

U.S. flag-ship *Lancaster*, and a match with the Bahia Cricket Club, all tended to make our stay agreeable, which at length was cut short by the appearance of a case of yellow fever. The sufferer was landed, and on the 25th September we sailed to secure against the spread of the disease by seeking a colder climate.

A section was now commenced across the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope. When clear of the land, sail was made, and with a pleasant breeze we raced on into cooler and healthier latitudes. It had been intended to sight and make a short stay off the little island of Trinidad, a rocky and barren spot, surrounded with a dangerous shore of almost unapproachable, sharp, rugged rock, over which generally a rough and turbulent surf breaks, affording security to innumerable sea-birds, for whose refuge it seems expressly formed.

Owing, however, to unfavourable winds and other causes, we were unable to get nearer than 300 miles; so our course was altered for Tristan d'Acunha. During the passage the usual programme of sounding and trawling was carried out when opportunities offered. The ocean seems teeming with animated organisms. The drift nets, which are always trailing behind us, get filled in a short time with immense numbers of little living creatures, pretty-looking red and blue cockles, sea-nettle, and various other inhabitants of the deep, many of the most minute size and delicate form and tint.