

Friday, July 28th. In camp at the same place.

I HAD been sleeping rather restlessly, when about 6 a.m. I was awoke by the Gusher growling in a much more obstinate way than we had heard him yet; then the noise seemed to get nearer till it swelled into a great roar in the crater, and we were all out in the open air in a moment, and presently saw the water lifted some six feet above the crater's lip, and then fall again heavily, then rise again a good bit higher and again fall, and then at last shoot up as though a spring had been touched into a huge column of water and steam some eighty feet high, as Faulkner and Evans guessed it; it fell and rose again many times, till at last it subsided much as it began with rumblings and thumpings of the earth, the whole affair lasting something less than twenty minutes: afterwards about 9.30 a.m. as we were busy washing our clothes in the Blesi-stream there was a lesser eruption: this one being over we put on our shoes and went off to the crater and walked over the hot surface of the outer one to look at the inner one where the water was sunk a long way down. People thought us lucky to have seen this, as Geysir had gushed the morning of Evans' and my arrival, and he doesn't often go off within six days of his last work: nay sometimes people will stay for a fortnight at the Geysirs without seeing it.

The weather was bright and hot at first this morning, but the rain came up about mid-day, and went circling about the hills, raining and hailing even amid sunshine, till about four

In camp

when it really did clear, and gave us a very fine afternoon and evening.

We lay in our tent during the rain, and Sigurðr the bonder of Hawkdale came up to keep us company, and to talk of our journey, for he was to be our guide on the morrow: the folk at Hruni had told Magnússon that the road was good this year on the east side of the great glaciers, and it would have been a desirable way of going north as we should have come out close to Skagafirth and Drangey: Sigurd however dissuaded us from it, said that White-water was very ill to cross high up, and the road very bad as you got further north and moreover that the way-marks had been destroyed: this looked as if he could not help us much at all events, and so we determined to stick to the west road through Kaldidalr as we had originally intended, and to-morrow are to make for an oasis in the wilderness called Brunnar (the springs).

We spent this afternoon in repitching Faulkner and Magnússon's tent, and in wringing and hanging out to dry our wash, stretching a line between the two tents, and hanging the things thereon, Faulkner having made some ingenious clothes-pegs out of firewood; I was quite pleased with the cosy homelike look of the camp when I came back to it after a walk and found everything in apple-pie order: you see wet weather in camp plays the deuce with order, one is so huddled up, there is nowhere to put things. We bought a lamb of Sigurd to-day, and parboiled a quarter of him in Blesi, and then fried a shoulder or so for our dinner and ate him with peas (preserved) and in fact had quite a feast. Then the moon rose big and red, the second time we had seen him so in Iceland, for last night though calm and unrainy was hazy: he scarcely cast a shadow yet though the nights were got much darker, so much so that when we sat down for our first game of whist in Iceland we had to light up to see the cards. We were all in high spirits, I in special I think, for I had fretted at the delay in this place sacred principally to Mangnall, and there had seemed a probability of the expedition being spoiled or half spoiled. So to bed and sound sleep.