

pect to see it every minute; perhaps, though, it will be some days yet.\*

"Tuesday, April 30th.  $-6.7^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-21.4^{\circ}$  C.). Yesterday, in spite of everything, was a bad day. It began well, with brilliant sunshine; was warm ( $4^{\circ}$  below zero Fahr.), and there, bathed in the slumbering sunlight and alluring us on, were stretches of beautiful flat ice. Everything tended to predict a good day's work; but, alas, who could see the ugly dark cracks which ran right across our course, and which were destined to make life a burden to us. The wind had packed the snow well together, and made the surface firm and good, so that we made rapid progress; but we had not gone far before we were stopped by a lane of entirely open water which stretched right across our course. After following it some little distance we eventually found a way across.† Not long afterwards we came across another lane running in about the same direction. After a fairly long detour we got safely over this too, with the minor misfortune that three dogs fell into the water. A third lane we also got over, but the fourth was too much for us altogether. It was broad, and we fol-

\* In point of fact it was nearly three months (till July 24) before this marvel happened.

† As on the previous day, the ice on the north side of the lane was moving westward, in comparison with that on the south side. The same thing was the case, or could be seen to have been so, with the lanes we met with later in the day. We naturally conceived this to mean that there was a strong westerly drift in the ice northward, while that southward was retained by land.