

had reached it. I was too tired to follow the trend of the lane (it was not short) in order to find a crossing, particularly as another channel was visible behind it. It was also impossible to see the ice around one in the heavily falling snow. It was only a question, therefore, of finding a camping-place, but this was easier said than done. A strong north wind was blowing, and no shelter was to be found from it on the level ice we had just got on to. Every mound and irregularity was examined as we passed by it in the snow-storm, but all were too small. We had to content ourselves at last with a little pressed-up hummock, which we could just get under the lee of. Then, again, there was too little snow, and only after considerable work did we succeed in pitching the tent. At last, however, the 'Primus' was singing cheerily inside it, the 'fiskegratin' diffusing its savory odor, and two happy beings were ensconced comfortably inside the bag, enjoying existence and satisfied, if not, indeed, at having done a good day's march, yet in the knowledge of having overcome a difficulty.

"While we were having breakfast to-day I went out and took a meridian altitude, which, to our delight, made us  $82^{\circ} 52' N$ .

"Sunday, May 26th. When the ice is as uneven as it is now, the difficulty of making headway is incredible. The snow is loose, and if one takes one's snow-shoes off for a moment one sinks in above one's knees. It is impossible to fasten them on securely, as every minute one must