

Over the circumstances of our meeting I will draw the curtain of silence, and leave the fancy of the reader to portray it, and then say, I imagine his picture short of the real—while I tender the most unbounded gratitude to all who aided in my flight, and those who have generously ministered to the aid and comfort of my wife, in her exertions, and my child, in her bereavement, during my absence.

After arriving, I found that a Mr. Gemmel had likewise made his happy exit from V. D. L., a month after our escape, but had arrived a month before us. He ascribes his good fortune to the liberty he obtained with the ticket of leave, which in a handsome card to the public, he attributes to the exertions of Mrs. Wait.

Now, in conclusion, I would say to those who choose to read these letters, that, by having already transcended the bounds I had proposed, by upwards of fifty pages of matter, that will no doubt, be more interesting, I have been restrained from doing proper justice to a description of the country, and am under the necessity of breaking off rather abruptly; yet I would intimate, that, at some future day, I may publish some fugitive sketches, with the minute details of my escape—occurrences on my passage home—chasing and taking whale—falling in with icebergs, gales, storms, and consequent shipwreck—incidents during a residence of a month in South America, amid fairy scenes that baffle description—calms on the equinoctial line, and thrilling anecdotes of a whaler's incidental life; none of which could have been embodied here, as they are, of themselves, more than sufficient for a volume of equal extent.

1 Jan 57.