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were cited to appear at the police office, where our parchment of freedom awaited us. And now, that we were at liberty to leave this country, to which none of us had formed attachments that would cause pain in dissolving, our anxiety to find a passage home increased daily. We waited impatiently two long months, before an American vessel made its appearance. On the 15th of January, 1845, the Steiglitz, Capt. Selah Youngs, an American whaler from Sagharbor, N. Y., came up to Hobart Town to repair. We soon formed an acquaintance with the Captain, and entered into a negotiation for a passage to some other part of the world. He left fourteen of his own men at Hobart Town, on account of their bad conduct on the voyage out, and agreed to take twenty-five of us on board, when he should get ready to sail. He was bound to the North-West coast of America for whales, but told us if he should fall in with a ship homeward bound, he would get us aboard; if not, leave us in Otaheite, one of the Society islands in the South Pacific ocean. He was fitted for a three years cruise. The Captain was one of the most kind and obliging men, and we readily consented to sail with him. On Monday evening, the 27th, the repairs on ship-board being completed, we left the land with thankful hearts. On the 28th, our ship broke ground, and anchored again, and on the 29th, the sails were unfurled to the breeze, and we proceeded down the river. And now that we were so rapidly leaving the shores of this far famed island, after a residence upon it of five years, we could say with emphasis—

Farewell, Van Dieman, ruin's gate,
With joy we leave thy shore;
And fondly hope our wretched fate,
Will drive us there no more.

We had seen misery in all of its varied forms; we had seen how prone man is to tyrannize over his brother, when clothed with "brief authority," and we had learned to cherish the institutions of our own beloved country—our native land. We had thought of the moral influence exerted upon the minds of children of the free population by being associated with, and surrounded by so many of the most vicious human beings the world ever saw; we had in countless instances seen TOTAL DEPRAVITY PERSONIFIED. When we reviewed the scenes we had passed through; the misery we had escaped, and the dangers to which we had been exposed, we could not withhold our prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving. On the 8th of February, off the island of New Zealand, we spoke the ship Midas of New Bedford. She had lost her Captain by consumption; the mate was in command. The same day, we passed a few small and dangerous rocks, on which vessels have frequently struck.—On the 11th, the man aloft cried out whale-o. Three boats were lowered immediately, and made directly for this monster of the deep. To us, who had never seen a whale taken, the undertaking seemed hazardous, and we looked on with anxiety.