2nd June 1864 Thursday
The breeze continues the same as yesterday. As I write this the flying fish are passing by my port in flocks of from 12 to 20. They fly very like a swallow and about 100 yards at a time. They are about the size and shape as a Mackrel. We had our bath as usual at 5.30 a.m.

Going 6 knots.

Exactly under the sun today.