Shroud and with turnen buncas, and wondering how you all are, what new has happened, what you are doing - what thinking of and a thousand other whats & hows - a single line from home, how delightful would it be - sweeter to me than all earthly pleasures.

Tuesday October 10th. —

It has been nearly three weeks since I last scratched upon this faint sheet - the fault of roughness rolling of ship makes it difficult to write. We are now off the Cape of good Hope lying perfectly still becalmed, the sea as smooth as the tranquil waters of a mill pond - and the day as sweet as any that ever graced the face of the verdant lawns and lofty trees of P. Grove - to me so dear; the weather has been very cold, and winds for us direct a head for the last week, which has taken us in very near the land, causing us to tack and very nearly retrace our course again - God only knows when we shall get round the Cape if this wind holds - in the large quarter - I am in hopes the calm to day will bring a change of wind - this station off here