

Sunday, September 3rd. On board the "Diana," somewhere between Iceland and the Faroes.

THE first turn of the screw woke me about three this morning, and we were soon in the head of Berufirth but had to wait for a pilot to take us in to Djúpivogr (the trading-station) as it was still rather thick. A sad dripping misty day it was when we cast anchor in the harbour; after the first quarter of an hour the mountains were not to be seen, nothing but the dripping shore, and the black houses of the merchant-stead. We went ashore for an hour or two, had coffee in the merchant's house, looked over his store for fox-skins and found none: then C.J.F. and I wandered away among the rocks inshore, happy enough if not exactly extremely well. At noon the signal-gun was fired, and we went

The last
of Iceland

aboard, and were off presently, and the last I saw of Iceland was but the shadows of the rocks dimly looming through the mist. The pilot's boat towed alongside of us; I watched it going through the water cold green under the shadow of our sides: the pilot's son sat in the stern, a tall handsome looking youth about eighteen: "wide-faced, grey-eyed and open-eyed," the very type of a northern youth, as he sat looking dreamily out to sea. His father went over the side into the boat presently and they cast off, and soon even the shadows of the rocks faded into the mist, and I had seen the last of Iceland: the last for ever I thought, though it seems now (June, 1873) that I am to see it again.

We made good way toward the south-east all day and toward the evening the rain ceased, the wind blew fair, and we were running ten knots an hour. I had been sick in the morning but was better now; well enough to stand well pleased in the waist of the ship, which is very low and near the water, and watch the moon come out over the shifting horizon made by the great Atlantic rollers, that came on thence till they towered over us and sank under our keel, and were away again to leeward. So to bed.