

Saturday, September 2nd. On board the "Diana" off Beru-firth.

**U**P and on deck, whence there is nothing to be seen but rainy grey sky and sulky grey sea not very rough. We get on well enough till about 3 p.m. when the weather gets somewhat thick, and we sound again and again, the captain being nervous of getting too near this iron coast with its toothed hidden rocks. At last we see a fishing smack lying-to ahead, and the captain hails her for information and finds we are about seven miles from shore, which is too close as things go. I was touched at the sight of the round-bowed craft washing about on the grey seas, and her men hanging over the bulwark with their fishing-lines, all looking so familiar to that unresting hard life. So on again, but before night-fall the skipper gave up all hope of getting into Berufirth that night, and we lay-to at last for the night, rolling quite as much as was pleasant; yet I slept.