

Wednesday, August 30th. In the same place.

A WET day and stormy: the only thing that happened was our going to see the museum which has a great deal of interesting things in it, ancient, mediaeval, and modern art even the latter differing little from the thirteenth-century forms. All else was shilly-shally about the horses, and people saying that we could never start on Friday the day appointed. In spite of all that my spirits rose towards evening; for I felt somehow that nothing could keep me from starting now. This day also we overhauled our stores, and gave the greater part of the surplus to Eyvindr and Gisli to their great joy and handshaking. Also we sold the horses this evening to Geir Zoega.