

Wednesday, July 12th. On board-ship "Diana" near the East firths of Iceland.

I SLEPT long and got up at nine, and found the ship making good way before a north-east wind, and no land anywhere; the morning was grey and uncheerful, and it worsened as the day wore, getting very cold, but did not rain. The only thing we saw but desolate grey sea and sky was a shoal of porpoises about 2 p.m. that came leaping after the ship, throwing themselves right out of the water; I had never seen this very common sea-sight before, and it pleased me very much.

I hung about till late that night (1 a.m.) in hopes of seeing Iceland, but was told we should not sight it till morning so I went to bed. I had better say again that we are going to stop at Berufirth, nearly 400 miles to the east of Reykjavik: shall not stay there half an hour the captain says: we have to put ashore one Captain Hammer, an old Danish whaling skipper, who goes most years to Jan Meyen for whale, but lost his ship last year, and has oily business in these East firths; and also a woe-begone East-firther, with whom I have tried to sharpen my Icelandic sometimes.