Sixteen thousand feet above the level of
the sea, what think you of it— I passing
by some of their islands in the night. The
air is tuffuly [sic] pungent with delicious per
=fume from them—

December 26th "—
Not exactly Christmas day, but the day
after— and we are still at sea, "tho thanks
to not far from our journey's end—
We left the Straits with threatning weather
but a fine breeze— which brought from South East=
=ly to about 11° North and 113 East—
Which changed from S.W. to N and N.E
and blew for three days by far the worst gale
we have had— It was one those Typhoons that
this Climate is subject to— that are you know
the most disastrous gales that blow— We lay.
too under a close reef main topsail the whole
time— and our little Ship weathered like a duck,
Our Captain said himself said it blew harder
and had our sails not been one of the best
sea boats in the world, there is no telling
what damage we should have sustained
Our sails while it lasted and I believe the last
night— it thundered and lightning [illegible] more
awful than you can comprehend—
Yesterday week the Storm abated, and since we
have made the best of time by getting when we
are at the mouth of Canton bay— 10 o'clock
last night laying too "till morning to get a