

Miklaholt Thursday, August 17th. In the bonder's house at Miklaholt.

WHAT a night that was for wind! I woke up in the middle of the night with a start, thinking that tent and all must be carried away, such a flapping and tearing as there was; all held well however, and I didn't dislike it, though I kept on being woke up every hour or so; at last at seven I awoke for good, but lay there some time pretending to think that C.J.F. was still asleep: for you see it had been settled over-night that we were to get up at seven and ride to Hitardale; but soon came coffee, and then C.J.F. confessed he had been playing the same game as I had, to my great pleasure. The wind was blowing furiously still, the rain peppering on the mountainward side of the tent, the sun shining bright on the seaward side: but cold it was, when one stirred a little.

We had scarcely finished our coffee when Evans came and wanted us to get up at once, but I am ashamed to say we received him with jeers, for we were most beautifully comfortable where we were; moreover we had broken the handle off our frying pan the day before, and here we were at a good stead where we could mend it, and we would stop a bit. So we didn't get up till it was just breakfast-time (ten o'clock), after which I spent my time in watching the heroic efforts of C.J.F. and Magnússon in smithying on anew the handle of the frying pan, which, having been accomplished somehow, did really seem to us all an admirable work. But all this had taken us some time, and we had no chance of getting to Hitardal, and so we had to aim at Miklaholt, starting at four o'clock on a raw, uncomfortable afternoon. Though the sun had been shining out at sea and sometimes over our heads, the mountains were all covered with clouds, and the furious wind had driven the rain down upon us all day; by then we started, the clouds were higher and it was not raining, but it was bitter cold, as aforewrit. It is only a ride of four hours before we see Miklaholt lying away amid marshes near the sea; the mountains had come nearer to our left on the way, and were now very wild-looking and striking in shape, jagged and peaked

mostly, but with a pyramid lying amidst a gap of them. It is a wild sunset, fiery and cloudy behind these high peaks whose shadows seem cast right and left by it over the eastern clouds. Miklaholt

So we turn away toward the bogs of Miklaholt, getting a boy from a little stead to guide us: an imp of a lad who, riding one of our horses barebacked, never ceases to wag his legs and twist about on the saddle; it was a three miles ride over the very worst bogs, over which however there was something of a road made, before we came on to a little rise on which was the t^{ún} of Miklaholt with its house & church: the folk of the house were all standing in a row to welcome us as we came to the house-door,² but were rather puzzled as to where to lodge us, saying, when Magnússon spoke of the guides among other difficulties, "Ah, an Icelander can be thrust into an Icelander's dog-hole—but these foreign gentlemen!" However we got very good quarters in the parlour, and all of us were well satisfied, saving Evans, who was very angry at having had to come out of his way over the bogs. In fact there was some plain speech passed between him and Magnússon, in which he was quite in the wrong; but in fact he was somewhat sick, it turned out, so had a right to be sulky. So to bed on the floor.