

miles from Boston; hurrah! It has kept calm and foggy all day and night. Spoke a schooner and asked him to report us.

May 4. At 6 o'clock a.m. a Barnstable packet ran foul of our jib-boom in the thick fog. The passengers came out of the cabin and asked where we were from and upon answering, Captain Codman, who had the Sophia Walker in Port Louis when this ship was there on her passage out, came up and spoke to our Captain who was called on deck. They lowered their boat and came on board with some newspapers, cigars and a dozen lobsters. Then they left. It seemed like old times to hear white men laughing and congratulating one another again. Still thick and calm. Got under way at 1 o'clock p.m. with a light breeze from the Eastward and took a pilot aboard an hour afterwards. The fog is as thick as ever. A pilot boat has just passed us and told our pilot that a steamer has got ashore on the Cape. We are near the islands at the entrance of the Bay. They got us to work studding sail after we had taken the blocks off the boom and unbent the sails, which made a considerable growl. We passed Boston Light at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and hauled up alongside of long wharf; furled the sails and made her fast.

The decks were soon crowded with land sharks who no doubt expected to get a good haul from poor Jack. As for myself, I took a