

not how it is, I cannot look abroad upon this world of waters without being strongly impressed with a melancholy feeling of interest in those untold tales—those hidden annals—those secrets of the vasty deep. If the captain thought as I did, he would not lightly—but I forget, I only mention his name because there is really so little to write about, that is worth a thought in this great floating caravansary. When I arrive at New York, which I hope will be on the third morning of the second week of this month, I shall write thee again.

REBECCA FOX.

P.S. I hear the weather in Philadelphia is excessively hot, and that it is necessary to wear thin clothing, to avoid the yellow fever. So thee will please to send me the finest and thinnest muslin thee can find for my neck; and though I may not wear Leghorn or Palmetto, yet a gauze bonnet would not be so heavy as mine, in this intense heat, nor intercept so painfully all air. Delicate lace gloves, methinks, would confer similar advantages. The captain has just inquired of me what route we take on our arrival, and says it is remarkable that he and his sister had fixed on the same tour, and leave New York by the same conveyance we do. I had wished for her company, and am much pleased to be favoured with it.