

had done about 9 miles. As we had just reached a good camping-ground, and the dogs were tired, we stopped. Lowest temperature last night,  $-45^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-42.8^{\circ}$  C.)."

The ice continued to become more even during the following days, and our marches often amounted to 14 miles or more in the day. Now and then a misfortune might happen which detained us, as, for instance, one day a sharp spike of ice which was standing up cut a hole in a sack of fish flour, and all the delicious food ran out. It took us more than an hour to collect it all again and repair the damages. Then the odometer got broken through being jammed in some uneven ice, and it took some hours to mend it by a process of lashing. But on we went northward, often over great, wide ice-plains which seemed as if they must stretch right to the Pole. Sometimes it happened that we passed through places where the ice was "unusually massive, with high hummocks, so that it looked like undulating country covered with snow." This was undoubtedly very old ice, which had drifted in the Polar Sea for a long time on its way from the Siberian Sea to the east coast of Greenland, and which had been subjected year after year to severe pressure. High hummocks and mounds are thus formed, which summer after summer are partially melted

kayaks, now that the temperature was so low. Even if the water in them had not nearly always been covered with a more or less thick layer of ice, the kayaks would have become much heavier from the immediate freezing of the water which would have entered, as they proved to be not absolutely impervious; and this ice we had then no means of dislodging.