

of our environment, but it was too steep, and we did not get higher than a third part up the side.

"In the evening we at last reached the islands we had been steering for for the last few days, and for the first time for two years had bare land under foot. The delight of the feeling of being able to jump from block to block of granite\* is indescribable, and the delight was not lessened when in a little sheltered corner among the stones we found moss and flowers, beautiful poppies (*Papaver nudicaule*) *Saxifraga nivalis*, and a *Stellaria* (*sp.*?). It goes without saying that the Norwegian flag had to wave over this our first bare land, and a banquet was prepared. Our petroleum, meanwhile, had given out several days previously, and we had to contrive another lamp in which train-oil could be used. The smoking hot lobscouse, made of pemmican and the last of our potatoes, was delicious, and we sat inside the tent and kicked the bare grit under us to our heart's content.

"Where we are is becoming more and more incomprehensible. There appears to be a broad sound west of us, but what is it? The island† we are now on, and where we have slept splendidly (this is written on the morning of August 16th) on dry land, with no melting of the ice in puddles underneath us, is a long moraine-like ridge running about north and south (magnetic),

\* I have called it granite in my diary, but it was in reality a very coarse-grained basalt. The specimens I took have unfortunately been lost.

† "Houen's Island."