

merce with the human kind, after having been so absolutely separated from them. I feel strongly at this moment the inconsistency of the species: we naturally grow tired of the company on board our own ship, and fancy the people in every one we meet more agreeable.

For my part, this spirit is so powerful in me, that I would gladly, if I could have prevailed on my father and Fitzgerald, have gone on board with this man, and pursued our voyage in the New York ship. I have felt the same thing on land in a coach, on seeing another pass.

We have had a very unpleasant passage hitherto, and weather to fright a better sailer than your friend: it is to me astonishing, that there are men found, and those men of fortune too, who can fix on a sea life as a profession.