very fine st boat and stormy weather, heavy gales for some weeks - the day before yesterday we had the first heavy blowing we have been out - the we were obliged to take in our top gallant sails and royals - it could scarcely be called a storm - which I presume shall not now be long without seeing in all its awful majesty - from to few our course has been on that part of the Ocean where squalls are only prevalent.

I have read two more of Scotts Novels - the Bride of Lammermoor and the Legend of Montrose - I like the characters in both particularly the former - but not at all the way it ends - I have also been reading Pierce Pocklamosquow travels in England, which are very entertaining - his comments upon English society are admirable - there is a style of ease and frankness about his letters very rarely met with -

Notwithstanding the many hours I devote to reading there are some you may suppose out of the many passed in this little floating and solitary prison - abstracted from its gloom, swifter than the flouting bee-fly to our dear native land