hold the plate in my hand. Even now where I write in the Captain's cabin my paper is moving all over the table, & my chair is sliding all over the cabin.

I have just finished a hearty dinner, & will have to close so as to be in time for the mail. Cousin Virgy sends her love.

I will write both Papa & yourself from Liverpool. Direct your letters to the London bankers.

Good-bye, much love to everybody.

Your Aff. Son

George Gibbs.