

back, and as the ice was fairly even, I at last put a sail to my sledge. It almost went by itself, but did not in the least change the dogs' pace; they kept the same slow time as before. Poor beasts, they become more and more tired, and the going is heavy and loose. We passed over many newly frozen pools that day, and some time previously there must have been a remarkable quantity of open water.

"I do not think I exceed when I put down our day's march at 14 miles, and we ought to have latitude  $83^{\circ}$  behind us, but as yet no sign of land. This is becoming rather exciting.

"Friday, May 24th.  $+18.8^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-7.4^{\circ}$  C.). Minimum  $-11.4^{\circ}$  C. Yesterday was the worst day we have yet had. The lane we had before us when we stopped the previous day proved to be worse than any of the others had been. After breakfast at 1 A.M., and while Johansen was engaged in patching the tent, I trudged off to look for a passage across, but was away for three hours without finding any. There was nothing for it but to follow the bend of the lane eastward and trust to getting over eventually, but it turned out to be a longer job than we had anticipated. When we came to the place where it appeared to end, the surrounding ice-mass was broken up in all directions, and the floes were grinding against each other as they tore along. There was no safe passage across to be found anywhere. Where at one moment, perhaps, I might have crossed over, at the