

arriving finally at a lane which ran westward, in which we could paddle; but it soon packed together again, and we were stopped. The ivory-gulls are very bold, and last night stole a piece of blubber lying close by the tent wall."

The following day we had to make our way as well as we could by paddling short distances in the lanes or hauling our loads over floes smaller or larger, as the case might be. The current, which was running like a mill-race, ground them together in its career. Our progress with our short, stumpy sledges was nothing very great, and of water suitable for paddling in we found less and less. We stopped several times and waited for the ice to open at the turn of the tide, but it did not do so, and on the morning of August 15th we gave it up, turned inward, and took to the shore-ice for good. We set our course westward towards the sound we had seen for several days now, and had struggled so to reach. The surface of the ice was tolerably even and we got over the ground well. On the way we passed a frozen-in iceberg, which was the highest we saw in these parts—some 50 to 60 feet, I should say.* I wished to go up it to get a better view

* Icebergs of considerable size have been described as having been seen off Franz Josef Land, but I can only say with reference to this that during the whole of our voyage through this archipelago we saw nothing of the kind. The one mentioned here was the biggest of all those we came across, and they were, compared with the Greenland icebergs, quite insignificant masses of glacier-ice.