

Sunday, July 9th. On board-ship "Diana," somewhere in the Pentland Firth.

**W**OKE after fair sleep, and a dream of having letters from home, about a quarter to six, and heard the steam getting up, so jumped up, and washed and dressed under difficulties, and going up on deck had presently the pleasure of seeing them warping the ship's head round, then the screw began to turn, and we slowly steamed out of the harbour towards Iceland, unregarded by any living soul, but with our colours flying for all farewell: it was a sunny morning but with threatening of rain. Once out of the harbour they began to swab the decks and the little vessel looked quite clean and tidy now: she is as aforesaid **an old gunboat**, long and low, rising somewhat forward, and with bulkheads across the deck just forward of the deck-cabin, that seemed to us to forebode plenty of water on board: she has three masts, the foreward one has two square sails and a fore and aft sail, the middle one a fore and aft sail, and the after one no sail at all bent on it: round about the rudder is a little raised platform where we lay about a good deal on the voyage out, then comes the deck-cabin with a narrow covered passage leading forward on each side of it, and with a hurricane deck on the top: then there is a small open space broken by the skylights of the engine-room between the deck-cabin and the galley (cooking-place): there is good space for a walk forward of this, but when there is the least sea on, unless the wind is right astern it is too wet to be pleasant: over the galley, I forgot to say, is the bridge where the captain or mate stands to steer the ship: also our sleeping cabin is reached by stairs from the deck-cabin, and there is a ladies' cabin on the other side of ours—ours is a very small place, and almost pitch dark when the lamps are not lighted; as small as it is we were surprised

to find that it really was not very stuffy, for they have managed to ventilate it well. Pentland Firth

Well, when we were all fairly up, they gave us coffee and minute tops-and-bottoms, and we ate and drank on deck in comfort enough; the firth being quite smooth; nine o'clock was breakfast proper, by which time we were getting out of the firth and she was beginning to roll, for which she had a great talent; nevertheless I sat down to breakfast with a huge appetite (please don't be too much disgusted): breakfast was beefsteak and onion, smoked salmon, Norway anchovies, hard-boiled eggs, cold meat, cheese and radishes and butter, all very plenteous: this was the regular breakfast, only varied by eggs and bacon instead of beef.<sup>1</sup> Faulkner looked serious as he sat down and presently disappeared; I think the first man on board.

We were soon fairly out and running north along the Scotch coast, a very dull and uninteresting-looking coast too: there is not much sea and the wind is astern, the day very sunny and bright and I enjoyed myself hugely though I was rather squeamish at first: you get lazy and are quite contented with watching the sea on board ship when all is going well and the weather is warm: Faulkner is prostrate now but very resigned, and lies without moving on the platform by the wheel: the day clouded over a little towards evening and threatened rain, but throughout the weather was fair; one amusement was seeing the sailors heave the log, which they do every two hours, I think; it consists of throwing a piece of wood and a long line into the sea, and letting it run out and then winding it up again, whereby (not being scientific, I don't know why) they find out how fast the ship is going: the coxswain saw to this; he was a queer little man with a red beard, and a red nose like a carrot, and bright yellow hair like spun glass: as they wound the line up they would sing a little sea-song that pleased my unmusical taste.

We went under sail all day and made about ten knots an

<sup>1</sup> They victualled us for 3s. 9d. per diem—cheap—but then you see everybody had always to pay, but everybody couldn't always eat.

North of  
Orkney

hour, which was good; about nine we saw the last of the Scotch coast, and I turned in at twelve with no land to be seen anywhere, and we in the Moray firth.