

Petermann's Land, provided it lie about where Payer determined it. I should have taken an observation yesterday, but it was misty.

"At the end of our day, yesterday, we went across many lanes and piled-up ridges; in one of the latter, which appeared to be quite new, immense pieces of fresh-water ice had been pressed up. They were closely intermixed with clay and gravel, the result of infiltration, so that at a distance the blocks looked dark-brown, and might easily be taken for stone; in fact, I really thought they were stone. I can only imagine that this ice is river ice, probably from Siberia. I often saw huge pieces of fresh-water ice of this kind farther north, and even in latitude 86° there was clay on the ice.

"Sunday, April 28th. We made good way yesterday, presumably 20 miles. We began our march about half-past three in the afternoon the day before yesterday, and kept at it till yesterday morning. Land is drawing nigh, and the exciting time beginning, when we may expect to see something on the horizon. Oh, how I am longing for land, for something under one's feet that is not ice and snow; not to speak of something to rest one's eyes on. Another fox-track yesterday; it went in about the same direction as the previous ones. Later in the day 'Gulen' gave in; it seemed to be a case of complete exhaustion, he could hardly stand on his legs, reeled over, and when we placed him on one of the loads he lay quite still without moving. We had already decided to kill