

exceeded the neighboring hummocks in height. I scrutinized it carefully from the highest ridge hereabouts, but could not make it out. I thought it too big to be only a piled-up hummock mixed with black ice or earthy matter, and I had never seen anything of the kind before. That it is an island seems highly improbable; for although we are certainly drifting, it remains in the same position in relation to us. We saw it yesterday, and see it still to-day in the same quarter. I think the most reasonable supposition is that it is an iceberg.

“No sooner does the horizon clear in the south than one of us may be seen taking his customary walk to the ‘watch-tower’ (a hummock beside the tent) to scan for land, sometimes with a glass, sometimes without it; but there is nothing to be seen but the same bare horizon.*

“Every day I take a turn round the ice in our neighborhood to see if the snow has decreased, but it always seems to be about the same, and sometimes I have moments of doubt as to whether it will clear away at all this summer. If not, our prospects will be more than dark. The best we can hope for will then be a winter somewhere or other on Franz Josef Land. But now the rain has come. It is pouring down the tent walls and dripping on the ice. Everything looks hopeful again, and we are picturing the delights of the autumn and winter at home.

* Compare, however, what I say on this subject later—*i.e.*, July 24th.