

Saturday February 28.

Sailed at 2 o'clock amid a great crowd and water cheering. The 'Windward' Captain Murray went out in front of us, their Captain bellowing 'Starboard' and 'Starboard' like a Bull of Bastard. We set out in a quieter and more business like way. We are as clean as a Gentleman's yacht, all shining brass and snow white decks. Saw a young lady that I was introduced to but whose name I did not catch waving a handkerchief from the end of the pier. Took off my hat from the Hope's quarterdeck though I don't know her from Eve. Rather rough winds and the glass falling rapidly. Beat about the bay for several hours and had dinner with champagne in honour of Baxter and grandees on board. Pilot boat came and fetched them all off at last, together with an unfortunate Stow-away who tried to conceal himself in the Tween decks. Sailed for Shetland in a rough wind, glass going down like a system. As long as I stick on deck I'll

Sunday March 1st

at into Lerwick at 7.30 P.M. Deuced lucky for us on

a gale is rising and if we hadn't made the land we might have lost boats and bulwarks. We were uneasy about it, but we sighted the Bussay light about 5:30. Captain very pleased. We got in before the Windward, though they had 3-hour start.

Monday March 1st

Blowing a hurricane. Windward got in at 2 AM only just in time. The whole harbour is one sheet of foam. Feel very comfortable aboard. Have a snug little cabin. Telegraph gone wrong between this and Peterhead. Robey takes

Tuesday March 2nd

Glass down at 28.375. Captain has never seen it so low. Blowing like Billy outside. Made out the baser list. Tait on religion and atheism. He is our Skelland agent, not half such a fool he looks.

Wednesday March 3rd

Fine day. Glass still very low. Went on shore with the Captain after breakfast. Enlisted our Skelland hands. Fearful rush and row in Tait's small office. 'Jan Meyers' & 'Kietus' came in. Murray