

On Friday, June 12th, we started again at 4 A.M. with sails on our sledges. There had been frost, so the snow was in much better condition again. It had been very windy in the night, too, so we hoped for a good day. On the preceding day it had cleared up so that we could at last see distinctly the lands around. We now discovered that we must steer in a more westerly direction than we had done during the preceding days, in order to reach the south point of the land to the west. The lands to the east disappeared eastward, so we had said good-bye to them the day before. We now saw, too, that there was a broad sound in the land to the west,* and that it was one entire land, as we had taken it to be. The land north of this sound was now so far away that I could only just see it. In the meantime the wind had dropped a good deal; the ice, too, became more and more uneven—it was evident that we had come to the drift-ice, and it was much harder work than we had expected. We could see by the air that there must be open water to the south, and as we went on we heard, to our joy, the sound of breakers. At 6 A.M. we stopped to rest a little, and on going up on to a hummock to take a longitude observation I saw the water not far off. From a higher piece of glacier-ice we could see it better. It extended towards the promontory to the southwest. Even though the wind had become a little westerly now, we still hoped to be able

* The sound between Northbrook Island and Bruce Island on the one side and Peter Head, on Alexandra Land, on the other side.