

Tuesday, September 5th. On board the "Diana" between the Faroes and the Orkneys.

A BRIGHT morning to begin with, but as the day wore the sky clouded over and the wind rose; amidst which we set off again at about 11 a.m. I watched the islands, which were clear enough now, and noted all the openings to their labyrinths till the day began to get very gloomy, when

Faroes
and the
Orkneys

I went into the cabin not wishing to have an ugly last impression of so beautiful a place as I had thought it, for I never thought to see it again.

The wind rose still and the sea with it, and we made but slow way, for we were going very near the wind, and at last I went to a very uneasy bed in which my feet were often much higher than my head; nor did I sleep much, though having my sea-legs now I was not sick.