

Friday, August 11th. In the same place.

THE first thing I saw when I woke this morning was the masts of a brigantine with the Danish flag flying at the peak against the "Stick-holm;" she has come in the night, being that same craft we saw yesterday tossing about at sea, and there she lies looking quite important and exciting amongst the half dozen of little fishing keels. It is a pleasant look out over the firth here: two islands come out clear among many, a little one close by, and some five miles out a bigger one, Hrappsey, a monastery once, and afterwards famous as a printing place.² From the pier we can see the wall of skerries that cuts off Hwammfirth from the sea, but we are seaward of that, as you may see on the map. We were to stay here all day, to give the horses a rest and overhaul our boxes to see if we could get rid of any of them: this last was a business in which C.J.F. would only allow me the share of looking on, which I did with great content and industry, especially as it was a fine bright day, warm in spite of the chilly wind, which however did not blow strong. So there were we three in the yard (for Magnússon had gone to see a

² There was never a monastery at Hrappsey, the only island in Broadfirth where a house of regulars was established being Flatey, where the Holy Fell monastery was founded. The author may have confounded the two places. The Hrappsey press lasted from 1773 to 1794 when it was removed to Skalholt. E.M.

Stykkis-
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friend) roaring with laughter from time to time as various messes turned up: for I may remark here, that no one unless he had tried it can imagine what will happen even to very well packed boxes (as ours were) carried on pack-horses; for example: in one of our boxes was a wound-up ball of fine string; now opening this box at Geysir I came across a lot of nasty-looking fluff and couldn't make out what it was till at last I found a little nucleus of the said twine still wound about the stick, and all the rest was beautiful oakum; at Ey-rarbakki we bought some wheat-flour and put it in a tin box, the bottom whereof came clean out at Hnausar; at Herdholt our tin case of mustard was found smashed, and the mustard all over everything; here the great mess is the medicine-chest: the chlorodyne has run into the citrate of quinine, and made some chemical combination of it which looks like a kind of sweet-stuff "rock;" and both these which appear to have "gone off fizzing" have mixed with the sulphur ointment and made a slimy jelly of it; and the whole thing is peppered beautifully with red precipitate (louse-powder, so please you.) One of the boxes has a mixture of cocoa, grass-cut latakia and paper at the bottom of it, which it is quite a joy to turn out on to the stones here. As to the biscuit-boxes, why tell how the whiskey-keg has danced a hole in one, and what a queer powder the most of them hold now?

I must now tell to my shame, how I have had the pass of Búlandshöfði on my mind for some days and how last night I questioned Thorlacius upon it and his description of it didn't comfort me. 'Tis a narrow road along the face of a steep slip above the sea two days' journey ahead now: I didn't really think it dangerous for capable people, but I distrusted my head sorely, and thought how disastrous it would be if that gave way half way across: I pray excuses for this but from all I heard I thought of something like walking across the third-floor joists of a half-finished house, a thing that masons and builders do without thinking of, but which would certainly mean a broken neck to many people. Any-

how all things considered I pretty much make up my mind this morning to go round by another way with Magnússon and the train while Evans and C. J. F. take the Búlandshöfði road: the way round would be by the other side of the promontory and so over Fróðarheiði, a troublesome road, but not at all dangerous. Stykkisholm

I sauntered through the day, but went out a little walk about 8 p.m. looking into the rocky creeks about the place, and sat down at last facing those often spoken of mountains just as the sky began to change with sunset, which turned out a very wonderful one, the mountains going all golden-red with it, and the distant hills on the north side of Broadfirth looking like red clouds against the green sky: then I saw the sun sink behind the farthest ness of Broadfirth as if it had been pulled down, and the colour faded slowly out of the mountains, but all the western sky was covered with rippling golden clouds, the clear green showing between them; and hours afterwards, just as we were going to bed, the dark clouds had a ripple of red on them and the green sky was grown greener still. I was much impressed by my walk and being alone, and made up my mind that it was mean to shirk Búlandshöfði as one of the marvels of our pilgrimage, and so quite gave up the idea of going round, to my great content in the end.

I walked about the little pier when I got back, and watched the sun set and the bright clear water about, and a man or two upon the little brigantine, till a boat came off from her, and two men landed close by me, one of whom fell to talking English with me, telling me he was the owner of the vessel, and that it was called the "Holger;" he introduced the other man, a young fellow quite, as indeed he himself was, as the skipper: said skipper, who talked English too, was as like Edmund Talboys as like could be.² The owner was a good-tempered vulgar Danish Jew, I should say, very ill-man-

² I notice now that he is like Mr. Toft, the Yankee-Dane also; and also like brother-in-law Gilmore: sea-faring men are apt to be born so.

Stykkis-
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nered; he came into Mr. Thorlacius's parlour afterwards and I thought was very rude to him. However, he offered to take letters for us to England, to my great joy as you may well imagine; so I sat down and wrote in huge excitement. And a little after to bed.