, rendering such an acquisition unnecessary. We had a person on board who, in his youth, had studied this branch of knowledge. To him, therefore, was the task given of steering the vessel, and in a short time we were wearing out of sight of that detested and accursed place where each and all of us had suffered so much. Gallantly we went along for two days, when the weather began to thicken and lour. At the end of the second day the wind freshened up, and towards midnight had increased to a gale from the S. W. by S.

The gale continued next day without any sign of abating. Four of our hands became sea-sick; our vessel also increased her leak, and there were few on board who could steer. This rendered our situation one of the most fearful which can be imagined. The pumps had to be worked night and day, as we were afraid of the water getting the upper hand of us.

The work was so divided that those who could not assist at the helm were obliged to manage the pump, while the few who could steer had to take their turn at the helm. Each party had heavy tasks, but liberty was before us. My attendance at the helm became so burdensome, that I began to suffer from inflammation in the side. Our stock of provisions, at first but slight, also began to show serious signs of decay. As far as we had gone, everything had been managed with the greatest care and economy, as we were perfectly aware that some weeks would elapse before we reached any port where we might venture to put in. The gale continued for eight days and nights, the vessel became every day more unmanageable. Our spanker-boom was carried away, in consequence of one of the helmsmen's unskilfulness in allowing it to gibe. At length the gale began to abate, but its long continuance and severity had all but rendered the brig useless. We were determined, however, to keep by her as long as she would float, because the only other earthly thing we had to depend upon was a small five ton boat which we had brought along with us. In this fearful situation, five weeks passed without ever speaking or even seeing a single sail. Every day rendered our position worse. The

water was fast increasing in the hold, and all we had to sustain nature was a biscuit divided amongst three every morning. At this critical juncture, we were nearly despairing of ever reaching land, yet hope would come to our aid, whispering in soothing strains days of bright and glorious happiness. We had experienced so many vicissitudes already, that the flattering thought of yet overcoming every obstacle, kept us in some degree of spirits.

About the middle of the sixth week of our voyage, we were compelled to seek refuge in the boat, and leave the brig to the mercy of the ocean. Well for us was it that we did so at the time, for, before we had got half a mile from her, she disappeared beneath the wide waters of the Pacific ocean.

Despair for a short time almost took possession of our whole crew. As long as the larger vessel stood out, our hopes were high; now that she had sunk, and all dependence rested on a frail open boat, the cheering ray of coming liberty became suddenly overcast. Imagine for a moment the picture we presented. The compass was saved, and in front of the helmsman one of our party was placed with it between his knees, which rendered our course very uncertain. The others were seated as best they could, not a few nearly worn out by previous exertion, their heads drooping on their breasts, looking, as it were, upon vacancy; while those who were capable of assisting in managing the boat, performed their respective offices as if careless of their fate. At length, after being three days in this state, our downcast looks were changed to liveliness; for our

navigator, who alone seemed to be self-possessed, made us start with the joyful cry of "land a-head!" To paint the feelings which suddenly pervaded every being on board the boat, would be impossible: we were, in fact, raised from the darkness of death to the stirring scenes of life. Every one seemed ready to do his best—every hand appeared active; and, after having been driven about for six weeks and three days, the happy cry of land made us use every endeavour to reach the shore. A heavier press of sail was put upon our tiny bark, in order to hasten its approach to "happy land."

"Liberty's a glorious feast." What a reward for all our toils. What visions of bliss floated before our imaginations. We had endured much, but the feelings of that moment, although we had never reached the shore, repaid for every hardship we had endured. Neither did our ignorance of the coast we were now rapidly approaching, diminish the delight we experienced.

You, reader, if ever you have strolled into the country, by the bank of some rolling stream, may have witnessed the struggles of some unfortunate little insect which has been forced by the strength of the wind upon the bosom of the river; you have seen its attempts to extricate itself from its sad situation, till in imagination you have heard the helpless thing call for assistance. Your attention has been rivetted to the spot where the death struggle was going on; and how your heart has become elated with joy when you saw it succeed in mounting a leaf which the force of the current threw in its way. How thankful-like the little object seemed as it striped the water from its tiny wings, and spread them

out to bask and dry in the genial warmth of the sun, and when satisfied that its exhausted strength was recruited, you have seen it take its flight from the frail barge on which it stood, humming, as it passed overhead, a joyous song of thanksgiving for its happy deliverance; you have continued your walk in a happier frame of mind, from the knowledge that even this small item of God's creation had escaped from death. The simile is simple, yet it truthfully describes our situation as our small vessel bounded towards the shore.

Our navigator being the only party who could guess at the country before us, we were not a little gratified when we learned that, in his opinion, we were on some part of the South American coast. This surmise turned out to be correct, for after sailing along shore till our patience was quite exhausted, we ran the boat aground near the town of Baldivia, a seaport of Chili, to which place we proceeded, where we were treated with the utmost kindness, as shipwrecked seamen. At this place I parted from my companions, as I was fortunate in securing a berth in a vessel belonging to the United States, which country I have now adopted as my own.

Thus ended a voyage attended with many dangers. Thus also ended my struggle for freedom. In every situation in which I was placed, the wish and determination to act with humanity was ever predominant. If I felt a desire to escape from thralldom, the feeling was a natural one, and although, for my attempts to gain liberty, the laws of my country would have consigned

me to an ignominious death, I feel assured that the reader who has followed me in my painful career, will not pass a severe judgment upon me, or conclude that I was guilty of any act really deserving death.

The crime for which I was banished from my fatherland to sojourn amongst a race who have ever been considered, as they often are, the dregs of society, was not one (great though it may be considered by some), morally or religiously speaking, of a very deep dye. I had been corrupted, but in return I had corrupted no man's principles, neither had I attacked any man's life. At most it involved but a temporary and reparable injury, and had the criminal law been then what it is now, the probability is that a short confinement would have been the extent of my punishment; where, under the influence of reflection, and early religious impressions, my release would have been followed with sincere desires to atone for past folly.

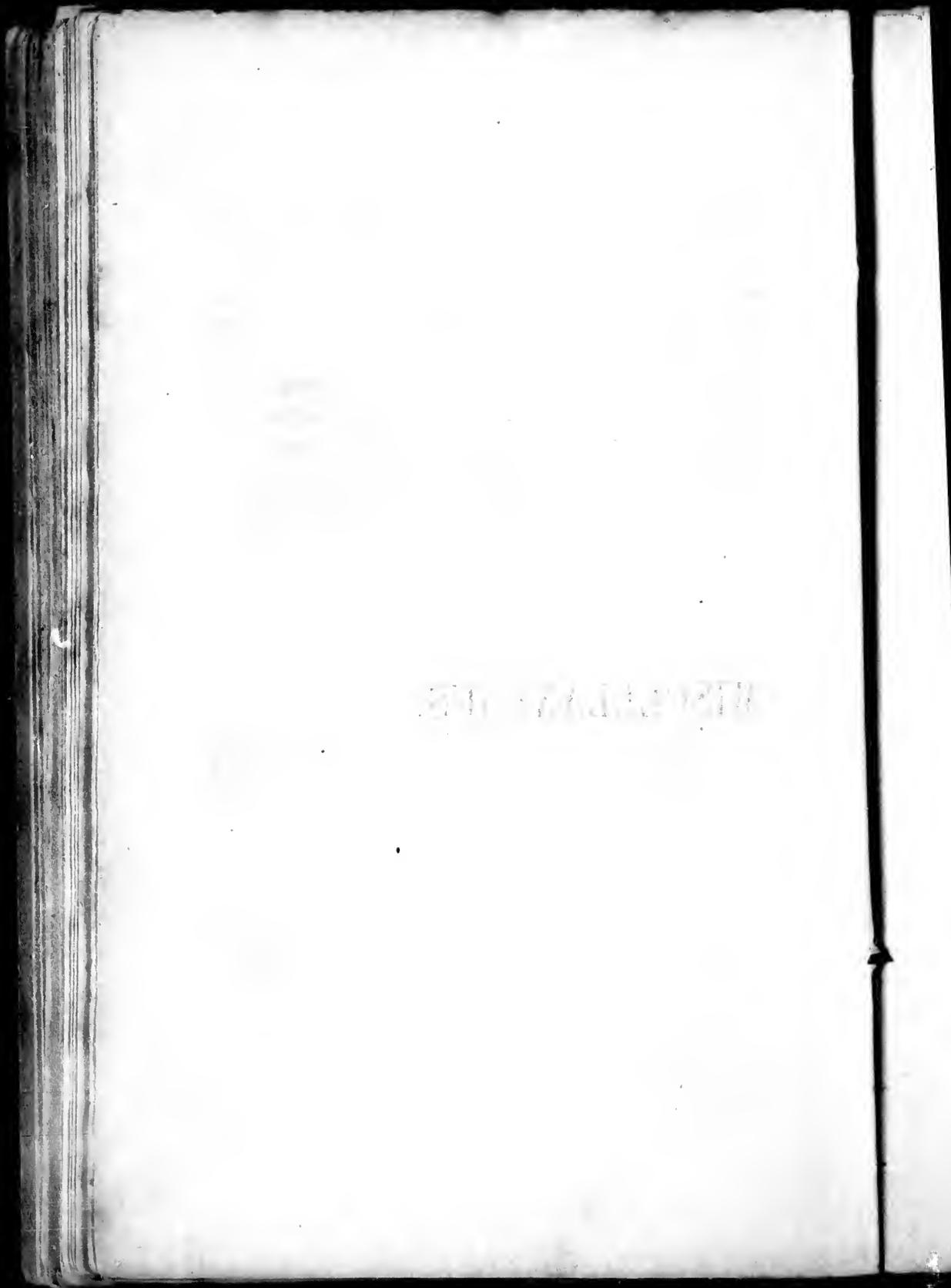
From the time I left my native country till I arrived in the United States, occasional glimpses of God's preserving care flitted across my mind, yet they were never nourished. Now, however, when all my sufferings seem past, there is scarcely a movement in my history in which I do not see clearly God's providence exemplified, and whatever of life is still to run, it will be my endeavour to show that this truth is imprinted on my memory, so that at last I may die in the hope of a glorious immortality. My first transgression, I trust, is now forgotten. I have dearly paid the penalty of that act; at all events, if earthly judges do not hold me

guiltless, I hope that He who rules and judges heaven and earth, will acquit me by his righteous judgment.

From my short history the young may learn the fearful consequences of going astray from the paths of rectitude, and should this sketch meet the eye of any one who may be hovering on the line which divides virtue from vice, oh! pause ere you advance another step—think on the fearful end you are fast hastening to should you advance in your evil path—retrace your steps ere it be too late: you will every day after glory in the victory you have achieved. Farewell!

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MISCELLANEOUS.



MY FIRST HAT.



The following simple sketch appeared first in the *Greenock Advertiser*; it was subsequently inserted in the columns of a Montreal paper; and ultimately appeared in a periodical published in Liverpool, accompanied by the above wood-cut.

WHENEVER I see a boy of five or six years old with a hat upon his head, it invariably brings to my remembrance the unlucky fate of my first. There is something so happy in the young mind at being "just breeched,"

that even maturer age does not altogether obliterate it. My grandfather, who, by-the-by, I had the misfortune to be called after, had been in the employment of a gentleman well known in Renfrewshire for about twenty years, and had occupied a small cottage, rent free, which, after his death, my grandmother was allowed to possess as long as she lived, all the rest of their family having left this world of woes, and being now, I hope, inhabitants of "a house not built with hands." I, of course, was a favourite with "granny," who took me under her charge, as she said "to keep up her speerits in her auld age." I remember the cottage and where situated, very well; it had been, in my grandfather's time, a neat little place, but after his demise had fallen into decay; for instead of the level front, which once had been, there was, at the time I went to it, a pool of stagnant water, from which the passengers might be greeted—not, however, with the spicy gales of the east, but with a compound of "villainous smells" to which those which greeted Sir John Falstaff when tumbled into the buck-basket were as "airs from the sweet south" in comparison; while upon the *green* margin might be seen a dozen dirty-looking ducks, gobbling all that came before them, from the blind worm to a potato. With these things, however, we were satisfied, and nobody had anything to say against it. My grandmother was a regular bred Burgher, and likewise church-goer, and I, of course, accompanied her, with my corduroys, a collar laid over my shoulders, a black ribbon tied round my neck, and bare footed—with her large Bible tied inside of a white shawl under my arm, and, to

complete all, a leather cap with fur edgings, stuck upon my head. My head-piece, however, beginning to fail, she purchased a hat for me, the cost of which, I believe, was two shillings and sixpence, and when it was brought home, I recollect with what pleasure I looked, and tried, and looked again, till I was unwillingly forced to bed.—Sleep I could not, for after tossing two or three hours till all was quiet within, I got up, lighted a candle, put my hat upon my head, and went out with the candle to look for *day-light* ! but all was dark and silent, nothing being visible but a sparkling star or two in the blue heaven above, and I returned to bed again—from which I rose not, till the Sabbath sun (for it was Sunday) was far advanced on its daily course.

Having at last got up, and the usual operations of washing and dressing being completed, we took the road for church. I kept majestically strutting at the side of my grandmother, arrayed as before described, only, in place of my cap, I had now my rig-and-fur hat, which, had it been red instead of grey, could have been taken for nothing else than a flower-pot ; but such as it was, I would not have exchanged it for the best gilded-cocker that ever graced the head of an admiral. We had, being resident in the country, about three miles to travel, and many a time and oft had I complained of the inroads the rough stones with which the road was laid made upon my bare soles, but this day my hat literally predominated, for not a murmur escaped me. Having proceeded about half way, I met with a few rebuffs from some of the “ deevil’s weans,” as my grandmother termed them ; for on coming up with us, one of them

eyed me for some time, but at last broke out by remarking to some of the rest, that "he thocht I wad mak' a guid gen'ral, for I keepit my hat sittin' on ae lug; but it was a pity to see me bare-footed." Then asking Pate "if he had a pair o' auld bachles i' the shop that he cou'd len' me to gang to the kirk wi' ;" adding, that "he was sure I was gaun there, and that it was the minister's Bible I was carryin' by the size o't ;" which remarks had the decided effect of flattening my spirits a little.

However, we reached the church at last, and as I had observed the elder branches of the congregation placing their hats upon a window-sill—mine, I considered, had as good a right to be there as any of them—and there I laid it. But whether, during divine service, I had been noticed paying more attention to the window than the minister, and they thinking, perhaps, that it was stealing my mind from the blessed truths of the rev. preacher—in fact, that I was making unto myself a god—considered it to be their duty to rob me of my treasure, or from any other cause, is to me unknown; but this I know, that my hat disappeared; for after service was concluded, having to wait until my *bundle* was prepared for me, by the time I reached the window in search of my head-piece, there was only a few individuals in the church altogether, and Macbeth himself could not have been more confounded on beholding the ghost of Banquo, than I was on discovering that "my good new hat" had made its elopement, one being left in its place large enough to have covered my head and shoulders under the shade of its broad greasy brim, that

seemed to have been polished by twenty or thirty years' servitude. I stood mute for a few minutes, at length the tears began to dim my eyes; and being no longer able to contain myself, such a yell burst from me, that made the whole building ring;

“And then, and there, was hurrying to and fro:”

minister, elders, &c. &c., surrounded me before I knew where I was, and amongst the rest my grandmother, who, after looking at the large hat, which I unconsciously held in my hand, explained to them what she considered to be the matter, nor was she far wrong in her conjectures. The reverend gentleman, after hearing my tale of woe, put a sixpence into my hand, bade me not cry, and said I would soon have another, which had a good effect: for even amidst the sobbings of my heart, and surrounded by the people, I could scheme what use the old hat would be to me, which I communicated to my grandmother, loud enough for them all to hear—“that the auld hat wad dae fine for haudin' the sparrows that wur at hame;” and between this consolation and the sixpence, I took the road, bare-headed, with granny's Bible under one arm, my large greasy hat under the other, my heart lighter and calmer than could have been imagined, after such a storm.

THE BROKEN HEART.

ONE day in the summer of 1834. I resolved on taking a stroll as far as the Cloch Light-house, a short distance below Greenock. It was a beautiful day; the rays of the sun sparkled on every wave, as it rolled past, and reflected so strongly on the windows of the villas on the opposite shore, as to give them the appearance of one broad sheet of fire. Gradually, however, a few black clouds gathered overhead, and this was shortly followed by a very heavy shower of rain. I had then passed the Cloch Ferry-house, and I made all haste possible to reach the shelter of two large trees, whose broad, leafy branches hung nearly half way across the road, and there, underneath their rich foliage, I found temporary shelter from the rain. While I stood there, I could not help contemplating with admiration the surrounding scenery. Facing me, rose a high and rugged rock, upon whose summit the pretty, red heather-flower, wet with the falling rain, was profusely scattered, while round the steep sides of the rock, the black-berry bushes were entwined, as if they were clinging to it with a death grasp. To the right might be seen Toward Point, and the bleak but majestic hills of Cowal; while upon the bosom of the Firth could be observed vessels, of various descriptions, driving the white foam before them, eager to reach their destined port. From the contemplation of these, however, I was suddenly aroused, by a young man accompanied by a female, both of whom seemed

eager to reach the spot where I had sheltered myself. Upon their approach, I thought he had the appearance of a seaman, and on a closer inspection I found I was not mistaken, and that he was not unknown to me. After a few questions on either side, had been put and answered, and the rain shortly abating, we agreed to keep each other company home.

We started for Greenock, and on the way home he acquainted me with his intention of uniting his fortunes with those of the maiden that accompanied him. I had been intimate with William long before this time, else, perhaps, he would have kept his mind to himself on that important point. The young woman belonged to Johnstone, and as he was about to sail, she had come down to Greenock to bid him farewell. She was a beautiful girl, and between them there existed that mutual love, which death alone could break. After we reached town, I invited them to my home, where they explained to me, more particularly, the course which they intended to pursue. My friend had been promoted in his profession, and he wished to make another voyage before espousing his intended bride; but, alas! how shortsighted is man!—that voyage was never to be completed by him. He sailed the day following, and after his betrothed had taken a last mournful glance at the vessel which bore him away, she retraced her steps to her native place, with deep grief in her heart.

Being naturally of a cheerful disposition, her countenance soon assumed its wonted appearance, and when next I saw her, she was gay and light-hearted as ever. The day of the vessel's arrival at length drew near, but

she had only received one letter, which had been written on his arrival out, and she became anxious and uneasy. She could not rest at home, and, even when she had come to Greenock, she was not satisfied. The vessel was at last reported to be in the channel, and heavily, indeed, did the hours pass until she saw the goodly ship anchor before the quay. The sails were soon furled—the ship's boat lowered—and the seamen made for leaving the vessel, while unhappy Marion stood watching with intense anxiety their every movement. The boat at length reached the shore, but her William was not to be seen. One question put to the men, of "where was *he*," and one answer sealed her destiny.—"He was drowned two days before we left the country. He fell from the yard arm into the river, and was swept down by the current beyond the aid of man, and was never seen more." A shriek burst from poor Marion, and she was taken home insensible. Her friends tried every thing to restore her, but all in vain. The canker-worm had taken too deep root, and she too, was soon beyond the aid of man. One request was all she ever made, after being removed home, and that was, to see me once more. I complied with her wish—but ah! what a change had been wrought upon her! Her eye was dull and vacant; her cheek, which once might have vied with the rose, was now white and death-like, and when she saw me, she asked but one simple question, "if I had received any additional intelligence?" I answered in the negative, and—she never spoke again. She died without a struggle—her heart was broken.

WIGS, WHISKERS, AND OYSTERS.

The author, on looking over some papers he had laid aside, found the following, reported by him, and has given it insertion here.

SCENE IN THE LIVERPOOL POLICE COURT.

THE following curious case was heard before the presiding magistrate, which, although unfortunate in its results as far as the prisoner was concerned, created much mirth during the investigation.

A comedian, rejoicing in the high sounding cognomen of William Samuel Fitzallan, and whose person was as extravagantly enveloped as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, viz., in a body-coat, rough down-the-road, and an immensely capacious Macintosh, sufficiently large to contain a family, presented himself in the witness-box. His countenance strongly indicated a conscious superiority in the knowledge of men and manners, although occasionally characterised by a certain degree of simplicity. He charged the prisoner, Thomas Leigh, with having stolen a travelling bag containing the whole of his theatrical property, namely—three wigs, and sundry pairs of whiskers, mustachoes, imperials, &c. The evidence being of a dramatic character, we subjoin it.

Magistrate—What is the nature of the complaint?

Fitzallan—(Drawing himself up, and endeavouring to assume a lofty and dignified air, being a feeble attempt to imitate Mr. Kean, as *Othello* before the senate)—Most noble sir! by your gracious patience, I will a round unvarnished tale unfold. On the evening of

Saturday, after the toils of day were o'er, I bent my care-worn body towards home.

'Twas midnight,
When half the world lay buried in deep sleep.

Having been, from the force of circumstances, compelled, for a period short and brief, to act the part of a teetotalter, no sooner were my chains knocked off, and released from this obstruction, than I experienced a burning thirst within. I paused and looked around, but all was darkness; not one solitary light glimmered from any "public" in the vicinity. Presently I heard the light tread of footsteps, and turning to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded, I espied yon false knave (pointing to the prisoner) in company with another.

Prisoner—False knave! Come, I like that. Why, sir, the case is simply this. That fellow, sir —

Fitzallan (with emotion)—If thou shalt dare insinuate that

Aught
Unworthy may befall my honoured name,
I give thee warning, that thy presence here
Will not protect thy filthy carcass.—(Great laughter.)

Several officers—Silence!

Fitzallan—(With a tragic wave of the hand)—Herolds! spare your voices.—(Roars of laughter.)

Magistrate—Will you state, simply, what occurred?

Fitzallan—Ay, that I will; but

Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon us; without the which
This story were most impertinent.—(Laughter.)

I inquired of them if they could give me any information where I might get refreshed. They answered in the

affirmative, and counselled me to follow, which I did.
A little further on, we descried a dimly-burning light.
Thither we directed our steps, when soon

We reached a place, which ever as we went
Narrowed and deepened, and at last closed in,
Like unto a cavern.

Where nought was but oysters and a fair damsel.—
(Laughter.)

Prisoner—He took us to the place, I assure you, sir.

Fitzallan—Bear witness, ye pale stars—'tis false.
But to proceed. They invited me to partake of some
oysters; and as I dearly love the *natives*, gladly did I
seize their proffered kindness. Scarcely had we com-
menced the repast, when, lo! the prisoner demanded
from me a shilling. To this I gave a flat refusal; and
betook me to another table, there to enjoy myself alone.
Mine hostess was busily engaged in serving me, when

That villain, whose face I do not love to look upon,
rushed upon me, seized hold of my bag, containing my
wigs, unmentionables, whiskers, &c., and darted from
the place, like an arrow from a bow. Astonishment,
for a moment, so overcame me, that I stirred not.
Recovering myself, I gave pursuit; but,

Being nimble of foot, he did outrun me.

Having obtained the assistance of a guardian of the
night,

The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe;
then led him off in triumph to a prison.—(Laughter.)

The attorney for the prisoner—Now, do you mean to
tell the court that you did not invite the prisoner to
partake of a few oysters?

Fitzallan—By all my heart holds dear—by all my hopes of happiness hereafter, I do deny it.—(Laughter.)

Attorney—(Contemptuously)—Pah, pah, nonsense. Come to the point.

Fitzallan—From another lip, or at another time, I had not brooked that haughty sneer. Nor would I now, but that I would not prosecute a baseless quarrel.

Attorney—Had you not some conversation about having something to drink before you went to the cellar?

Fitzallan—Already have I told thee that with such intent did I accost them.

Attorney—Was it not because you refused to pay for the oysters that the prisoner took the bag, in order to force you to pay.

Fitzallan—Perish the thought!—My lord, you know me not.—Lend me your ears.

Know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man am I crossed with adversity.
My riches are those poor habiliments—(Pointing to the bag)
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance of what I have.

Attorney—(Impatiently)—Did any person ever hear such an ass! Will you descend to common-place language? Did you not refuse to pay?

Fitzallan—I conceive it better to let the hank unravel of itself, at your judicial winding.—(Laughter.)

Attorney—Answer the question. Was it not because you refused to pay for the oysters that the prisoner took the bag?

Fitzallan—Fair sir, you wrong me. Little skilled am I in the art of dissembling; therefore, say I, that such foul thought ne'er entered my poor brain.

Attorney—You are a fool, sir! (To the bench)—It is useless to ask this fellow any more questions.

Fitzallan—(Warmly)—Ha! what means this? Wretch, hast thou ventured insult? Hast thou dared — (Uproarious laughter.)

Attorney—I must give up the case.

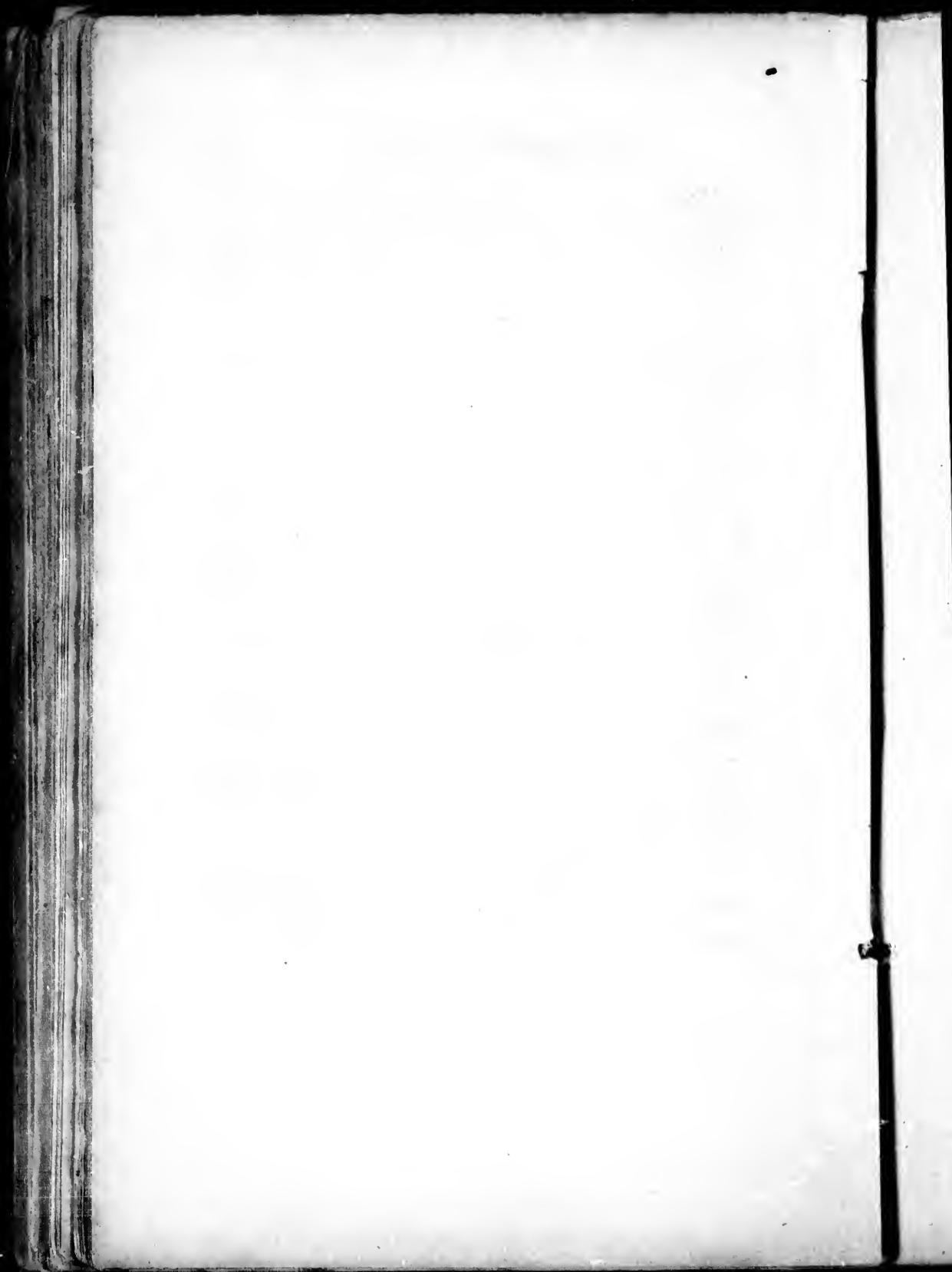
Fitzallan—Now, by a true man's soul, I leave thee not till thou hast heard me out.—(Laughter.)

Attorney—Do you think the prisoner took your property with felonious intent?

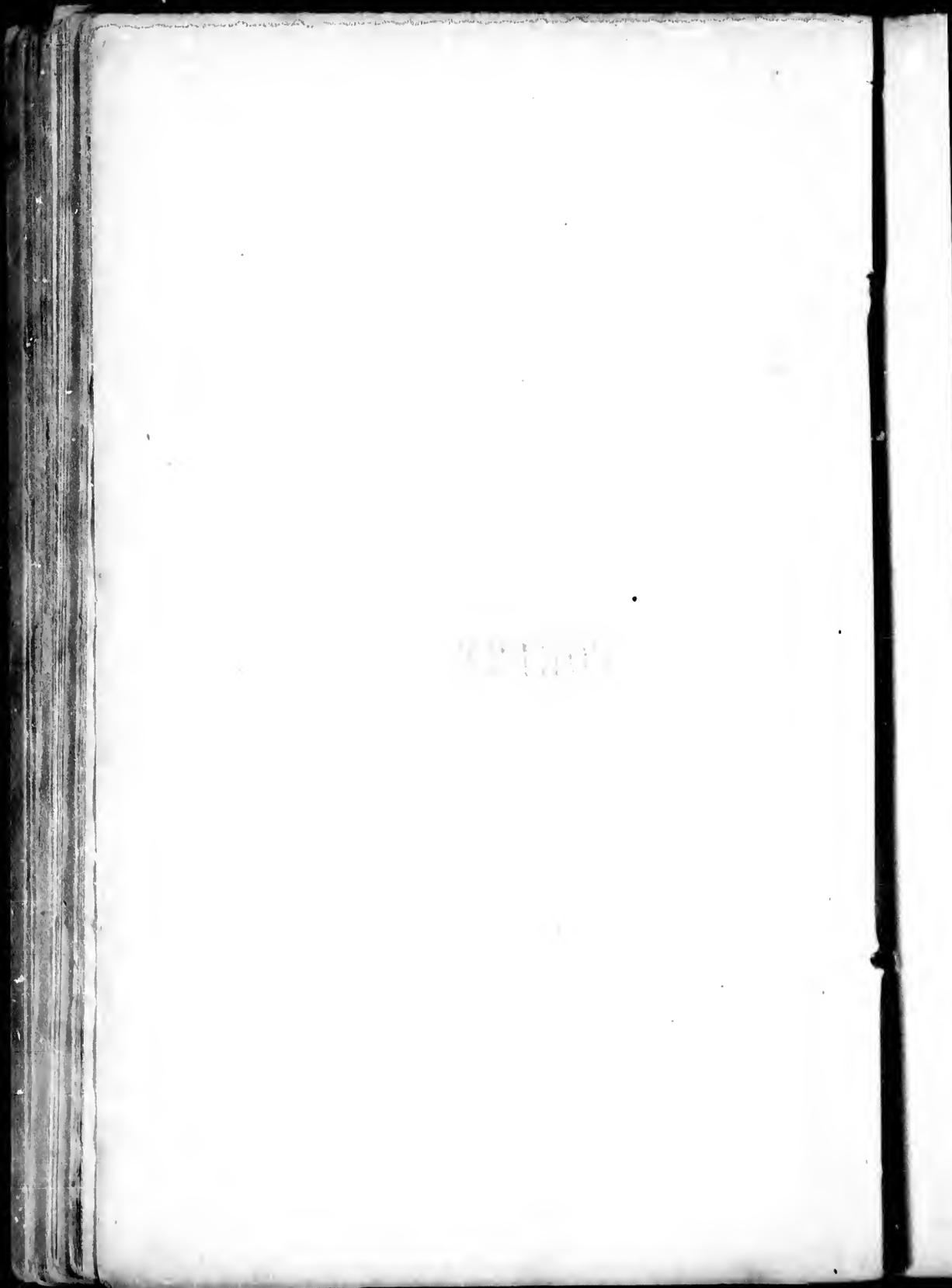
Fitzallan—Would that I could read the mind of man; oh! what happiness to know the thoughts of others! But I will resume. That he hath ta'en away my properties, is most true. As to his intent, I know not. Suffice it to say, he took that which was not his; he deprived me of that which nought enriches him, but leaves me poor, indeed. Good sirs, the time for rehearsal draws nigh; so pr'ythee, let's be brief.—(Laughter.)—Mr. Fitzallan here made his exit from the witness-box.

Two witnesses were then examined; and after some remarks from the attorney as to the evidence of the hero of the sock and buskin, the case closed.

The worthy magistrate ordered the prisoner to be committed for trial, and the prosecutor left the court, exclaiming—I have done the state some service.



POETRY.



TO THE EDEN.—A FRAGMENT.

The Eden is a small stream which takes its rise in Fifeshire, and, after wending its way through Cupar, the county town, continues its course amidst many picturesque and beautiful spots, till it falls into the sea, near the ancient city of St. Andrews.

Are there no blest spots in the East,*
Nought for an intellectual feast?
Can Blebo Crag or Dura Den †
Show no theme worthy of the pen?

Can Eden's banks no youth inspire,
To tune the reed or touch the lyre;
And tell in strains of po'sy fair—
'Tis Paradise if Eden's there?

There's bank, and brae, and hill, and dell,
Where high the poet's heart might swell;
To deck each spot, or field, or tree,
With wreaths of laurell'd poesy;

Or sacred bowers, to true love known,
By bending bush, or mossy stone,
Where love for love, or heart for heart,
Have balm'd the wound by cupid's dart;

Where doating lovers downcast tell
The maids they love, they love, how well!

* "East Neuk of Fife" is a proverbial term in Scotland.

† Two romantic spots, where many of the Covenanters sought refuge during the persecution.

And where, like echo to a name,
The maid should aye repeat the same.

This should be so when virtue sways
All the swain's actions—all he says ;
But where there's guile or fraud e'er seen,
Shun it, how fair soe'er its mien.

O let me ever wander near,
When wo or joy calls forth a tear ;
And keep by Eden's streamlet gem,
From Cupar down to Dura Den :—

Where still are seen the rugged caves
To which our fathers fled, like slaves,
When tyranny, with iron rod,
Sought to estrange them from their God.

THE PAUKIE LAIRD.

Do you see whare yon proud stately ha' lifts its heid
An' the flower-speckled lawn yields a crop for the steed,
An' forest and mountain seem meeting in strife ?
The laird was a wee ragged laddie in Fife.

The laddie ran aff frae his brose and his hame ;
Bare were his wee feet, an' toom his wee wame ;
A frien'less wee wand'rer—his wants they were rife,
The ragged wee laddie's that ran aff frae Fife.

The laddie was paukie, the laddie was sly ;
When questions were speer'd, the wee laddie look'd shy ;

His wee tongue could fleech or could cut like a knife,
 Could the ragged wee laddie's that ran aff frae Fife.

He gat him a ship, an' he hied ower the sea,
 Whare the water, an' win', an' the sky whiles agree—
 Or can jar an' fa' oot, like the creatures o' life;
 At least thocht the wee ragged laddie frae Fife.

The laddie was eident, an' soon gat him on;
 An' often he thought on the moss and the stone,
 That rowin' gat nane:—so he settled him down
 In a canny wee way, in a queer foreign toun.

In dealin', he hit on a sturdy wee plan,
 'Twas keep what ye get, an' catch what ye can:
 His climax was gained, for he gat a rich wife,
 Did the wee ragged laddie that ran aff frae Fife.

Now see how he lolls in his saft seated coach,
 Wi' his siller gilt cane and his gold mounted brooch.
 Each youngster wha wishes to get on in life,
 Just think on the wee ragged laddie frae Fife.

THE FAREWELL.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

There was silence at parting, and wo in the heart,
 For feelings, warm feelings, o'erflowed:
 As kindred and country receded from view.
 The last look was the keenest bestowed.

Then blame not the tear, though it starts to the eye,
 For the stream whence it issues is pure;

It is shed in remembrance of dear fatherland,
That land of the mountain and moor.

The tight barque we blame not, as quickly she flies
From the shores of our late happy home,
And from friendships begun in youth's happiest days ;
Ah ! no ; 'tis our fate that we roam.

Ah ! Scotland, my country, wherever I be,
My heart with fond wishes will burn :
In weal or in wo, Scotland's welfare is mine,
And I'll sigh for my early return.

Farewell, then, awhile, cease fond heart to beat :
Thy dear image I'll often recall ;
But this truth can never be absent from me,
The last look was the keenest of all.

WRITTEN AT SEA,

ON BOARD THE BARQUE ERROMANGA.

Hail to thee, noble barque, hail, Erromanga,
May spirits of air waft thee o'er the blue sea,
As nobly thou bravest the storm and the tempest,
And makes the white foam and the sparkling surge flee.

Like sea-bird thou seemest, with broad wings expanded,
As canvas is loosened to catch the light breeze,
Which bears thee, up-heaving, o'er swell and bright curl,
To thy haven of rest, far far o'er the seas.

The porpus' thy subjects, and worthy thy empire,
 As swift through the waters they bound by thy side,
 As if envious thy place on the breast of the ocean,
 Which heaves in proud triumph that thou art its bride.

Long, long may the union in harmony bless thee,
 Thy bride be no shrew nor e'er make thy heart sore,
 When old age comes on thee (this one request grant me),
 Thy noble hull snugly laid up on the shore.

~~~~~

### THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE.

Deserted and withered,  
 No dear one beside thee ;  
 Thou'rt ripe to be gather'd,  
 Ah ! who then could chide thee.  
     Forsaken forever,  
     Thy mates return never.

The northern king round thee  
 His meshes is twining ;  
 And soon he'll surround thee  
 With icicles shining.  
     Though gem-like—thou'lt shiver—  
     Thy bloom returns never.

E'en so with man is it ;  
 Old age round him gathers ;  
 He, silver-crowned, drops  
 In the grave of his fathers—  
     The tomb is the token  
     His sleep is unbroken.

Dark future before him,  
Man totters and stumbles ;  
The proudest now going  
Death conquers and humbles :  
Then dearest ties sever,  
For youth returns never.

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## WINTER.

See where the proud St. Lawrence in his majesty has  
swept,  
Where on his bosom silently the bark-built canoe crept,  
Where midst its deep commotion the rapid waters rolled,  
Unbound by man's invention yet, or by his arm controll'd.

No ripple on its bosom now, no heaving billows roam,  
For northern spirits have come forth from out their fro-  
zen home,  
To show their power upon our shores, as they have  
done of old,  
With frozen locks and whitened robes, and fingers hard  
and cold.

On every lake and river, and on every hill and plain—  
On tree and bush, on shrub and flower, are breathings  
of the train ;  
Their influence is spread around, and felt by shivering  
forms,  
Who crouch beneath a scanty garb, and shrink from  
winter storms.

No flowers are in our gardens now—no rosy-buds peep  
 forth,  
 For summer sweets are pris'ners to the tyrant of the  
 north ;  
 They weep in sorrow for their fate—their tears are not  
 of mirth—  
 They fall in snowy flakes, and form a shroud for mother  
 earth.

But look we to the river now, there's nothing there to tell  
 That 'neath its icy covering is felt the ocean's swell ;  
 Or that upon its bosom sat proud ships from fatherland,  
 Think on it well :—for 'tis the work of an Almighty hand.

The summer flowers are lovely—so autumn's golden  
 grain,  
 And spring has bursting moments, yet each may harbour  
 pain :  
 Though white the locks of winter—with not a spot of  
 green,  
 Still winter is the time when most the power of God is  
 seen.

~~~~~

A CURLING SONG.

Our Northern King's gone forth,
 With his vassals in his train,
 See where, with silver flowers,
 He has strewed each hill and plain ;
 Then call the curlers forth.

Our liege lord, old John Frost,
 Kept his vigil while we slept,
 And over loch and stream
 His minions they have crept.
 Then call the curlers forth.

On Tarvit's glassy pond,
 With its winter mantle white,
 A trusty band have met,
 With anxious hearts and light,
 A bonspiel to enjoy.

Now clear the rink for play,
 The keen, keen curlers cry,—
 The best shot now has gone,
 Good, within the ring she'll lie.
 The play has now begun.

Guard there, now draw her off,
 Sweep her up, and ease her run :
 Easy, easy—that's the tee ;
 Hurrah, the game is won.
 Now for the beef and greens.

~~~~~  
 THE "SHOVE."

From whence the mighty power ?—who wields the lever  
 That forces onward to the boundless main  
 The winter garments of our lakes and streams ?  
 See where yon giant heap endeavours vainly  
 To strive 'gainst the unseen propelling power,  
 While down its sides small glittering icebergs fall—

As if the ocean with large surfeiting  
 Disgorged the million treasures of her womb.  
 Say, are the spirits of the red men's chiefs  
 Come from their happy hunting ground, their heav'n,  
 Striving with up-pent fury of long ages  
 To drive the pale oppressors from their shores ;  
 While from their bows the burning sunbeams dart  
 With whirlwind force upon the crested waters,  
 Telling with might upon the frozen mass ?  
 See, see, in whitened pyramids i sweeps  
 O'er rapids and quick streams, as rocking fierce  
 It floats on to the bosom of the deep,  
 There, drop by drop, slowly to render back  
 To its wide mother sea, all its clear particles ;  
 Just as the dying Christian yields his soul  
 In soft sweet breathings, to his Maker—God.

---

 LINES

ON SEEING A DYING BOY COMPARE THE PICTURE OF A  
SKELETON WITH HIS WASTED FRAME.

The flaunting tulip and its hues of purple and of gold,  
 That it when heaven's sun is high doth gaudily unfold ;  
 Grown in the cultur'd garden, or at the mountain foot,  
 Spring from disease engendered deep within the parent  
 root.

So like to thee, thou infant boy, tho' sickly pale thou art,  
 A gem is in thy youthful frame, of man the better part ;  
 Thy mind's fruit, too, is ripened by the trouble of thy  
 frame,  
 And with the aged and the young thy wisdom is the same.

A word thou hast for every one of comfort or advice,  
 A very friend to virtue, but a greater foe to vice,  
 Thou look'st hard at that picture of a skeleton to see  
 If in thy little fleshless limbs it aught resembles thee!

Yes, infant boy, thy portrait's there, though mind and  
 matter's gone,

Thy frame fades fast, and ah! too soon, thy mind will  
 live alone:

A father's love hangs o'er thee now, a mother's care is  
 near,

Yet all their prayers, and all their tears, were vain to  
 keep thee here.

How fondly do I turn to thee, in memory's sweetest page,  
 A very man in thought and word—in everything save  
 age.

Thy mind has fled—thy matter gone; thy place is  
 vacant now;

But still I pray, as oft I've done, for blessings on thy  
 brow.

---

### THE PAST.—HOPE.

Where now is *forty-five*? Gone down the stream,  
 Like all the hopes I strung in boyhood's dream.  
 Oft in that sunny time I've laid me down,  
 And saw, in fancy, guardian angels crown  
 The lofty projects of my soaring mind,  
 While all of evil was left far behind—  
 Dream'd, that ere I'd reached to three times ten,  
 I should be envied and admired of men!

Bubbles like these, I in my boyhood nurs'd ;  
 Now I am three times ten—my hubble's burst ;  
 Still, 'mid the bitters of my bitter cup,  
 Hope, from the bottom, smilingly looks up.

Hope's like a tree, upon whose branches green,  
 Bud after bud—day after day—is seen ;  
 The flower of yesterday, to day it dies,  
 Yet still the morrow bids new buds arise :—  
 So 'tis with hope—gleam after gleam may fade,  
 But others rise and quick dispel the shade.

The hoarding miser, o'er his golden store,  
 Hopes to his much-already to add more ;  
 The merchant, too, for something must contend—  
 Hope is his anchor—his most constant friend.  
 Hope walks attendant on mankind below,  
 Whate'er his calling—or where'er he go :  
 The poor man only, let it be confess'd,  
 Hopes in his God—in heav'n is all his rest.  
 And such is man, that in the world alone,  
 He'd hope while living, and die hoping on.

January 1, 1846.

~~~~~

WRITTEN AT SEA,

ON THE SUBSIDING OF A STORM.

In the darkness of night the storm burst forth
 From its arctic caves in the icy north,
 And, heaving and tumbling, the rough waves rise,
 As if, in their pride, they'd touch the skies.

The dry wind whistled around the barque,
For the demon of storm a noble mark ;
And the boiling waves, with remorseless sweep,
Bound forth in their power across the deep,
As if they'd engulf the ship and her crew,
And leave the sad tale to be told by few.
The sea-gull, affrighted, flies screaming around,
And hearts grow faint at the plaintive sound.
The mighty deep, seen in fury and foam,
Made the heart-sick wand'ers sigh for home.

See, see, a white-crested wave is on high ;
The barque trembles fearfully ere it rolls by ;
It rises aloft in its giant strength,
As if it would scan the good ship's length,
Then hurls along in its fury and pride
Till it meets the brave barque side by side ;
Her frame, for a moment, shakes under the blow,
The next rides triumphantly over her foe.
Concentr'd the tempest appears to be,
And wreaks all its wrath on that spot of sea,
Where, with all sails furl'd, the ship lies to,
To save both herself and living crew.
Now the mountains of waters, that threatened sore,
Have left her as trim as she was before,
And the gale has gone down, and sick hearts are well,
And of dangers past now the emigrants tell,
And the ship that was toss'd on a boiling sea
Now rides in triumph—Hurrah ! she is free.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A WILLOW NEAR THE GRAVE
OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Yes! weeping willow, hang thy head;
Mourn for the friend and father dead;—
Should earth rejoice, still weep thou on,
And, whispering, sigh—'tis worth that's gone.

And as the evening zephyrs seek
To kiss the tear-drop from thy cheek,
Tell them to bear where'er they go
True friendship's loss—the widow's wo.

Time was—but, ah! that time has fled—
When our young hearts in friendship wed,
And all the earth to us seem'd gay,—
For bask'd we in hope's flatt'ring ray.

Peace to thy ashes! sleep thou on;
Earth's life has ebb'd—thy spirit gone
To fairer fields than e'er we trod;
Body to dust—the soul to God.

 THE AUTUMN WIND.

Chill autumn wind, has't no remorse or pity
For the tall tenants of the forest wide?
Say, does thy ruling spirits deem it pretty
To lay their leaves and branches side by side?

There, in that nook, upon the mountain's breast,
 With leafy canopy above my head,
 I've mused on God's great work—then gone in quest
 Of thoughts among the living and the dead.

Before me in her curling, sparkling smiles,
 The ever-moving river flowed along,
 While on her shining bosom, with her wiles,
 The tiny barks were borne, 'mid purling song.

And there were tall masts that spoke to the eye
 Of far-off lands and lost home of my youth,
 That from my quiv'ring heart would bring a sigh,
 When I remembered pledges formed in truth.

Oh, cease, then, autumn wind, nor tyrant play ;
 Nor rob the heart-sick of their forest friends ;
 If thou art strong, have mercy in thy day,
 For so God's dealing with the world tends.

~~~~~  
 THE FALLEN LEAF.

Whither now, thou tiny leaf,  
 Wherefore in such haste ?  
 Oh, I see ; the cruel wind  
 Resting place wont let thee find,  
 But makes thee sorrow taste.

High a little while ago,  
 Wedded to that bough :  
 Now an outcast, toss'd about,  
 Airy spirits laugh and shout  
 To see thee treated so.

Forced along against thy will  
 From thy mountain home ;  
 Hard's thy fate—no rest to know ;  
 Onward, onward still ye go,  
 And with the wind must roam.

There, at last, your journey's o'er :  
 In foul ditch you lie ;  
 And your "sear and yellow" face  
 Hint to mortals of a place  
 All reach—for all die.

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### THE WIDOW'S DIRECTIONS

TO HER EMANUENSIS, ON WRITING TO HER FRIENDS  
 IN SCOTLAND.

Oh ! tell them, Davie, what's befa'n  
 Sin' I saw Scotland last ;  
 Tell them, that pleasure, noo, I've nane,  
 O' muckle grief that's past.

Say, when we last walked by the Clyde,  
 My Robin he was there ;  
 An' no a lad amang them a'  
 To me seem'd half sae fair.

He's dead and gane !—beneath the yird  
 His manly form is laid ;  
 A kind, kind man he was to me—  
 A better ne'er was made.

Oh! say that on my loving breast  
At night he laid his head;  
And hoo, when I awoke, I found,  
My Robin he was dead!

I thocht him sleeping, and I tried  
A' ways to mak' him speak;  
I clasped him in my feeble arms  
And kiss'd his cauld, cauld cheek.

I started wildly frae his side,  
An' frae his new born wean,—  
'Twas ten days auld when Robin's corpse  
Was in the Kirkyard lain.

My bonnie bairns are fatherless,  
A lanely widow I;  
Sad thochts disturb me through the day,  
A' night I sab and cry.

Oh! mind and tell them o't, Davie,  
For noo I'm far frae hame;  
I'm guideless left in a strange land,  
For Robin's dead and gane.

I fain would dee, but for their sakes  
I e'en maun tak' a fen;  
Anither man I ne'er can tak'—  
An' yet—I *dinna ken*.

### AT HAME I'D LIKE TO DEE.

The winter's gane, and soon, Jean,  
 We'll saunter through the fields,  
 An' pu' the springing buds, Jean,  
 The willing warm earth yields.

The winter may be gane, Willie,  
 And summer back again,  
 But oh! the fields in Canada  
 Are no like them at hame.

We dinna hear the mavis,  
 That whistled in the spring,  
 Nor yet the lilting lav'rock  
 That gart the muirlands ring.

An' weel ye ken the bonnie glens  
 That lay around our cot,  
 Were decked wi' mountain daisies,  
 But here we hae them not.

Nae doot, the same wise Providence  
 Surrounds us every where,  
 But here there's muckle wickedness  
 We'll look in vain for there.

I canna wander forth, Willie,  
 Though fair the fields may be,  
 I'd rather turn my thochts on hame,  
 An' wander 'cross the sea.

For there, ye ken, there's kindly hearts  
 Wha think on you an' me,  
 An' should God will it as I wish,  
 At hame I'd like to dee.

# "OLD ENGLAND WE'LL DEFEND."

Music by W. R. S.



The voice of War comes on the wind, We hear its whis-per



nigh, And should our coun - try ask our aid, Shall we re-fuse?



shall we re - fuse and fly? Will Bri-ton's bow to Jon-a-than, when



Jon-a-than is wrong? Oh no! such das-tard cow-ard - ice



To England can't be - long, to England can't be-long, Oh no!



such dast-ard cow-ard-ice to Eng-land can't be-long.

## OLD ENGLAND WE'LL DEFEND.

The voice of war comes on the wind,  
 We hear its whisper nigh,  
 And should our country ask our aid,  
 Shall we refuse and fly?  
 Will Britons bow to Jonathan  
 When Jonathan is wrong?  
 Oh, no! such dastard cowardice  
 To Britons can belong.

Old England has a mother been,  
 And fostered us with care:  
 In all our troubles—all our griefs—  
 She's nobly borne her share.  
 As children, then, our duty is,  
 In answer to her cry,  
 To join the shout, "for England yet  
 "We'll conquer or we'll die."

The deeds of Scotia's sons have aye  
 Been sounded forth by fame;  
 And Erin's trusty warriors  
 Have gained a martial name;  
 And Gaul's descendants round us  
 In apathy wont lie,  
 But nobly join, and swell the shout,  
 "We'll for old England die!"

United thus, we may defy  
 The haughty boast of those  
 Whom ardently we wish as friends,  
 And fear not as our foes:

But the spirit of our fathers  
 To tyranny wont bend ;  
 So, should war come, our watchword is  
 " Old England we'll defend !"

~~~~~

THE DECEIVED.

Oh, whisht ye, then, my lovely bairn,
 I'll hap ye frae the blast
 That's driving on your mother's face
 Frae out the cauld rife wast.

Oh, whisht ye, bonnie, bonnie lamb,
 Your mother's heart is sair
 To think that she should e'er hae faun
 Into the traitor's snare.

Oh, dinna cry, for ilka stoon
 Says, Mother, ye're to blame ;
 Oh, dinna cry, for ilka wail
 Tells o' your mother's shame.

Oh, was't for this your father ask'd
 That I should leave my hame,
 To rob me o' my peace o' mind,
 And blight a maiden's fame.

Oh, did my puir auld father ken,
 Or could my brother see,
 They'd mak *your* father sadly rue
 What he has done to me.

Oh, whisht ye, then, my bonnie bairn,
 The drift comes frae the wast,
 I'll perish, but I'll screen ye
 Frae its cauld bitter blast.

FAIR ANN.

What but fair Ann's eyes
 Keeps me always sighing?
 What but I'm in love
 Keeps me always dying?
 Fair Ann's eyes are dark,
 Fair Ann's lips are rosie,
 Teeth like pretty gems
 Braided wi' a posie.

Fair Ann looks sae kind,
 Nane there's half sae charming,
 Love shoots frae her een,
 Oh, waes me, tak' warning.
 On me would she smile,
 Open path to heav'n,
 A' the ills o' life
 To ithers would be driv'n.

Could my heart but tell
 A' the pangs that smart it,
 Kindly blinks frae Ann
 Frae care aye would part it.
 Her I darena blame,
 She ne'er had a fautie,
 Were I free to choose
 Ann would be my dautie.

SIGH NOT.

Sigh not thy youth away, love,
 All pleasure hath not flown :
 Ere summer comes again, love,
 I will call thee my own.

The flower which rude winds blast, love,
 May fall from off the stem,
 Yet warmth and sunny showers, love,
 Supply another gem :

And thou art dear to me, love,
 I'm happiest when thou'rt near ;
 The thoughts of coming spring, love,
 Will stay the coming tear.

Let sorrow's gloom no more, love,
 In thy blue eyes be shown,
 For ere the summer comes, love,
 I will call thee my own.

~~~~~

 THE BUSY SEASON.

Dear Tim, I'm tired of Montreal,  
 The why I soon will give my reason ;  
 Meet whom I may, go where I will—  
 With all here, it is busy season.

Examples, I will note a few :  
 Your compliments I gave old Teeson,  
 He grinn'd, and with a business bow  
 Remark'd, that it was busy season.

I went to friends, expecting tea,  
 Their looks would almost make you freeze on—  
 They said that now they nothing eat,  
 Because, as how, 'twas busy season.

I called on Holdemfast and Co.,  
 Expecting I'd have cash to seize on ;  
 The batch of Hardfists said—Pray call  
 When we get through our busy season.

I met Bob Sweet, his beard unshaved,  
 I said his chin seemed to have trees on ;  
 Chin, chin, trees, trees—no, none on hand !—  
 With him I saw 'twas busy season.

I asked Miss Pink about her beaux,  
 She simper'd no one tried to please on ;  
 And yet you know her charms can tell  
 That with them it is busy season.

Go to the clubs, a blank's the prize ;  
 Seats erst that you were glad to squeeze on,  
 May now be had for lying on ;—  
 And all because 'tis busy season.

## REFLECTION.

Oh man ! it may be that to day  
 Grim death thy head lays his decrees on,  
 And then, prepared or not prepared,  
 You can't avoid *his* busy season.

TO ———

FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Thanks to you, for your big Scotch bun,  
 An' for your bonnie cake,  
 But for the *greening* o' the wife,  
 I'd keep them for your sake.

The wee green shamrock on their face,  
 The rose sae fresh and fair,  
 The sturdy thistle waving free,  
 Seem'd nurtur'd in the air.

But wives wha seem to love their lords,  
 Maun often hae their will ;  
 The bun and cake were broken up,  
 To keep them *baith* frae ill.

What could the guidman say to see  
 On ae wee cheek a rose—  
 A jagged thistle in a han'  
 A shamrock on the nose.

Na, na, search a' your books o' lore,  
 Nae reason e'er could be  
 Sae strong as set aside this truth  
 Wi' a' its mystery.

Thanks for the gift—'twas unco guid—  
 I tasted it mysel' :  
 Wha'll sen' me ane by next new year ;  
 I'm sure I canna' tell.

## ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

177

Auld Scotland's sons are hardy,  
Auld Scotland's sons are brave,  
Auld Scotland's blooming heather  
Was ne'er trod on by slave.  
Yet though her sons are hardy,  
Their hearts are ever warm,  
Their courage in the cot or camp  
Protects the weak from harm.

Auld Scotland's sons are loyal,  
Auld Scotland's sons are leal,  
Their queen they'd gladly die for,  
Next to their country's weal.  
They have no spot from north to south  
On which a foe could stand,  
For the proud earth in wrath would heave  
The tyrant from the land.

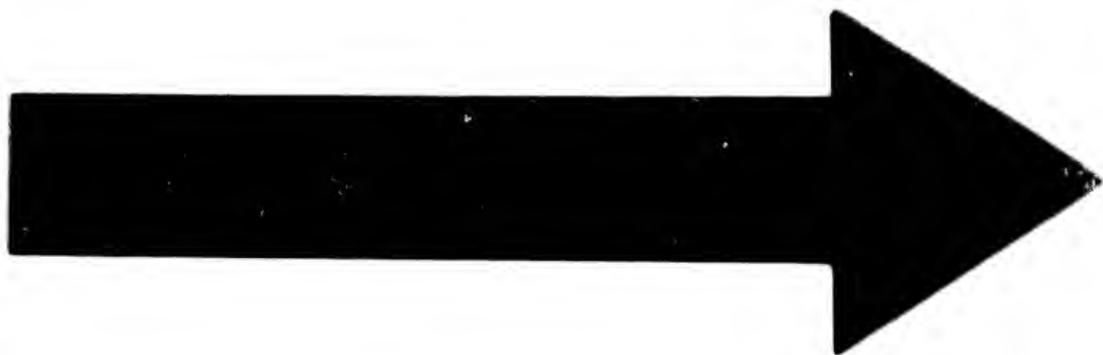
No traitor to his country  
Their patron saint will brook ;  
No traitor to his country  
On Andrew's cross will look.  
So while our saint we pledge in faith,  
May love our actions sway,  
And Scot wish Scot a happy time,  
Till next St. Andrew's day.

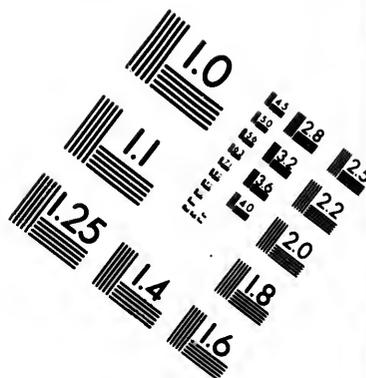
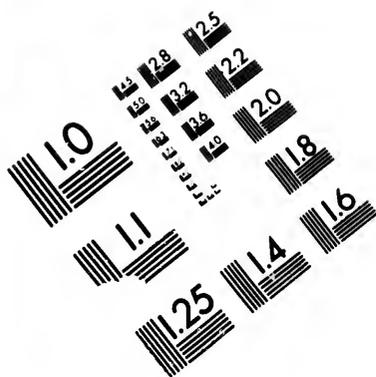
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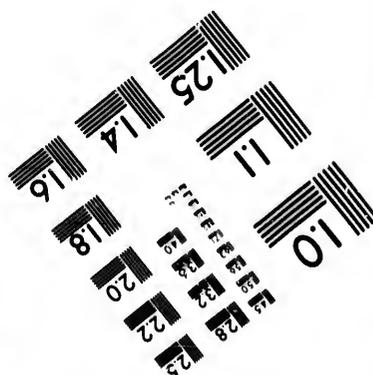
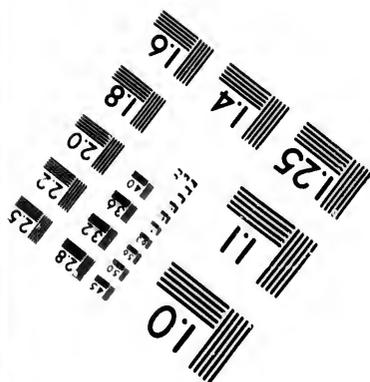
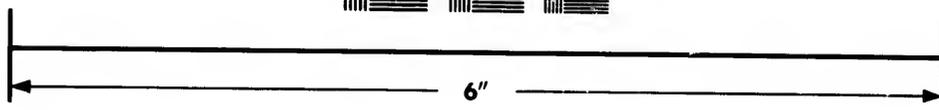
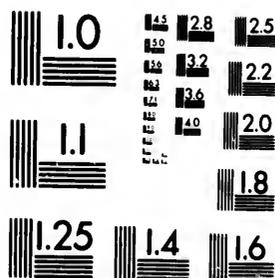
### “ ANOTHER OF THE SAME.”

Our early days were near the hills where heather bells  
are seen,  
And echoing rills from mountain pass leap down on  
meadows green,





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And where the waving thistle grows:—stern in its native soil,  
It makes the tyrant wish to crush, within itself recoil.

But scenes have changed, and other lands have now become our home,  
And strangers in an unco soil, from Scotland's hills we roam,  
Yet God is our protector, as he was in days of yore,  
When Andrew's flaunting cross came forth unharmed from heathen shore.

As scions of so good a stem ; on this auspicious day  
We meet in honour of our saint, and to him homage pay,  
Yet, while we boast as being sons of earth where Andrew trod,  
Let no vain glory lead us from the homage due to God.

Nor may we in our festival forget our humbler friends,  
But freely share with them the gifts which bounteous Heaven sends,  
And cheer our country's wanderers, with outstretched open hand,  
Whose spirits grieve 'neath ripened woes far from their native land.

Our country's honour may we guard, nor sully her high fame,  
Be zealous for the weal of all who bear the Scottish name ;  
And weave, with kind remembrances, a laurel for our dead,  
Who died as Scotchmen ought to do, in battle or in bed,

Hurrah ! then, for the Thistle—for St. Andrew and his  
 cross,  
 For Highlandmen and Lowlandmen,—from Berwick  
 round to Ross,  
 Uplift your voices—shout again !—as 'twere a Scottish  
 fray,  
 Peace, health, and plenty to all friends—till next St.  
 Andrew's day.

November 28, 1846.

~~~~~  
 A "SOCIAL" SONG.

Drink friends—the glass pass round,
 There's wo within the bowl ;
 What though the devil in the end
 Will claim the drunkard's soul.
 There's grief in wine—
 When sparkling fine ;
 A toast I'll give to-day—
 " Our wives—old hags
 Our children's rags ?"
 So drink boys while we may.

Drink friends—let no dull thought
 Of care or grizzly sorrow,
 Whisper to any " jolly dog,"
 " Your head will ache to-morrow."
 No, no such thing,
 Let sense take wing ;

While here we don't require it ;
 Twixt you and me,
 Fools we would be,
 Should ever we admire it.

Drink friends—our wives may weep,
 We'll curse them should they grumble ;
 What though our children cry for bread—
 We drink to keep them humble.
 Come, come then boys,
 We'll taste the joys,
 Which bring their vot'ries sorrow.
 What though our glee
 Cause misery,
 We'll think of that to-morrow !

THE DRUNKEN MOTHER.

Stay, lady ; step aside with me
 Into this humble place.
 Start not ! That form was fair as thine,
 And beauty in that face.—
 'Tis bloated now. You ask me, why ?
 The tale is one of sin
 She fell beneath that world's curse—
 Man-ruin-spreading gin.

Whose sickly little babe is that ?
 'Tis hers—yet there she lies ;
 The fondling-mother-feelings deaf
 To that sick infant's cries.

'Tis but the shadow of a child ;
Yet let the parent wake,
Like aspen leaf, in summer breeze,
That helpless thing will shake.

The husband—where is he ? you ask ;
He toils from morn till night—
Too often, when his work is o'er,
He looks on that sad sight ;
And lifts his baby in his arms
To hush its feeble moan,
And prays that God may guide its steps,
For *mother*, it has none.

Oh, lady, weep not—rather pray
That this poor erring one
May find a refuge yet from sin
In God's own holy Son.
Pray that the father, mother, child,
Be found 'mid heaven's host ;
And that their happy greeting be,
“ All here—no wand'rer lost.”

THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL.

O mother, throw that cup away,
It is an evil thing ;
There's venom in the subtle draught,
Each drop contains a sting.
It flattereth—then deceiveth ;
And holdeth up to scorn

The victims of its deadly course—
The wretched and forlorn.

O mother, throw that cup away,
Or soon that little child
That looketh now so pleasantly,
So laughingly and mild ;
May come to be, what God forbid
So sweet a thing should be,
The orphan of a drunkard
And a child of misery.

O mother, dearest mother,
These are not words of wrath ;
My wish is but to show you how
To shun the drunkard's path ;
'Tis but the lesson I give back
You taught me in my youth,
Ere that foul cup had wil'd you from
The path of God and truth.

O mother, dear, dear mother,
The day is drawing nigh,
When little babe, and you, and I,
In father's grave will lie :
And oh : think on the agony,
The anguish, fear and gloom,
With which the drunkard's soul is filled
To hear the drunkard's doom.

~~~~~  
O, WHY AM I SAE SAD ?

O, why am I sae sad,  
Why is my heart sae sair ?

Say, if you'd mak' me glad,  
 I'll see my country mair ;  
 For there the fondest ties,  
 A mother e'er can feel,  
 Under the turf there lies  
 In the land o' the leal.

O, dinna vex me sae,  
 This country's fair nae doubt ;  
 Thochts o' my bairns brings wae,—  
 I've nane to rin aboot.  
 Wha hae our love to keep ;  
 Wi' them the heart will be,  
 For a blink o' whare they sleep,  
 O, I would cross the sea.

The trackless road is lang,  
 An' storms may sleep aboon,  
 The mermaid's sweet cave-sang  
 May wile the ship to doom :  
 A' dangers I would dare,  
 An' cross the ocean wide,  
 To snod my bairnies' lair,  
 An' lay me by their side.

---

### FEEL FOR THE POOR.

Feel for the poor, they are brothers and sisters :  
 Their hearts can be warm, though their spare limbs  
 be cold ;  
 A thin garb may cover a mind that is noble,  
 And hunger can tame the rich, powerful, and bold.

Feel for the poor, they are sad and lone-hearted,  
And sorrow sits brooding within their damp walls ;  
No wood for the hearth—not a crumb in the cupboard,  
While children's bread-cry on the tortur'd heart falls.

Feel for the poor ; they are broken in spirit,  
For want and its minions have crossed their life path,  
And the ice-winds of winter have marked their lone  
dwellings,  
To spend on their windowless hovels their wrath.

Feel for the poor, ye in couches reclining,  
Remember the snows which in winter come down—  
Nor turn your warm bodies away at the wailing  
Of those who will mingle their dust with your own.

Feel for the poor ; they are scantily covered :  
Give something, give freely what ye can afford ;  
Remember what Christ on his earth-mission taught us,  
Who gives to the poor, only lends to the Lord.

---

### HYMN FOR MISSIONS.

God of heaven, we will praise thee,  
That to us a Saviour's known ;  
That for us he died and suffered ;  
That we claim him as our own.

God, thy love to us exceedeth  
Far above what we can think :  
From thy Word we learn salvation,  
And from living waters drink.

Countless thousands of the heathen,  
 Bowing still to stock and stone ;  
 Giving thus to man's invention  
 Honour due to God alone.

Many cry " Come o'er and help us—  
 Come and teach us all you know ;  
 Let us hear of Christ and heaven,  
 How to shun the place of wo."

Can we, then, who know the blessing  
 Of our Lord's redeeming grace,  
 See them perish midst their idols,  
 While they cry to see His face ?

Of what sins we may be guilty,  
 'Gainst us let not this one stand—  
 That wher. asked for heav'nly manna,  
 We refused a famish'd land.

Lord, let not our missions' labours  
 Rest, till every land rejoice,  
 With the joyful songs of Zion,  
 From a universal voice.

---

INVITATION TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Come now, Robert, come away,  
 This is not a day for play ;  
 It is Sabbath, and, you know,  
 All good boys to school should go.

The Lord, who died for you and me,  
 When bad men nailed him to the tree,  
 Bids us leave off every sin  
 And wickedness, and flee to him.

You'll be told what God has done,  
 In sending forth his only Son  
 To bear our sins, that we might be  
 Happy throughout eternity.

While on earth the Saviour said,  
 When children in his arms were laid,  
 "Suffer them to come"—what love!—  
 "For of such is heaven" above.

You know that we all must die—  
 Repent, and God will hear your cry;  
 And when death and judgment's past,  
 A happy home is yours at last.

Come, then, Robert, come away,  
 In evil paths, oh, do not stay;  
 Christ is asking you to go;—  
 Will you, will you, answer No.

---

### ODD FELLOWSHIP.—A DREAM.

#### CANTO FIRST.

Tired mankind, weary with the toils of day,  
 Fell off in slumbers to the night wind's play;  
 The poet on his pallet, hard and bare,  
 Oppress'd with visions of deep wo and care,

Besought his natal genius for relief  
 From worldly sorrow and from heartfelt grief.  
 At once the objects of his trouble fled,  
 And sweetest minstrels hover'd in their stead ;  
 Their strains of music in his vision rung,  
 And he, enraptured, listened while they sung :—

“ Who has not seen the fast increasing power—  
 The Order's progress since its dawning hour ?  
 Or viewed without emotion, mixed with pride,  
 The Bark *Odd Fellow* skim along the tide ;  
 Mann'd with the bravest of the country's youth,  
 Bound by the ties of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH ?  
 Prosper the gallant Ship ! full many pray,  
 As from the kindly shore she bears away,  
 Dashing aside in her majestic sweep  
 The worse than dangers of the mighty deep,—  
 The worldling's subtlety—deceit's foul shoal :—  
 Her mission, *Charity*,—*Justice*, her goal.  
 Freight'd with such, who would not say, God speed  
 The noble craft ! but let her crew take heed  
 Of shoals and breakers,—false and crafty men,—  
 Whose deep-laid schemes go far beyond the ken  
 Of those whose actions for the Order's good  
 Are wise and virtuous—who have withstood  
 The flattery of knaves, or fear of those  
 Who'd heap upon their victims greater woes ;  
 So that their own base views were gratified,  
 They'd blacken virtue, whether known or tried.

“ But to return ;—the noble Ship has gone,  
 And in their god-like course the crew hold on ;

They haste to spread those principles abroad,  
By good men cherished as a gift from God.  
They reach the land,—'tis evening's twilight hour,—  
A peaceful stillness reigns in every bower,  
The sun throws back his golden rays of red,  
Ere 'neath the western wave his light is hid.  
There's scarce a breeze to shake the tiny leaf,  
Or cool the burning head and give relief.  
The feathery songsters—loath to leave their play—  
Repeat the echoes of their notes of day.  
From glittering ocean, or the river's rush,  
Scarce floats a sound—nor e'en from brake or bush ;—  
The God of Nature walks in soothing power,  
In the love-speaking time—sweet twilight hour.  
Villas, and cots, and spires, confront the eye,  
But labour ceased tells night is drawing nigh.  
Night's magic influence presses every head,  
All seem unconscious as the silent dead,  
Save those who sorrow and defy the spell  
Of balmy sleep ;—their suffering who can tell.  
For there are few who seek to soothe their woes ;  
Yes, few indeed, of friends or gen'rous foes.  
They mix unnotic'd 'midst the general mass,  
While thousands of the sons of Mammon pass  
And repress, nor pitying look bestow,  
But onward in their hardened course they go.  
The widows' and the orphans' cause, *for* them,  
Is pled by nobler and more virtuous men,  
Who know and feel the harrow'd thoughts that lie  
Hid in the anguish of the widow's sigh.  
The tinsell'd proudling's heart is dry and cold,

All Christian feeling hushed in love of gold ;  
 He sees the orphan—hears her aching tale—  
 Her silent eloquence—oh ! can it fail  
 To burst the iron confines of the soul ?  
 No : one small spark emerges from control,  
 The op'lent's mite at the poor form is hurl'd,  
 And *then* the *act* is published to the world ;  
 But see, the Odd Fellows, their mites give too,—  
 Their right hands know not what their left hands do.

“ Where is the vessel now, and little band ?  
 See, they have left, and taken to the land ;  
 They seek for worth, benev'lence, honour, love,  
 All cardinal virtues given from above ;  
 While in one glorious whole the gems are thrown,  
 Reflecting splendor wheresoe'er they're shown.  
 Night's beauteous orb, half-blushing, hid her face,  
 To their refulgent standard giving place ;  
 On high they raise it—straight the slumb'ring land  
 Is roused from torpor by their magic wand ;  
 Crowd upon crowd come hast'ning forth to view,  
 And, as if spell-bound, cluster round the few ;  
 Wond'ring what mighty power to them is giv'n,  
 That they should thus usurp the stamp of heav'n.  
 Their banners then the trusty band unfurled,  
 And told their mission to the wond'ring world ;  
 ‘ Thrice welcome ! ’ was the cry of all around,  
 ‘ That which we long have sighed for, now is found ;  
 Come, live with us, and distant be the day,  
 When from our kindly shores you seek to stray ;  
 Hope's flatt'ring meteor long foretold this hour,

Despair's dark clouds no more shall o'er us low'r.' ”  
 To them the harbinger of love was brought,  
 Dispensing peace amid their chequer'd lot ;  
 A *temple* planted in their fertile plain,  
 Made thousands follow quickly in the train.

---

## CANTO SECOND.

The scene is changed—two summer suns have gone,  
 And wintry winds with fearful howl and moan,  
 Rule in their might and majesty. The plain  
 Receives quiescent the light flick'ring train ;  
 The oak's strong branches shake beneath the blast,  
 While to the earth the wither'd leaves are cast ;  
 The frighten'd cattle seek the shelt'ring shed,  
 And from its fury bird and beast have fled ;  
 On high, on every side, dark masses hang,  
 Threat'ning, like poison'd viper's deadly fang,  
 To blast beneath its power each vestige fair  
 That tells the eye man's careful hand was there.  
 No cheerful streak of light or sunny ray  
 Broke through the gloom of that portentous day ;  
 Snow, hail, and rain, seemed freighted with a scourge,  
 Fiercely impell'd, like tempest ocean's surge.  
 From every face a gleam of terror shoots,  
 And bad men shrink aghast—unwelcome fruits  
 Of all their evil deeds. The very child  
 Clings to its mother, and in accents mild  
 Soft whisp'ring says, “ I pity those who stray  
 Abroad in such a fearful stormy day.”  
 Gust after gust in quick succession fly ;  
 Sad still the view, though night is drawing nigh.

Night closes in ; the storm roars wild without ;  
And cold and cheerless every spot about ;  
Nor moon, nor star, can in the heav'n be seen,  
The King of Storm has robbed Night of her Queen.

Wild as the night was, still there were a few  
Bound by Love's ties, and to each other true,  
United firm, in sickness and distress  
To soothe a brother's sorrow, and to bless ;  
To whisper consolation in his ear,  
Or from the cheek to wipe the falling tear ;  
Gently to chide his failings or his faults,  
Yet shield him from the world's fierce assaults ;  
Point out the path to Virtue's humble cell,  
Where he in love and happiness may dwell.  
Such were the few—imbued with fervent zeal  
Alike for love and for the Order's weal ;  
And while the thunder loudly roared above,  
It knit them closer in the bond of love ;  
Swiftly and pleasantly the moments passed,  
The storm still raged, as if 'twould " blow its last."  
But see, one entrance gains—a stranger too,—  
No stranger, but a brother of the *blue* ;  
Care on his forehead—of all peace bereft—  
No pleasure his, since e'er his home he left ;  
Through storm and thunder's roll he hurried on,  
To seek for refuge—yet to find a home ;—  
For in the temples of Odd Fellowship  
To cheer such brethren all is rivalship.  
Friendless upon the world he had been thrown,  
No one to cheer, no act of pity shown ;  
Lonely and cheerless, long had been his path,  
On him the demon storm had poured its wrath ;

Soon had he sunk beneath the fiendish force  
Of boist'rous elements in their rude course.  
They saw him cold, and faint, and hungry too—  
No brother stopped to ask what he should do ;  
But each seemed eager by some kindly act,  
To veil his agony, by calling back  
His mind from brooding over all his ills,  
Where nestled that vile care-worm which oft kills.  
His tale was sorrowful—'twas shortly told,—  
Misfortunes, losses,—all he did unfold ;  
How he had left his wife and little child—  
Distracting thought—it almost drove him wild.  
Pleak were his prospects ; bleaker far the night,  
The lightning glanced—he started with affright :  
Worn out and weary, still he trudged along,  
And as he neared their temple grew more strong ;  
Like to the men of old, he saw afar,  
And followed in its wake, his guiding star ;  
In want he came, his wants were all supplied ;  
In plenty went, and storm and flood defied ;  
Lodges, like gems, reflect their light on earth,  
Fraud's greatest enemy—the friend of worth.  
Thus, then, our Order, in the hour of want,  
Is Charity and Hope's sweet-sealing plant.

O Hope ! O Charity ! ye Heaven-born pair !  
Soothers of sorrow—beauteous and fair ;  
Man, but for your kind offices, would be  
The veriest wretches on life's troubled sea ;  
Does fortune frown ? in thee we find a prop,  
Thou blest and blessing, ever-living Hope ;  
Faith, thy kind sister, spreads her spell around,

Her sweet'ning influence in all abound.  
 Another yet, the greatest of the three,  
 Thou wo-dispeller God-like Charity.  
 O may I thus invoke your sacred name,  
 While humbly now I sing the Order's fame !  
 Let harmony be ours without alloy,  
 And may no factious jarrings peace destroy ;  
 For while our meetings please each other here,  
 They may relieve the orphan of a tear ;  
 The widow, too, in silence as she mourns,  
 Will bless our actions, while her fond heart burns  
 In silent gratitude. Yes, the pure tears  
 Of widows, helpless ; orphans, young in years,  
 Have all been numbered and preserved by Hope ;  
 Nor from that crystal fount shall one small drop  
 Ere pass away, till in one jewel bright  
 She chase from misery its blackest night.  
 For this may we unite—be this our aim !  
 Nothing we've then to lose, but all to gain.  
 Drink from the well of prudence, and for food  
 Eschew all evil, feast on all that's good.

---

OUR PILLARS.

Where is love by love entwined,  
 Where is heart with heart combined,  
 Where is sorrow's suffering cries,  
 Soothed by sympathizing sighs ?  
  
 Where do those who heart-sore mourn,  
 O'er the sad symbolic urn,

For he, who, while banded brother,  
Taught us to love one another ?

Where from all those springs of grief,  
Can the joyless seek relief ?  
Seek it where enthroned are three—  
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Faith, to point the mind above ;  
Hope, to reach where all is love ;  
Charity, where sister brother,  
Fondly clings to one another.

In our temples these are seen,  
Crowned with laurels ever green ;  
Thus, on earth, while plenty's giv'n,  
Let us make our peace with Heav'n.

---

ON THE DEATH OF

A BROTHER ODD FELLOW.

Cold is the hand oft outstretched to relieve,  
Cold now the heart that flowed with noble feeling ;  
The breath has left its tenement of clay—  
The tears from brothers' eyes disdain concealing.

His virtues, may they live !—his faults, pass o'er ;—  
Perfection ne'er was mortal's to enjoy ;  
Then, twine with me one laurel round his brow—  
The diadem be honesty—without alloy.

His Lodge—the "Peace"—he now has bid adieu,  
 To stand before our Grand Master in heaven ;  
 There may he rest in happiness for aye,—  
 In th' LODGE OF PEACE above—his sins forgiven !

---

## A WELCOME

TO LORD ELGIN, THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

One sun has set ;\* his radiant gleams have tinged the  
 west and east,  
 Nor 'mid the many mourners left is Canada the least :  
 Another rises in his wake—we hail his dawn with joy ;  
 His march is onward, peace to give and faction to destroy.

Up, men of Canada, arise ! the lord of Broomhall comes,  
 A scion of the noble Bruce, the boast of Scotia's sons,  
 Who fought for freedom, not for fame, a tyrant yoke  
 to spurn,  
 And taught his foe what freedom dared ; on noted  
 Bannockburn.

Thanks be to God, those days of strife are now all but  
 forgot,  
 Though freemen often turn with pride to that heath  
 covered spot ;  
 'Tis heard but in tradition now, or cottage fireside books,  
 For spears and lances then arrayed, are turned to  
 pruning-hooks.

---

\* Metcalfe.

Though Bruce may call up Bannockburn, with many a  
noble deed,  
The marbles of his sire bespeak of praise as high a mead ;  
For science wields her mighty sway, and art has con-  
quered men,  
And other feelings now possess men's hearts—though  
brave as them.

But why go back to Bannockburn? is Elgin not the  
theme ?  
A *noble* man, will noble be, whate'er his father's name :  
The actions, whether good or bad, tell what the heart  
will do,  
If noble, they enwreath themselves 'mid feelings deep  
and true.

Go ask the ebon-coloured son of Afric's golden shore,  
When down his iron chains were dashed—thick coated  
with his gore,  
Who reared for him and his the school ; and made him  
love the soil,  
Where long in galling yoke he groaned, with overbur-  
den'd toil ?

He comes to us admir'd, belov'd, by men of every shade,  
His laurels, be they ever green ; his virtues never fade ;  
So every man may bless the day the lord of Broomhall  
came,  
And Bruce and Elgin long be known for Canada and  
fame.

Responsibility, with some, is first, and last, and all,  
"Come, pin your faith to my coat sleeve, or else the  
state will fall;"

Our governor, we freely say, must be at no man's nod,  
His *acts* must tell for this belief—Responsible to God.

