

Wednesday, September 6th. On board the "Diana" off the North coast of Scotland.

A VERY rough night it had been, and was rough all the early part of the day, and the wind was foul so that we made way slowly. We sighted Foul Isle about noon and Fair Isle a little after, and made the Orkneys about half-past three: after which wind and sea fell, and by then we had passed the Southernmost Orkneys about seven we were sailing on a quite even keel; we could just see the low bank of the islands against a beautiful golden sunset, as we sailed along in great rest and peace, and so went to bed joyously after last night's tumbles.