

Tuesday, August 29th. In a house (Geir Zoega's I think) in Reykjavík.

A WILD broken morning: the "Diana," which was away at Hafnafirð yesterday, came in again in the night, and lies there now, a sweet sight to my eyes. It was a day of nothings, inexpressibly dull after our old life: trouble about selling our horses, a business full of shilly-shally—early bed was the only comfort.