

names and I pried some of it off to take home. After meditating for some time upon the scene that had taken place within this vault, (and taking a branch of the weeping willow and cypress), I returned to the Town and was soon on board again.

### TO BOSTON

A period of about six weeks intervenes, which was occupied by the voyage from St. Helena to Boston.

The diary breaks in again as he nears the shores of America.

*April 29.* We make about 5 knots, which is doing very well for us. 10 o'clock in the morning; the breeze still freshening. We are surrounded with ships, barks, brigs and schooners, which makes the morning lively and interesting. The nearer I draw toward land, the more anxious and happy I feel, after being away so long and seeing so many strange countries, to be once more nearing my native land.

*April 30.* We close reefed the top sail at dark last night. The wind blew a gale and every now and then the rain poured down in torrents. The drops were as large as main rope knots. It was very dark and cold, more like the 1st of March than May. The phosphorus balls lit on our yards and tops in any quantity. The deep-sea lead was hove several times during the night. The fore yards were backed and jib and stay-sail sheets eased off. We got at the