

Wednesday, August 2nd. At the same place.

SLEPT till nine when I got up very well and light-hearted and with a furious appetite; breakfast of smoked mutton, salmon and curds which I think very good: I looked up the geography of Njála and wrote my diary quite contented with not going out into the weather, which was very cold and raw, though not rainy: so we wore away the morning, none of us saying anything about going on till 10, it was half past three and then we all agreed it would be too late, as we should be knocking up Skaptason at night: so we amuse ourselves very well; buy beautiful warm stockings of the goodwife; clean our guns which want it sorely enough; do our best to dry our soaked gear of yesterday: then I, seeing a netting needle and mesh propose beginning a net for the

Grims-
tunga

goodman which amuses me till it is time to get ready for cooking dinner, Faulkner meantime making a biscuit box into a sugar box for us is thoughtful over it, and Magnússon and Evans amuse themselves in a simpler way by sleeping: then I take possession of the kitchen; that is as always, a little shed with a hearth built up of dry stones, and a hole in the roof for the smoke, the rafters black and shining with soot. The fuel was good peat to-day, and as I had plenty of time I worked hard at my stew and soup: they really were both very good, or else we were very hungry: we asked the bonder to dinner (in his own parlour) and with some demur he assented, but I thought he didn't like my cookery as well as the rest. Whist after this for a couple of hours and so to bed: for I suppose we dined about nine as we generally did.