

along it before we found a crossing and could again keep to our course no one could tell; but the probability was a long time—perhaps days. On the other hand, to retreat in the direction whence we came seemed an unattractive alternative; it would lead us away from our goal, and also perhaps necessitate a long journey in an opposite direction before we could find a crossing. The pool extended true S. 50° W. To follow it would undoubtedly take us out of our course, which ought now properly to be east of south; but on the whole this direction was nearest the line of our advance, and consequently we decided to try it. After a short time we came to a new lane running in a transverse direction to the pool. Here the ice was strong enough to bear, and on examining the ice on the pool itself beyond the confluence of this lane I found a belt where the young ice had, through pressure, been jammed up in several layers. This happily was strong enough to bear, and we got safely over the pool, the trend of which we had been prepared to follow for days. Then on we went again, though in toil and tribulation, until at half-past eight in the evening we again found ourselves confronted by a pool or lane of exactly the same description as the former one, with the exception only that this time the view to the 'sea' opened towards the northeast, while in the southwest the sky-line was closed in by ice. The lane also was covered with young ice, which in the middle was obviously of the same age as that on the last