

and snow began to fall, which prevented our seeing anything before us. The ice, however, was fairly even, and we kept going. We came across a lane, but this we crossed by means of a detour. Not long afterwards again we got among a number of abominable pressure-ridges, and ran right into high mounds and over steep brinks without seeing them. Wherever one turned there were sudden drops and pitfalls, although everything looked so fair and even under its covering of still-falling snow. As there seemed to be little good in continuing, we decided to camp, have our dinner of savory hot lobscouse, make out our longitude, and then pass the time until it should clear again; and if this did not take place soon, then have a good sleep and be ready to get under way as soon as the weather should permit. After having slept for a couple of hours (it was 1 o'clock in the morning), I turned out of the tent and was confronted with the same thick, overcast weather, with only a strip of clear blue sky down by the horizon in the southwest, so I let Johansen sleep on and reckoned out our longitude, which proved to be $64^{\circ} 20'$ E. We have drifted considerably westward since I last made it out, if my calculations be right. While I was thus occupied I heard a suspicious gnawing noise outside in the direction of the kayaks. I listened, and—quite right—it was the dogs up in Johansen's kayak. I ran out, caught 'Haren,' who was just lying gnawing at the portions of fresh dogs' flesh destined for to-morrow's consumption,