

made sail slowly through the ice to the south, with the temperature at 33°, at 10 A.M. The arched iceberg is now south-west of us, and we can see its other side; the arch now appeared to be round below as well as above, and below it there floated a larger piece with a projecting pinnacle, that may probably have been detached from some part of the iceberg. It was still three miles from us, and the ice intersected with many small channels and lakes of water, rendering an attempt to reach it on foot highly dangerous, as the ice frequently separates and breaks up without warning given, and even a narrow channel might cut us off from the vessel. Taking a punt would be hazardous, for the opposite reason, as the ice might close in and oblige us to abandon it. The latter predicament was one in which a punt's crew and myself were nearly caught this afternoon. We had gone out where the ice was much divided into channels and pools of water, but it gradually closed in upon us, and we had much difficulty in forcing our way back to the vessel, being obliged to get out on opposite sides of the boat and force the pans asunder with our gaffs