

Sunday, July 16th. At the same place.

Reykjavík

**S**PENT by me in letter-writing and fidgeting and worrying about the weather, and the iron-work: for the smith hasn't finished the necessary eyed-irons for the boxes, and the locks (made by the hatter of Reykjavík) are ingeniously useless, and drive Faulkner mad: as to the weather, it was very bright and sunny in the morning, though with a bitter north wind blowing; but in the afternoon it got warm and close, the wind shifted to the south-east (the wet wind of Iceland) and it clouded over and began to rain. As we are to camp out the first night, it would be something like madness to set out on a wet day; so I make up my desponding mind to a week's stay in Reykjavík, and express that opinion all the afternoon and evening for the gratification of my fellows, till bed-time relieves me (and them) at last.