

Thursday, August 31st. In the same place.

**W**EATHER worse than ever, raining fearfully, and blowing great gusts right in our teeth for Berufirth. Also this morning, as I lay in a very clean bed in a very clean room, I saw a Louse crawl just below my chin across the bed-clothes: the place was so clean that the inference was that I myself was lousy, which probability was plentifully rubbed in by my fellows, I assure you.

There seemed little chance indeed of our sailing next day, but my assurance that we should did not abate at all. We turned to at packing up which took us till about four in the afternoon, at which time we went to dinner at Dr Hjaltalin's, a great feast honoured also by the Governor. We are merry enough there drinking all kinds of toasts, and at last, when

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we had gotten to coffee, comes a message from the skipper of the "Diana" that the mails are on board and that we shall sail at 6 a.m. to-morrow.

So going out I find sure enough that the rain has left off and the wind fallen, and home we go to our lodgings to see about getting our luggage on board, Eyvindr and Gisli working with us in great joy at their gifts. So to bed very tired, for a few hours.