

"I therefore determined to stop, and shape our course for Cape Fligely.

"On this northernmost camping-ground we indulged in a banquet, consisting of lobsouse, bread-and-butter, dry chocolate, stewed 'tytlebær,' or red whortleberries, and our hot whey drink, and then, with a delightful and unfamiliar feeling of repletion, crept into the dear bag, our best friend. I took a meridian observation yesterday, by which I see that we should be in latitude $86^{\circ} 10' N.$, or thereabouts.* This morning I took an observation for longitude. At 8.30 A.M., -25.6° Fahr. (-32° C.).

"Tuesday, April 9th. Yesterday's was our first march homeward. We expected the same impracticable ice, but, to our amazement, had not gone far before we came on tolerably good ground, which improved steadily, and, with only a few stoppages, we kept at it till this morning. We came upon ridges, to be sure, but they always allowed themselves to be negotiated pretty easily, and we did well. Started yesterday about two in the afternoon, and kept going until one this morning.

"Thursday, April 11th. Better and better. Found nothing but beautiful level tracks of ice yesterday, with a few ridges, which were easy to get over, and some lanes, with young ice on, which gave us rather more trouble.

* This was the latitude I got by a rough estimation, but on further calculation it proved to be $86^{\circ} 13.6' N.$; the longitude was about $95^{\circ} E.$