

by the rays of the sun, and again in the winters covered with great drifts of snow, so that they assume forms which resemble ice-hills rather than piles of sea-ice resulting from upheaval.

Wednesday, March 20th, my diary says: "Beautiful weather for travelling in, with fine sunsets; but somewhat cold, particularly in the bag, at nights (it was -41.8° and -43.6° Fahr., or -41° and -42° C.). The ice appears to be getting more even the farther we advance, and in some places it is like travelling over 'inland ice.' If this goes on the whole thing will be done in no time." That day we lost our odometer, and as we did not find it out till some time afterwards, and I did not know how far we might have to go back, I thought it was not worth while to return and look for. It was the cause, however, of our only being able subsequently to guess approximately at the distance we had gone during the day. We had another mishap, too, that day. This was that one of the dogs (it was "Livjægeren") had become so ill that he could not be driven any longer, and we had to let him go loose. It was late in the day before we discovered that he was not with us; he had stopped behind at our camping-ground when we broke up in the morning, and I had to go back after him on snow-shoes, which caused a long delay.

"Thursday, March 21st. Nine in the morning, -43.6° Fahr., or -42° C. (Minimum in the night, -47.2° Fahr., or -44° C.) Clear, as it has been every day. Beautiful,