

was worse, however, with regard to the height. There was room to lie down, but to sit up decently straight was an impossibility for me. The roof was made of our thin and fragile silk tent, spread over snow-shoes and bamboo rods. We closed the doorway with our coats, and the walls were so loosely put together that we could see daylight between the stones on all sides. We afterwards called it the den, and a dreadful den it was, too; but we were none the less proud of our handiwork. It would not blow down, at any rate, even though the wind did blow right through it. When we had got our bearskin in as a couch and lay warm and comfortable in our bag, while a good potful of meat bubbled over the train-oil lamp, we thought existence a pleasure; and the fact of there being so much smoke that our eyes became red and the tears streamed down our cheeks could not destroy our feeling of content.

As progress southward was blocked also on the following day (August 28th), and as autumn was now drawing on, I at last resolved on remaining here for the winter. I thought that we still had more than 138 miles to travel in order to reach Eira Harbor or Leigh Smith's wintering-place.\* It might take us a long time to get there, and then we were not sure of finding any hut; and

\* I now thought I could safely conclude that we were on the west coast of Franz Josef Land, and were at this moment a little north of Leigh Smith's most northwesterly point, Cape Lofley, which should lie a little south of  $81^{\circ}$  north latitude, while our observation that day made us about  $81^{\circ} 19'$  north latitude.