

Monday, July 10th. On board-ship "Diana," somewhere between the Orkneys and the Faroes.

I FELT rather ill last night when I turned in, and Faulkner gave me some chlorodyne to make me sleep; it kept me awake and made me very nervous, so that I felt as if the ship were going to the bottom at every lurch, i.e. at every two seconds, for she rolled heavily; however, I got better of my qualms, in all despite of the bilge-water—such a sweet smell! I woke finally about five, went up, and walked barefoot about the decks as they were swilling them still; it was a grey morning with a very calm sea now, and a cloud rather darker than the others on our left was the southern isles of the Orkneys: later on, about 9 a.m., I think, we passed the northernmost isle quite close, but all we saw was a sandy strip of land with a lighthouse on it; on the other board was the Fair Isle now, where Kari stayed with David before he struck the last strokes in the avenging of Njal¹; and further northward we can see Shetland very dimly. Fair Isle and Shetland are both high conical hills to look at.

We are to run between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, and were told last night by the mate that we were going to catch it to-day, as here we first met the roll of the Atlantic meeting, itself, the races between the islands; his prophecy was speedily fulfilled now, and I was soon sick, but not very ill; I lay mostly in the deck cabin as quietly as the ship's rolling would let me, but went out at whiles to be sick and look about me. It grew a lovely sunny day though with plenty of wind; the sails were hoisted and we were going at a round pace, while the great swell came in right abeam of us: once when I went out as far forward as I could for the wet (for she shipped seas plentifully), there seemed to be a great glittering green and

¹The Story of Burnt Njal; by Sir George Dasent, Edinburgh, 1861, II, 322.

white wall on either side of us, and the ship staggering down the trough between them; the sails flapped and swelled, and the sea seemed quite close to the low gunwale amidships; then I went to the little platform astern and lay about there watching the waves coming up as if they were going to swallow us bodily and disappearing so easily under her: it was all very exciting and strange to a cockney like me, and I really enjoyed it in spite of my sickness. As the day wore the wind fell somewhat, and poor Faulkner, who had been very bad came up on deck and lay on the stern with me wrapped up in blankets till about eleven when it was still quite light, when we went to bed right out in the Atlantic. Thors-
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