

There has been so much to see about that I have got no writing done; that excuse, however, is no longer available, as we sleep nearly the whole twenty-four hours."

After having written my journal for August 24th I went out to look for a better and more sheltered place, as the wind had changed, and now blew straight into the tent. I hoped, too, that this land-wind might open up the ice, and I therefore first set off to see whether any sign of slackening was to be discovered at the edge of the shore-ice; but the floes lay packed together as solidly as ever. I found, however, a capital place for pitching the tent, and we were busy moving thither when we suddenly discovered that the ice had split off to the landward, and already there was a broad channel. We certainly wanted the ice to open up, but not on our landward side; and now it was a question of getting across on to the shore-ice again at any price, so as not to drift out to sea with the pack. But the wind had risen to a stiff breeze, and it seemed more than doubtful whether we could manage to pull up against it, even for so short a distance as across the channel. This was rapidly growing broader and broader. We had, however, to make an attempt, and, therefore, set off along the edge towards a spot farther east, which we thought would give us a little more shelter for launching our kayaks. On arriving, however, we found that it would be no easy matter to launch them here either without getting them filled with water. It blew so that