

Saturday, July 8th. On board-ship "Diana" lying in Granton Harbour.

I WOKE up at five this morning to a very bright calm day, and ran to the window to see if "Diana" has come in during the night, for I have a sort of feeling that we shall never get away from Granton, and indeed, it is a place to inspire that feeling: however, there was nothing new there, and I went to bed again till I thought my less impatient friends would be stirring, and then came down to breakfast, in the middle of which Magnússon's womankind came in from the train: then Faulkner and I went out together and walked about the pier watching the smoke of every steamer (a good many they were) that was to be seen in the firth: Evans had gone to see a friend up the country, and I secretly thought him very rash; not really I mean, but from the imaginative point of view. Well, after getting my letters from the agent, we came into the coffee-room again, and still amused ourselves by looking over the firth for our ship, till I saw the smoke of a steamer that seemed coming our way, and presently Magnússon's brother-in-law cried out that he thought it was the "Diana:" so we looked till we could see a vessel making straight for the harbour which we thought was a screw, and then Faulkner and I ran out in great excitement, and on to the pier-head and there she was stem on and certainly a screw, and in a few minutes Magnússon joined us and told us that the agent had just come in with the news that the "Diana" was sighted: she ran up her flag presently, but we couldn't see it because she was meeting the wind; but the rig and look of her was just what the "Diana" had been described as being: she brought up a little way from the harbour because they were signalling to her about where she was to

go; but presently came on again, and the captain bellowed to the harbour-master: "Where then?" The harbour-master bellowed back: "What have you got to deliver?" The Captain: "Nothing at all." The harbour-master said something I didn't hear and presently she was into the harbour and broadside on to us and there anchored in the middle of the harbour;¹ she was a long low vessel with three raking masts, and was once a gunboat; she carries the swallow-tailed Danish flag with a crown and post-horn (royal mail) in the corner. Magnússon, Faulkner and I got a boat presently, and boarded her, and saw a fat mild-faced steward, who refused five shillings which I had the bad manners, I don't know why, to offer him: he showed us the berths, and we picked out four unengaged ones: I pretended not to be dismayed at the size of them and the sleeping-cabin—but I was: however, there was a comfortable deck-cabin with sofas² to lie on all round; and the look of the boat is satisfactory to me; because yesterday we were told that she was only 140 tons; whereupon Evans pointed out to me a steamer-yacht lying in the harbour, and told me she was 150 tons, and as she was about as big as an up-Thames barge, though I pretended not to care, my flesh crept, for I expected firstly to die of sea-sickness, secondly to be drowned.³ Well, we made arrangements for getting our luggage on board, for we were told we should sail at eight that evening, and then I went to write my letters in a rather excited frame of mind, having managed to get rid of the feeling that had possessed me since I got to Granton, that we are about come to our journey's *end*. About six p.m. the porters came for our luggage, and Magnússon, Evans and I went down to the boat with it, getting thoroughly wetted on the way by a Scotch shower; (for both this day and the day before the weather had been very violent & uncomfortable after eleven a.m.)

¹ It seems she stuck on a mudbank, and couldn't get to the coaling pier till she floated again at high water which was what delayed us.

² The said sofas, however, were berths by night and had a board also that let down above them, so that they were double berths.

³ We found out afterwards that the "Diana" was 240 tons.

“Diana” was amidst of coaling, and was dirty and confused, and I felt as if we should none of us be allowed to eat or go to bed all the voyage through: but in spite of the confusion a red-headed good-tempered mate, who spoke English, and by the way was very like P.P. Marshall,¹ received us with smiles; but informed us that she wouldn’t sail till six the next morning, as also, which I didn’t know before, that we were not going straight to Reykjavík, but should touch at Berufirth in the East:² these were blows to me, who was impatient to an absurd degree to be fairly on the expedition and in the saddle; but I bore them well, and we went back to dinner: but just as we were asking for our bill, came a message from the captain that he was going to start that evening; so out we all turned and down to the ship; as we went along the pier a long queer-looking sailor more or less in liquor came up and began talking Faroese (which to my pride I understood) and it seems he wanted to get a passage out there in the “Diana;” he succeeded and I saw him, tarry and beery, shaking hands with a Faroese lady-passenger on board. Well, there we were on board without tuck of drum, not so much as Blue Peter hoisted, to Evans’ great disgust; in such a muddle! the luggage undiscoverable, and I quite sure in my mind that it had never come on board, the decks dirtier than ever; twenty-four passengers on board that bit of a vessel, and where the deuce were they to sleep³ and eat: moreover, after all we are not to sail till to-morrow morning: however we three were in high spirits and enjoyed ridiculously small things; but Magnússon seemed depressed, and chaff failed to rouse him. The four of us sat down to whist in the cabin, played a long rubber, the last, alas! for many a day, and then went up on deck about midnight for a bit; it was very cold and very bright with the

¹ One of the members of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. Ed.

² It was a gain as it happened, as we saw thereby some of the strangest and most striking scenery in Iceland.

³ They slept (part of them) as in note p. 6 of course: as to the eating, everybody was not *always* able to sit down to table.

On board- light of the dawn already showing in the North-east and pre-
ship . sently the moon rising red over the firth. I felt happy and
"Diana" adventurous, as if all kinds of things were going to happen,
and very glad to be going. So to bed.