

crept into our bag, to turn out early this morning for a fine day, as we thought. The only thing that made it a little doubtful was that the barometer had ceased rising—had fallen again 1 millim., in fact. In the night the storm came on again—the same driving snow, only with this difference, that now the wind is going round the compass *with* the sun, so there must soon be an end of it. This is beginning to be too much of a good thing; I am now seriously afraid that the *Fram* will get home before us. I went for a walk inland yesterday. There were flat clay and gravel stretches everywhere. I saw numerous traces of geese, and in one place some white egg-shell, undoubtedly belonging to a goose's egg." We therefore called the island Goose Island.\*

"Tuesday, June 2d. Still lay weather-bound last night, and to-day it has been windier than ever. But now, towards evening, it has begun to abate a little, with a brightening sky and sunshine now and again; so we hope that there will really be a change for the better. Here we lie in a hollow in the snow, getting wetter and wetter, and thinking that it is June already and everything looks beautiful at home, while we have got no farther than this. But it cannot be much longer before we are there. Oh, it is too much to think of! If only I could be sure about the *Fram*! If she arrives before us, ah! what will those poor waiting ones do?"

\* Jackson, who saw it in the spring of 1895, called it Mary Elizabeth Island.