

great deal of pleasure in hauling a rope across their legs and letting something fall from aloft amongst them, and when they spoke to me I told them to go to hell. As soon as we had her sails furled, we went below and commenced scrubbing and holystoneing our hides to get the tar and tan off and make ourselves look like Christians. After dressing, I leapt onto the wharf with a loud huzzah and was soon in the midst of the noise and bustle of the City.

What a change from the confinement on board ship to the free will on shore. I felt thankful when looking back to the dangers and hardships I had gone through, that I was on shore in a free country and my own master again.

So ended my voyage from Calcutta to Boston. May 4th, 1849.