

energy, took us in charge, and very shortly an *entente Cordiale* was established between our men and the young folks on shore; and notwithstanding the broiling heat, cricketing during the day and dancing at night sped the time along.

The American frigate *Lancaster* arrived on the 16th, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Taylor, and the two crews fraternized as usual. A play had been arranged for our men on board the American ship, and invitations had been issued by the "English Cricketers" to a ball, when we were suddenly pulled up by one of our leave-men returning on board with yellow fever. He was at once removed to hospital on shore, but the shadow of this fell scourge having once fallen over us, no further dalliance nor delay was possible. Leave was stopped, and as soon as the final arrangements could be made we weighed anchor and ran southward. The poor fellow died in hospital a few days after our departure.

Immediately outside the bay we got into fine fresh weather. No second case appeared, and although one or two cases of simple fever which followed kept up our anxiety for a week or two, long before we reached the breezy latitudes of Tristan d'Acunha the ship was as healthy as ever, and all cause of alarm was past.

On the 26th of September we swung ship for the errors of the compasses, and for the next three days we continued our course a little to the east of south under all plain sail. We sounded on the 30th, lat. $20^{\circ} 13'$ S., long. $35^{\circ} 19'$ W., in 2150 fathoms, with a bottom of reddish mud, and a bottom temperature of $0^{\circ} \cdot 6$ C. An attempt was made to dredge, but the dredge-rope carried away. A serial temperature sounding was taken at intervals of 100 fathoms down to 1500 (Fig. 32).

On the 2d of October we saw our first albatross, sailing round the ship with that majestic, careless flight which has been our admiration and wonder ever since, rising and sinking, and soaring over us in all weathers, utterly regardless of the motion of