

Thursday, July 27th. In camp at the same place.

THE sun was shining when we got up, but in about half an hour it came on to rain and blow very hard: in despite of which we, having tried the hot springs for the cooking of our fish, and found them unsatisfactory, turned to, to light a fire, and after we had all tried and failed in succession two or three times, Evans at last managed it, and we fried our fish, and carrying it into the tent, ate it in huge triumph: to show our earnestness thereover I note that it was a little past nine when we began the fire-lighting,

Strokkur

and in the middle of breakfast (which we were not long over once got, I can tell you), Evans said,

“I wonder what o'clock it is?”

“About half past eleven, I should think,” quoth I, but looking at my watch therewith, I found it half past two. Well, we lay in our tent for a while, till at last the weather bettered, about five I think, and we set fishing, having first pinned a paper to the carefully closed tent, like a lawyer's clerk when he goes to lunch, to this effect: “Gone a-fishing in the next valley, back by eight,” because you remember we expected either Faulkner, or his messenger to say he couldn't come. We went over the north shoulder of the Melr, and so down into the valley behind it, which quite charmed us under the sun of the now fine afternoon: it fell back in a great semi-circle of flat grassy land bounded by the slopes of quite high hills, on the opposite side to the Melr, close under which ran the stream of the very clearest water: on the slopes of the other side was a big flourishing looking stead with its emerald green home-mead: we fished and loitered all up the stream, and I caught two fine trout, but Evans disdainful of a worm came home empty: we crossed the stream again close by where I was fishing yesterday, and so home the shortest way: it made a longish trudge for us, and we didn't come into camp much before nine: there we saw three or four horses standing near the tents and I recognised my little red one that I had lent Faulkner for his ease, and presently looking about we saw him and Magnússon standing with Gisli about Strokkur, which they had been stuffing with turf: we went up to them and there was a joyful meeting, for Faulkner was gotten pretty well all right, and the expedition seemed on its legs again; though he told me afterwards that so recently as the night before he had made up his mind (at Hrúni) to go back to Reykjavík and meet us as we came back from the West, and would have gone but that the man who was to have been his guide couldn't come at the last moment.

Well there was Magnússon with his nose over the depths of Strokkur, which was visibly getting very angry, the water rising and falling in a fitful way, till at last he shouted:

“Now he’s coming up,” and there was a roar in the crater as we all scuttled away at our fastest, and up shot a huge column of mud, water, and steam, amongst which we could see the intrusive turfs: then it fell and rose again several times as we turned and walked back to camp, playing for about twenty minutes in a fitful way: nay a full hour afterwards as we sat at dinner it made a last excursion into the air.

**The
Eruption**

So back to camp, and the night being fine made a fire easily, fried our fish, and dined, talking prodigiously, and so to bed after a very merry evening.