

Next evening (Sunday, June 7th) we went on again, still southward, before the same northerly wind, and we could sail well. We had hoped to be able to reach the land before we again pitched our camp, but it was farther than we had thought, and at last, when morning (Monday, June 8th) was far advanced, we had to stop in the middle of the ice in a furious storm. The numerous islands among which we now were seemed more and more mysterious to us. I find in my journal for that day: "Are continually discovering new islands or lands to the south. There is one great land of snow beyond us in the west, and it seems to extend southward a long way." This snow land seemed to us extremely mysterious; we had not yet discovered a single dark patch upon it, only snow and ice everywhere. We had no clear idea of its extent, as we had only caught glimpses of it now and then when the mist lifted a little. It seemed to be quite low, but we thought that it must be of a wider extent than any of the lands we had hitherto travelled along. To the east we found island upon island, and sounds and fjords the whole way along. We mapped it all as well as we could, but this did not help us to find out where we were; they seemed to be only a crowd of small islands, and every now and then a view of what we took to be the ocean to the east opened up between them.

The ice over which we were now travelling was remarkably different from that which we had had farther north, near our winter-hut; it was considerably thinner,