

LETTER CLXXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Aug. 26, at Sea

WE have just fallen in with a ship from New York to London, and, as it is a calm, the master of it is come on board; whilst he is drinking a bottle of very fine Madeira, which Fitzgerald has tempted him with on purpose to give me this opportunity, as it is possible he may arrive first, I will write a line, to tell my dear Lucy we are all well, and hope soon to have the happiness of telling her so in person; I also send what I scribbled before we lost sight of land; for I have had no spirits to write or do any thing since.

There is inexpressible pleasure in meeting a ship at sea, and renewing our commerce

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