

for her the arrival of the vessel and the lucky voyage from Copenhagen. So she rejoiced instead of to be perturbed by my sudden and unexpected arrival, and heartily said me welcome, and I entered into my well-known country-hous, Vogum, after I had been absent for 42 months on a foreign country and betwixt foreign people, and thanked God for His protection from damage eather by land or sea. I had become acquainted with many unseen and unheard of things in Iceland, and could, however, not but long for to live in my own nativ country, however miserable it is in comparation to other southwardly countries. . . .

"Now I began to be tedious of my vague manner of live, and courted a maiden, Gudrun Arnadottin, from the farm Sveinstrand by Myvotn, and she became my betrothed ; but as I had leased out my land in Vogum to my brother I could not marry. She lived therefore the next year at her father's hous, Sveinstrand, but I worked in different farms, to earn for my livlyhood, and some money before I began my farming. . . . The 28 of June, 1854, I became united by marriage to Gudrun my wife. There was a considerable body of people invited to our wedding. They were all feeded with fine bread, coffee, and brandy, as is usual by these occasions in my nativ country. . . . She was now in her 19th year, but I in my 25. I was then contented, and have ever been so since with this election of the Providence to my future cours of life. She had hitherto sincerely loved me, as well as I had loved her. She is of a temper mixed of a little choleric and melancoly, and her wrath pass soon over. She is beneficent to everybody after our little ability, and merit of me to be called the best wive in every respect toward me and other. . . .

"In the spring (1855) I lost some of my sheep for wanting of provender, which is a most lamentable accident that befalls the Icelandish farmer, to see his most usefull animals starving for want of food around his farm, as it is searching on the snow-covered pasture-land. Yes, it is a heart-rending sight to looke on it, when the poor animals go so very slowly to their cotes and caves, almost unable to support themselves for hunger. But nobody can help it when all the hay is consumed and there is nothing to be done but to kill the animals. This occurs almost anualli in the severe winters and springs which now successively