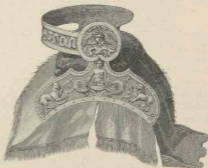


proceeds a very rapid drainage river, the Jökulsá i Solheimar Sandr, better known as the Fúllilækr, or the Foul-stream, a name earned for it by its filthy smell, precisely that of rotten eggs, due, of course, to impregnation with sulphuretted hydrogen. It bursts from underneath the glacier, like its brother of the Breithamerkr, but is not so large a stream. Professor Pajjkull entered one of the caves from which it issues, and found it 'about seven or eight feet in height and between twenty and thirty feet in length.' 'When I had come in,' says he, 'under this arch I feasted my eyes with the sight of the emerald-green ice that formed the thin roof, through which the daylight shone.' The river is very subject to sudden floods, called Jökulhlaups, due to the collection in the glacier itself of vast masses of water, which at intervals break the barriers that confine them and descend upon the plain. High railway-embankment-like stone ridges mark the devastation they have wrought.

The reason for the river's present course is easily found on Saga lines. Two wizards dwelt here, once upon a time. Thrasi, on the Skógar Plain, beheld a water-rush, and turned it by his spells upon the lands of his neighbour, Lothmundr. A slave brought his master word that the sea was breaking in from the north. Lothmundr makes him bring a bucketful,



ICELANDIC LADY'S SADDLE.

and soon finds out that this is not sea-water; so he fares unto the flood, and plants therein his staff, with a ring upon the top. He bites the ring, and lo, the flood betakes itself to Thrasi's side. And then each wizard strives to outwit the other, until they meet, and settle where the bed shall be.

My travelling companions, and their friends at Skógar and Holt, were fearful of the strength of my pony's lanky legs; so one lent me another horse, and the two took quite paternal charge, riding on each side of me, lest the sweep of the icy current should prove too strong. A bath in those swirling muddy waves would certainly be far from pleasant, and might easily be something worse; but the distance is soon covered, and all got safely over, including the Sysselman's wife. What! says some one, can ladies travel in Iceland? Certainly, as witness the expeditions of Miss Oswald and Miss Adelia Gates. True, Miss Oswald was stopped by this very stream, but not for her own sake. A companion refused to venture, yet such is the fascination of Icelandic travel, that the companion herself