

tains and valleys, where we can sit under the mountain wall, roast ourselves in the sun, and see the spring come. And over its inland ice we can make our way to the very Pole.

"Sunday, March 11th. A snow-shoe run northward. Temperature  $-50^{\circ}$  C. ( $58^{\circ}$  Fahr. below zero), and 10 feet wind from N.N.E. We did not feel the cold very much, though it was rather bad for the stomach and thighs, as none of us had our wind trousers\* on. We wore our usual dress of a pair of ordinary trousers and woollen pants, a shirt, and wolfskin cloak, or a common woollen suit with a light sealskin jacket over it. For the first time in my life I felt my thighs frozen, especially just over the knee, and on the kneecap; my companions also suffered in the same way. This was after going a long while against the wind. We rubbed our legs a little, and they soon got warm again; but had we kept on much longer without noticing it we should probably have been severely frost-bitten. In other respects we did not suffer the least inconvenience from the cold—on the contrary, found the temperature agreeable; and I am convinced that  $10^{\circ}$ ,  $20^{\circ}$ , or even  $30^{\circ}$  lower would not have been unendurable. It is strange how one's sensations alter. When at home, I find it unpleasant if I only go out-of-doors when there are some 20 degrees of cold, even in calm weather. But here I don't find it any colder when

\* So we called some light trousers of thin close cotton, which we used as a protection against the wind and snow.