

worst ice we have seen lately. Our day's march, however, had lain across several large tracts of level ice, so I think that we made 14 miles or so all the same. We have the same brilliant sunshine; but yesterday afternoon the wind from the northeast, which we have had for the last few days, increased, and made it rather raw.

"We passed over a large frozen pool yesterday evening; it looked almost like a large lake." It could not have been long since this was formed, as the ice on it was still quite thin. It is wonderful that these pools can form up there at that time of the year.

From this time forward there was an end of the flat ice, which it had been simple enjoyment to travel over; and now we had often great difficulties to cope with. On Sunday, March 24th, I write: "Ice not so good; yesterday was a hard day, but we made a few miles—not more, though, than seven, I am afraid. This continual lifting of the heavily loaded sledges is calculated to break one's back; but better times are coming, perhaps. The cold is also appreciable, always the same; but yesterday it was increased by the admixture of considerable wind from the northeast. We halted about half-past nine in the evening. It is perceptible how the days lengthen, and how much later the sun sets; in a few days' time we shall have the midnight sun.

"We killed 'Livjægeren' yesterday evening, and hard work it was skinning him." This was the first dog which had to be killed; but many came afterwards, and