

LETTERS FROM A MARINER.

NO. I.

SIR—In complying with your request, I shall need all your indulgence. The duty of a sailor is too hard, and his deficiency in general knowledge too great, to enable him to describe well, even his own wanderings.

My journal is but a log-book, filled with the courses of the winds and the aspect of the skies. It was commenced in my sixteenth year, when, impelled by a thirst for adventure which amounted to a passion, I shipped myself as a green hand, for a long voyage.

On the 22d day of April, we sailed from Boston in a good ship, bound for the Northwest coast of America. On the first day of May, a sail was discovered bearing down upon us from the western quarter, and in three hours she passed under our stern, hailing under English colors, as from New Providence. She was well armed and manned, yet, making ourselves a warlike show, we feigned courage, and parted company with a decided dislike to her countenance.

The first land made was the island of St Anthony, one of the Capes de Verde. Here we took the N. E.