

and covered, too, with very thick snow, so that it was not in a good condition for travelling over. When, therefore, the following day (Tuesday, June 9th), it also began to stick in lumps to our snow-shoes and the sledge-runners, they both worked rather heavily; but the wind was still favorable, and we sailed along well notwithstanding. As we were sailing full speed, flying before the wind, and had almost reached the land, Johansen and his sledge suddenly sank down, and it was with difficulty that he managed to back himself and his things against the wind and on to the firmer ice. As I was rushing along, I saw that the snow in front of me had a suspiciously wet color, and my snow-shoes began to cut through; but fortunately I still had time to luff before any further misfortune occurred. We had to take down our sails and make a long detour westward, before we could continue our sail. Next day, also, the snow clogged, but the wind had freshened, and we sailed better than ever. As the land to the east* now appeared to trend to the southeast, we steered for the southernmost point of a land to the southwest.† It began to be more and more exciting. We thought we must have covered about 14 miles that day, and reckoned that we must be in $80^{\circ} 8'$ north latitude, and we still had land in the south. If it continued far in that direction it was certain that we could

* It proved afterwards to be "Hooker Island."

† It proved to be "Northbrook Island."