

lines supposed to have been the 'standards' of the olden time. But the interest centres in a green spot, the summit of a lava wall a hundred yards or so in length, and only a few paces wide. On either side are rifts from ten to twenty feet in width, the Flosagjá and the Nikólásagjá, uniting at the northern end, and almost meeting at the southern, where a little rocky isthmus leads between them to the ancient forum of Icelandic eloquence. Here, in palmy days of liberty, and in stirring times of strife, the doomsmen sat in safety, and, from a little rising ground at the northern limit of the space—the actual Lögberg—new laws were promulgated, and old ones recapitulated, while the 'masses' lined the outer edges of the chasms. In these, the deep blue water that finds its way among the lava caverns lies



ALMANNAGJÁ AT THINGVELLIR.

thirty feet beneath. Here, in 928, the Althing was established; in 1000, the semi-Pagan, semi-Christian creed of Pöpyry was accepted; and in 1262, the Act of Union with Norway, with all the train of miseries which followed, when Danish hands secured the helm. But here, in 1873, there met a band of delegates, who bound themselves to gain, at least, self-government. The pith of the matter lay in the question whether Iceland was to be subject to the Rigsdag, or only to acknowledge the Danish king as hers.

The delegates had a noble leader in Jón Sigurthsson, whose massive face and form benignantly look down to-day from many a homestead wall. Born in 1811, he became secretary of the Icelandic Literary Society in 1840, and five years later entered the invertebrate assembly then marking time at Reykjavik. In 1847 he became its president, and in 1874 the