is the commencement of Summer — Just this time last year E. H., and I were at P. Juan — in the midst of enjoyment and sport — how different now are my amusements — or rather lack of time — I am still reading Scott's novels — but getting a little tired of them — whether from their want of interest — or my wearing from reading, having no other sport for the mind (from one days end to an other,) I am thoughtless (which but few can have other than a cloudy cast) — R. Emory

R. Com R. R. R. R. Saturday Oct. 20th

Nothing of note has occurred within the last two days except, we spoke a French Barque bound to the W. of France full of passengers French officers we suppose — She was a beautiful vessel, but could not sail with us — we are now in the midst of bad weather and heavy seas passing the Cape — the worst part of our voyage has now commenced, you know in far southern latitudes it is colder than in Northern latitudes, and as we have a bout 120° East Longitude to make, before we can have to the Northward, running