

the weight of the other dogs and the sledge, and the water came flowing up. I dragged dogs and sledge back as quickly as possible, and succeeded in driving them all on to the firm ice again in safety. We tried once again at another place, I running over first on snow-shoes and calling to the dogs, and Johansen pushing behind, but the result was no better than the first time, as 'Suggen' fell in, and we had to go back. Only after a long detour, and very much fagged, did we finally succeed in getting the last two sledges over. We were lucky in finding a good camping-place, and had the warmest night and the most comfortable (I might almost say cozy) morning—spent, be it said, in repairs—that we have had on the trip. I think we did the longest day's march yesterday that we have yet achieved—about 15 miles. Two in the afternoon, -17.6° Fahr. (-27.6° C.).

“Saturday, April 13th. We have traversed nothing but good ice for three days. If this goes on, the return journey will be quicker than I thought. I do not understand this sudden change in the nature of the ice. Can it be that we are travelling in the same direction with the trend of the ridges and irregularities, so that now we go along between them instead of having to make our way over them? The lanes we have come across seem all to point to this; they follow our course pretty closely. We had the misfortune yesterday to let our watches run down; the time between our getting into the bag on the previous night and en-