

and ended at about nine at night, with a couple of hours' rest in the bag at dinner-time. The ice was what I should previously have called anything but good; it was throughout extremely uneven, with pressed-up, rather new ice, and older, rounded-off ridges. There were ridges here and there, but progress was possible everywhere, and by lanes, happily, we were not hindered. The snow was rather loose between all the irregularities of the ice; but the dogs hauled alone everywhere, and there is no cause to complain of them. The ice we are now stopping in seems to me to be something like that we had around the *Fram*. We have about got down to the region where she is drifting. I am certain we did 20 miles yesterday, and the distance homeward should now be altogether 368 miles.

“The weather is glorious nowadays, not so cold as to inconvenience one, and continual clear sunshine, without any wind to signify. There is remarkable equableness and stagnancy in the atmosphere up here, I think. We have travelled over this ice for upward of a month now, and not once have we been stopped on account of bad weather—the same bright sunshine the whole time, with the exception of a couple of days, and even then the sun came out. Existence becomes more and more enjoyable; the cold is gone, and we are pressing forward towards land and summer. It is no trial now to turn out in the mornings, with a good day's march before one, and cook, and lie snug and warm in the bag and