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How strong must be the love of gain, to tempt us to embrace a life of danger, pain, and misery; to give up all the beauties of nature and of art, all the charms of society, and separate ourselves from mankind, to amass wealth, which the very profession takes away all possibility of enjoying!

X Even glory is a poor reward for a life passed at sea.

I had rather be a peasant on a sunny bank, with peace, safety, obscurity, bread, and a little garden of roses, than lord high admiral of the British fleet.

Setting aside the variety of dangers at sea, the time passed there is a total suspension of one's existence: I speak of the best part of our time there, for at least a third of every voyage is positive misery.

X A speech for a woman I abhor