Perhaps the most legitimate and useful subject for a preface to a collection of this kind, is to trace the history of the works contained in it; but there are so few materials for such a purpose, that the reader must rest content with a very meagre detail of such facts as have come within our knowledge. As the history of what the French term *Voyages Imaginaires*, is so minutely connected with that of the belles lettres in general, and romance in particular, it seems reasonable to prefix a few hasty remarks on that subject, in order to enable the reader to obtain a more accurate view of what has appeared to have produced that comparatively modern species of romance. Perhaps the *True History of Lucian* may be adduced as a previous specimen; but the nature of that work differs essentially from the romances included in this volume.

Few subjects of general literature are so extensively interesting, as the history of that portion which has been commonly denominated the belles lettres; and accordingly this division of literary history has employed a great number of pens, particularly among the French, who have produced numberless dissertations of the kind, more distinguished by a certain vapid and superficial declamation, intended to be philosophical, than by any accurate research or strictly historical inquiry; and yet there can be no doubt that the latter is the only means for furnishing a proper and solid foundation for the subsequent speculations of philosophy. The history of their own early literature has been detailed with less presumption, but frequently with far more research and perspicuity, by scholars of the neighbouring countries; and while their own antiquarians have employed their pages in long disquisitions on the superiority of the Trouveurs, or the Troubadours, on the greater antiquity of their early romance, on the pure latinity of their language, or on similar subjects, but too often founded on arguments utterly untenable and easy to be refuted, they have left the far more interesting general view to the literati of other nations. The innate inclination of the inhabitants of every climate to furnish and obtain amusement, must have been gratified in all ages; and the degree of civilization was nearly equal among the nations north of Italy in the middle ages. The knights, the courtiers, and the lower ranks of France, England, Germany, and Scandinavia, stood equally in need of minstrels and reciters, to banish the tedium of their leisure hours; and minstrels, of various degrees of merit, were readily to be found in all these countries to amuse them. The question of the superior antiquity of romances and minstrels of one country over those of another, which has given rise to such a variety of opinions, and such a multitude of disquisitions, accordingly vanishes on a more accurate investigation, and a more extended view into a series of private hypotheses, which have only proved useful to detect and bring to light facts which would have remained in obscurity, had not the discoverers been stimulated by a love for their own theories, or an attachment for the antiquity of their country.

The universal inclination for the marvellous, which prevailed during the period of chivalry, was by no means confined to the fictitious narratives, or embellished histories, intended for recital before audiences of all ranks, from the prince down to the peasant; it pervaded almost every department of literature and science. The theology of these times, their medicine, their legal proceedings, their chemistry, astronomy, and geography, all partook of this general bent of mind prevalent during these centuries. The lives of saints and martyrs were overstocked
with fictions, generally absurd, though occasionally exhibiting great brilliancy of fancy, and rivalling the wild, but attractive imagery of profane romance; their most popular sermons were interlarded with marvellous, and often very absurd and irreverent stories...the ordeals, and the supposed miraculous interference of the Deity, or of a patron-saint, in judicial trials, may be ascribed to the same source, as well as their chemistry and astronomy, which were enveloped in the supernatural clouds of alchemy and astrology. This led to a similar style in the relations of travellers, and the descriptions of remote countries. A simple and true narrative of Sir John Mandeville’s peregrinations would not have obtained very extensive popularity; it required the addition of marvellous incidents, descriptions of wonderful nations, which the writings of Pliny readily furnished, magnetic mountains, and almost superhuman works of art, such as the Caucasian wall, which enclosed the lost tribes of the Jews, to excite the attention of readers, and render the travels attractive.

It might have been presumed, that the more general diffusion of literature and science in the sixteenth century, when the curiosity of the learned was kindled, and became more and more alive to learn the actual state of foreign countries, particularly those whose manners differed greatly from those of the Europeans, would have banished such notions, contrary to common sense, for ever. Still, however, the romantic and demi-chivalrous expeditions of the Spaniards, and of Sir Walter Raleigh, in search of El Dorado, and the reports of the latter traveller, credited by Shakespeare and most of his contemporaries,

Of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders…

prove to what a degree of absurdity the public belief in the extravagant reports of travellers still extended, in an age comparatively enlightened.

The transition from travels and voyages actually performed, and detailed with the usual embellishments, in order to render them more amusing and acceptable, to such as were merely performed in the author’s study, was easy; and it is rather surprising that this ready mode of diverting and instructing a public, which seemed eager for such amusement, was not sooner discovered and adopted. A man of lively fancy might be supposed to be led very naturally by a perusal of real travels, particularly such as related the wonderful reports we have just mentioned, to let his mind range through realms formed and fashioned by his own imagination, and to embody them in the obvious shape of an imaginary adventurer, who visits them. The liberty he might take on such an occasion was boundless and uncontrolled; the remote parts of our globe, the interior of it, the planets and the sky, stood open to the eye of his imagination. The moral use which such a work might be made the vehicle of, was too obvious to escape observation. It has been said, that while history paints men as they are, romance paints them as they should be; and though this axiom is not applicable in every instance, and in every point of view, it is so, to an equal extent, to the difference between travels actually performed, and such as are the work of mere fancy. The latter species is eminently qualified for the perusal of youth, as it may be employed to teach the vanity and absurdity of many of our prejudices, and of our inclination to consider our own manners alone civilized and unexceptionable, and disdainfully to pity the inhabitants of other portions of the globe, as blinded with utter
ignorance and stupidity. Again, works of this kind may be used to convey the most refined satire on the imperfections of our own constitution of society, and to exhibit the author’s ideas of that state, which, in his opinion, might prove the most conducive to the happiness of individuals, and of society in general. Others (and those perhaps the most useful, and proportionally the most popular), exhibit the extent to which the exertions of man, under the pressure of the most discouraging situations, may be brought to develop themselves, and how independent he may become of his fellow creatures. What can be more delightful, particularly to a youthful mind, unencumbered by the unavoidable cares and vicissitudes of actual life, and as yet happily ignorant of what he has to learn but too soon, by his own experience, than to be conducted into the bright regions pictured by fancy? And what means are so likely to instill into his mind the necessity of self-command, and a due confidence in the real powers inherent in our bodily frame, unless enervated by indulgence, caprice, and effeminate fashion? The more matured observer will trace with no less interest, the talents exhibited by the author in unfolding the secret springs of the mind, and in conducting the hero of his own imagination through the various perils and difficulties which he encounters. Certainly no works are better calculated to display and exemplify the philosophy of the human mind; and De Foe, who first traced out this path to his successors, by none of whom he has been exceeded, deserves credit, not merely as an agreeable narrator, but as a profound observer of human nature.

In the works of this description, where no bounds are set to fancy, and where the choice of countries and nations, entirely removed out of our sphere of observation, enables the author to embody all the extravagant phantoms of his mind, the judicious reader will not confine his admiration, if they are well executed, to the richness of the imagery, the exhaustless fund of new and marvellous fictions and adventures, but will find great amusement, pleasure, and instruction, in following the author’s secret allusions, and tracing the real objects he wishes to effect, or satirize, the maxims he proposes to inculcate, and the conclusions he shadows forth under his airy disguise.

Setting aside the humorous work of Lucian, mentioned above, as well as. the fabulous voyages of Mandeville, together with those of Sinbad, in the Arabian Nights, as not being strictly comprehended under the title of “Imaginary Voyages and Travels”, the most ancient works of the kind are the State of the Sun and Moon, written by Cyrano de Bergerac, a French author, who flourished in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and the History of the Sevarambes, produced anonymously, about the year 1620, in France. The latter was intended to delineate a state governed on absolutely philosophical principles, and, as well as the former, it obtained extensive, and, in a great measure, well-deserved popularity. But though France preceded in point of antiquity, the merit of having produced the most excellent and universally popular works, in the two classes into which these productions of fancy naturally separate, indubitably appertains to the English. Of all those which belong to the marvellous, Gulliver’s Travels bears away the palm; and the same eminent distinction is due to Robinson Crusoe, among those which do not exceed the bounds of possibility. The noise which these two romances occasioned throughout Europe, produced a great bustle among the literati to emulate their excellency, and equal the fame which they bestowed on the authors. They met, as may be naturally inferred, with various degrees of success, but none equalled that of their illustrious prototypes.
An extensive collection of these classes of romantic voyages, combined with the more celebrated dreams, visions, and cabalistic romances, was published at Amsterdam, in 35 volumes, in 1787; it has been reprinted since, and has become a standard work. The intention of the present volume is far more limited, as it includes only five romances of the former descriptions, all, excepting the second, of English growth. Several others, chiefly written in France, possess very considerable excellence, but have been excluded, on account of the limited extent of this collection.

The remainder of these introductory pages will be devoted to an account of the several works offered to the reader in the present volume. It happens, that two of these, *Gulliver* and *Crusoe*, are written by authors who have been frequently the subjects of biography, and whose circumstances of life are well known to the public; while those who produced the remainder are either utterly unknown, or very imperfectly. In the former case, it was necessary, for the sake of uniformity, to say something, and to accompany their writings with a short sketch of their lives; in the latter, there was no alternative, but to state what has come to the knowledge of the present writer, and fairly to confess his ignorance of the remainder. We cannot sufficiently regret, that we are unacquainted even with the name of the author of the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, and that all we know is the date of the first appearance of that work. Fortunately, the connection between the great historian of the *Decline of the Roman Empire*, and the author of *Automathes*, has furnished us with some account, however meagre, of the latter. With respect to the original Danish author of the *Travels of Klimius*, the unfortunate state of the continent has prevented any queries or investigations.

If we were to estimate the excellence of a work by the number of its readers, by its universal diffusion throughout civilized nations, or by the multitude of attempts to imitate it, there are few which could be placed on a par with *Robinson Crusoe*. The author was Daniel De Foe, a very multifarious writer of poems, novels, and political tracts, whose reputation, however, rests almost entirely on the present work. His father was James Foe, a butcher in the parish of St Giles’s, London, where he was born in the year 1663. As well as the rest of his family, he was a Dissenter. The singular affectation of prefixing the French mark of nobility to his name, has given rise to much disquisition; but the opinion of his learned biographer, that he thought thus to conceal the obscurity of his birth and origin, seems to be most conformable to truth. At twelve years of age, he was sent to the Newington-Green Dissenting Academy, where, under the tuition of Mr Morton, he remained four years, and received all the education he ever could boast of. At the expiration of that time he was put apprentice to some trade, the nature of which has not been fully ascertained. His opponent, Tutchin, author of the *Observator*, asserts, he was bred a hosier, which De Foe flatly contradicts, admitting at the same time, that he had been a trader. In the year 1685 he enlisted under the banners of the Duke of Monmouth, and was so fortunate as to escape without punishment. He continued a steady Whig, and in 1688, when he was admitted of the Livery of London, witnessed the triumph of his party at the Revolution. On the 29th of October, the following year, at a feast given by the Lord Mayor of London to King William, he appeared amongst the troopers commanded by Lord Peterborough, who attended their majesties from Whitehall to the Mansion-house. His politics proved, however, of no farther use to him, and, like most
of those whom the triumph of their party had inspired with the hopes of golden rewards, he met only with disappointment, and remained in what he himself certainly considered as an ignoble employ, that of a tradesman. The genius and talents, however, which he undoubtedly possessed, were but ill-calculated for the plodding sobriety requisite to succeed in his occupation; and, instead of closely attending to his business, he connected himself with other wits, who formed a society for the cultivation of polite learning; and his affairs got into so bad a condition, that he deemed it prudent to abscond from his creditors in the year 1692. However, those to whom he was principally indebted, in spite of one individual of a harsher disposition, who had taken out a commission of bankruptcy against him, agreed to accept a composition, which he accurately paid; and it is related, much to his honour, that he afterwards paid the full amount of his debts to some of his creditors, who experienced the fickleness of Fortune in their turn. He now turned projector; but found the fallacy of that occupation, like many those who have employed their talents in the same way. He was engaged in tile-works, but was accused of not paying his labourers; and published proposals for a variety of other public works and enactments. At last his writings procured him the preferment of one of the commissioners for managing the duties on glass; but on the abolition of that tax, three years after, he was again cast upon the world without a situation.

However, towards the close of 1699, an opportunity occurred to obtain, not only a handsome reward, but even royal favour. Tutchin had published a Tory poem, entitled The Foreigners, of mean merit, but filled with the most violent and unbounded abuse of King William and his countrymen. De Foe took up their cause; and his poetical defence of the king and the Dutch nation, called The True-Born Englishman, not only met with unexampled popularity, but procured him a personal interview with the sovereign. This pamphlet was followed up with various others on the same side of politics, till the death of William and the accession of Queen Anne, in 1702, changed the principles of the court, and reduced our author again to live on the produce of his wits. His adherence to the party he had espoused brought him to the very brink of ruin. A pamphlet, which he now reprinted, entitled The Shortest Way with the Dissenters, was complained of in the House of Commons, and all his previous attacks on the triumphant Tories were brought forward to incense the house against him. He secreted himself; but, in consequence of a proclamation, dated January 10, 1710, he was taken, fined, pilloried, and imprisoned; and, according to his own account, the affair cost him above 3500l. In the proclamation, he is described as “a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a mole near his mouth.”

During his imprisonment in Newgate, he put forth a collection of his writings, and began one of the periodical papers so fashionable at the time, called The Review, which he continued till May 1713. He besides published several other works, which the shortness of the present sketch of his life does not permit us to detail. The minister, Sir Robert Harley, fully aware of what use De Foe’s talents might be to him if enlisted under the banners of his party, induced the queen to liberate him, by sending him a sufficient sum to pay his fine and discharge. He retired to St Edmund’s Bury; but the persecutions of his enemies did not suffer him to remain quiet, and he asserts, that projects were formed to crimp him into the army, to apprehend him as a vagabond, and to imprison him for fictitious debts.
In 1706, he was employed by Lord Godolphin in an important mission to Edinburgh, where he was to promote, by every means in his power, the Union with England. He conducted himself there in a manner very honourable to himself, and satisfactory to the ministry which employed him; but, though he published a poem in honour of the nation, the unpopularity of that measure was such, that even his life was occasionally threatened. In 1707, he returned to London, and was rewarded with a pension, which he did not long enjoy, for on the dismissal of his patrons from the ministry it was discontinued, and he was again involved in vexatious persecutions, fined 800l. and imprisoned in Newgate, where he continued till November, 1713. After the accession of the House of Brunswick, his political writings still procured him so much persecution and vexation, that, after a fit of apoplexy, he discontinued them, and applied himself to more general literature.

*The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* appeared in 1719, and the sale of the work was astonishingly rapid. Shortly after, he published *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World*, which were well received; but their popularity has by no means kept pace with that of the previous work. He continued to publish a variety of works of amusement, such as, *The Life of Captain Singleton, The History of Duncan Campbell, The Life of Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders; Roxana, and The New Voyage round the World*, which were very generally read. His profits were so considerable, that on his death, which took place in 1731, at the age of 68, in Cripplegate, he left his widow and numerous children with a tolerable provision.

Of all the writings of De Foe, which the vicissitudes and misfortunes of his life induced him to offer to the world in astonishing numbers, that which bids fairest for immortality, and which has extended his fame amongst other nations, is, undoubtedly, *Robinson Crusoe*. The favourable reception of that novel in his own country was fully equalled by its success on the continent of Europe. Several translations appeared in France, amongst which that of Themiseul de Saint Hyacinthe is the most esteemed, and a great number of imitations followed. But the influence it had upon the imitative German literature, is one of the most curious instances of enthusiastic admiration. Within the space of forty years after the appearance of the original work, no less than forty-one different Robinsons appeared, besides fifteen other imitations, where that imposing title was not used. Every country of Europe, and almost every province of Germany, as well as the different ranks of life, had their own Robinson; and the number of islands they discovered and inhabited was quite unbounded. Indeed, the rage for imitating the romance among the Germans has something ludicrous in it.

This widely-diffused popularity was certainly deserved to the full by the great merit and excellence of the work. It was calculated, perhaps, beyond any other book of the kind, to be put into the bands of youth; and hence Rousseau suffers no book in the apartment of his Emilius, during. the first part of his education, with the single exception of *Robinson Crusoe*. Nor does a re-perusal at a more advanced age at all impair the favourable impression caused by reading it during the age of childhood. The adventures come so much home to every man’s feelings, the nature of the incidents is so little removed beyond the bounds of probability, and the language and style of observation and reflection accord so admirably with the character of the
adventurer, and his station of life, that it is very improbable that a time should ever arrive when its popularity will be diminished.

The first idea of the work was certainly suggested by a passage in Captain Woodes Rogers’s *Voyage round the World*, after his return in the year 1711. On the island of Juan Fernandez he found Alexander Selkirk, the lonely inhabitant of this remote spot of the globe. Selkirk was a native of Largo, in Fife, in 1676, and inherited some trifling landed property in that parish. In 1704, he entered on board the Cinque-Ports, Captain Stradling, as mate, on a trading voyage round the world. Some difference occurred during the voyage, which, together with the leaky state of the vessel, induced Selkirk to insist upon being left on the island of Fernandez. On his return with Captain Rogers, he entered on board the Weymouth, a king’s ship, of which he was appointed mate. He died on board in the year 1723, and in his will left his property to several loving female friends, who had become intimate with him during his voyages. His descendants at Largo have preserved his drinking cup, made of a cocoa shell, as well as his gun and his chest. From the relation of Captain Rogers, De Foe certainly borrowed the original notion of writing the present work. The following extract will enable the reader to appreciate how far De Foe was indebted to the matter of fact, and what an admirable superstructure he has raised upon such slight materials:

“He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco; a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments, and some books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being almost spent, he got fire; by rubbing two sticks of pimento-wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals: in the larger, he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again.

At first, he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer. The pimento wood, which burned very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but would not eat them for want of salt, because that occasioned a looseness; except craw-fish, which are there as large as our lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled and at other times broiled, as he did his goats-flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours; so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed
him to catch goats for us: We had a bulldog, which we sent, with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back.

He told us, that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life. He pursued it with so much eagerness, that he caught hold of it at the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes hiding it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised by the fall, that he narrowly escaped with his life; and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him: he lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier’s men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found also a black pepper, called Malagita, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping in the guts.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running in the woods; and at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he run everywhere without annoyance, and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that bred in great numbers from some of each species that got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes whilst asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goats-flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats; so that, by the favour of Providence and vigour of his youth, being now but thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconvenience of his solitude, and to be very easy.

When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a hail; and when his knife was wore to the back, he made others; as well as he could, of some iron hoops which were left on shore, which he beat thin, and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth with him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he
pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals. He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except some small black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at, the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento trees are plenty here; and we saw some of sixty feet high, and about two yards thick; and cotton trees higher, and near four fathoms in the stock. The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, being only a small frost and a little hail, but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate; and there is not much thunder, or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creatures on the island, nor any other sort of beasts but goats, &c. as above mentioned; the first of which had been put ashore here, on purpose for a breed, by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families for a time, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which, being more profitable, tempted them to quit this island, which is capable of maintaining a good number of people, and being made so strong that they could not be easily dislodged.”

_Voyage of Captain Woodes Rogers_, London, 1712, Octavo, p. 126.¹

This extract makes it evident that De Foe borrowed from it the description of his uninhabited island; the portion of European necessaries for life, though he has considerably increased the comforts of his adventurer; the two huts; the abundance of goats and fruit: again, his gradually being accustomed to this mode of solitary life, and his rising disposition towards religion, evidently originate from the narrative of Selkirk. The turnips of the latter seem to have given rise to the corn of Crusoe; his clothing himself, after the wreck of his European habits, and two or three other circumstances of smaller moment, are evidently derived from this authentic source. Everything is, however, so much heightened, so many interesting incidents are added, and the whole so admirably composed, that this portion of the work, certainly by far the most attractive, loses little by being traced to an older source.

¹ Captain Rogers, having mentioned some other stories of the kind, thus proceeds to authenticate his own, and to make some reflections, which, though homely and plain, are exactly such as are felt on perusing the more extensive and fictitious narrative of De Foe: “Whatever there is in these stories, this of Mr Selkirk I know to be true; and his behaviour afterwards gives me reason to believe the account he gave me how he spent his time, and bore up under such an affliction, in which nothing but the divine Providence could have preserved any man. By this, one may see that solitude and retirement from the world is not such an insufferable state of life as most men imagine, especially when people are fairly called or thrown into it unavoidably, as this man was; who, in all probability, must otherwise have perished in the seas, the ship which left him being cast away not long after, and few of the company escaped. We may perceive by this story the truth of the maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention, since he found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life,
though not so conveniently, yet as effectually, as we are able to do with the help of all our arts and
society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the
health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty,
especially of strong liquor, and the variety, as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man,
when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his
strength and agility. But I must quit these reflections, which are more proper for a philosopher and
divine, than a mariner.” : p. 130.