

once one pair can be dried in the sun. They have been wet the whole way, and it has made them the worse for wear."

The ice was now growing very bad again and our marches shorter. On Friday, May 3d, I write in my diary: "We did not do so good a day's work yesterday as we expected, although we made some progress. The ice was flat and the going good at one time, and we kept steadily at it for four hours or so; but then came several reaches with lanes and rubble-ice, which, however, we managed to pull through, though the ice was often packing under our feet. By degrees the wind from the south-east increased, and while we were having dinner it veered round to an easterly direction and became rather strong. The ice, too, grew worse, with channels and rubble, and when the wind reached a velocity of 29 to 33 feet in the second, and a driving snow-storm set in, completely obliterating everything around us, stumbling along through it all became anything but attractive. After being delayed several times by newly formed rubble, I saw that the only sensible thing to be done was to camp, if we could find a sheltered spot. This was easier said than done, as the weather was so thick we could hardly see anything; but at last we found a suitable place, and, well content to be under shelter, ate our 'fiskegratin,' and crept into the bag, while the wind rattled the tent walls and made drifts round us outside. We had been constrained to pitch our tent close beside a new ridge, which