

Monday, August 7th. In the same place.

NOTHING but rest here to-day: I did at first make a last stand about the sketching, and sitting down on a hummock above the house began to try to draw it and the hill of Hauskuldstead on the other side the valley; but I got so miserable over it that I gave it up presently; C.J.F. on the contrary did make a *triangular* image of the house, to which I refer you if you want to know what a modern Icelandic house is like. The rest of the day I go wandering about, or lie in the tent: the morning was fine and bright but with a cold wind; but it clouded over about two and began raining at five, and was still raining but warmer when after a game at whist we went to bed.