

Friday, September 1st. On board the "Diana" off the south coast of Iceland.

UP at half-past four, and after finishing packing, down to the strand whence Eyvindr and Gisli rowed us aboard at about a quarter to six. The ponies were taken aboard last night, and there they are now looking prepared for everything. The wind changed to a fair wind in the night; but the weather does not look promising, and the captain is inclined to chaff us about our probable fate.

There lay a large English schooner yacht just ahead of the "Diana" which had come into the harbour yesterday afternoon; a boat put off from her presently and discharged a man on our deck, a friend of Evans, who after having been three weeks in coming here from Glasgow and walking about Reykjavík in the wet for an hour or two yesterday afternoon, is going back this morning with us to England.

Well, we shook hands with Eyvindr and Gisli, and they got into their boat and went back home: they had been very hard-working friendly trusty fellows to us, and contented and good-humoured to a marvel.

Then came the Magnússons on board, late and hurried, the anchor came up and the ship's head turns south again, and in a minute or two we are steaming down Faxafirth. We got sail on the ship when we were round the corner, and went on steadily enough: poor C.J.F. collapsed at once into his berth; I was a little sick at first, but soon got better again. About nine o'clock p.m. we made the Westman Islands, and lay-to under the huge cliffs in the dusk to deliver our *one*

letter: a light came up on the sea and faded, then came up South
again, and presently a boat was by the ship's side, a man coast of
clambered on deck, and three minutes afterward we had left Iceland
that melancholy place behind. So to bed.