

Aware that warm and dry clothing was an object of the first importance, inspections of the men's feet and dress were held morning and evening, in which the wearing of a suitable number of garments was insisted upon, as well as the greatest personal cleanliness. With the same views, the drying-stoves were particularly attended to; and that every part under deck might be effectually and quickly freed of moisture, additional stoves had been procured at Sydney. Thermometers were hung up in proper places, and frequently consulted, in order by following their indications to secure an equable temperature, and at the time to ascertain when the use of stoves might be dispensed with, in whole or in part. The latter was an important consideration, for we were under the necessity of husbanding our stock of fuel, by expending it only when absolutely necessary.

We also took advantage of the fine weather to bend all our best sails, and to shift our top-gallant masts.

The 1st January was one of those days, which are termed, both at sea and on shore, a weather-breeder. The sea was smooth and placid, but the sky was in places lowering, and had a wintry cast, to which we had long been strangers; the temperature shortly began to fall, the breeze to increase, and the weather to become misty. In a few hours we were sailing rapidly through the water, with a rising sea, and by midnight it was reported that the tender *Flying-Fish* was barely visible. I shortened sail, but it was difficult to stop our way; and on the morning of the 2d of January, the fog was dense, and the *Peacock* and *Porpoise* only were in sight; we hove-to, and the *Peacock* and *Porpoise* were ordered to stand east and west, in order to intercept the tender, but they returned without success; we also fired guns in hopes of being heard. In the afternoon, I deemed it useless to wait any longer for her, and that I must take the chance of falling in with her at *Macquarie Island*, our first appointed place of rendezvous,—a visit to which I had flattered myself might have been avoided, but which it became necessary now to make. We accordingly proceeded on our course for that island, with all sail set. This separation of the tender took place in the latitude of 48° S., and she was not again seen until our return. The officers and crew were not slow in assigning to the *Flying-Fish* a similar fate with her unfortunate mate, the *Sea-Gull*. Men-of-war's men are prone to prognosticate evil, and on this occasion they were not wanting in various surmises. Woful accounts were soon afloat of the distress the schooner was in when last seen,—and this in quite a moderate sea.

The barometer now began to assume a lower range, and the temperature to fall below 50°. On the 3d, the fog continuing very thick,