

here and there were drifts of beautiful rose-colored snow.*

“On the north side of the island we found the breeding-place of numbers of black-backed gulls; they were sitting with their young in ledges of the cliffs. Of course we had to climb up and secure a photograph of this unusual scene of family life, and as we stood there high up on the cliff's side we could see the drift-ice whence we had come. It lay beneath us like a white plain, and disappeared far away on the horizon. Beyond this it was we had journeyed, and farther away still the *Fram* and our comrades were drifting yet.

“I had thought of going to the top of this island to get a better view, and perhaps come nearer solving the problem of our whereabouts. But when we were on the west side of it the mist came back and settled on the top; we had to content ourselves with only going a little way up the slope to look at our future course westward. Some way out we saw open water; it looked like the sea itself, but before one could get to it there was a good deal of ice. We came down again and started off. Along the land there was a channel running some distance farther, and we tried it, but it was covered everywhere with a thin layer of new ice, which we did not dare

* This color is owing to a beautiful minute red alga, which grows on the snow (generally *Spaerella nivalis*). There were also some yellowish-green patches in this snow, which must certainly be attributed to another species of alga.