

A little while after Sverdrup had left us, Mogstad also found it necessary to turn back. He had thought of going with us till the next day, but his heavy wolf-skin trousers were, as he un-euphemistically expressed it, "almost full of sweat, and he must go back to the fire on board to get dry." Hansen, Henriksen, and Pettersen were then the only ones left, and they laboured along each with his load on his back. It was difficult for them to keep up with us on the flat ice, so quickly did we go; but when we came to pressure-ridges we were brought to a standstill and the sledges had to be helped over. At one place the ridge was so bad that we had to carry the sledges a long way. When, after considerable trouble, we had managed to get over it, Peter shook his head reflectively, and said to Johansen that we should meet plenty more of the same kind, and have enough hard work before we had eaten sufficient of the loads to make the sledges run lightly. Just here we came upon a long stretch of bad ice, and Peter became more and more concerned for our future; but towards evening matters improved, and we advanced more rapidly. When we stopped at 6 o'clock the odometer registered a good 7 miles, which was not so bad for a first day's work. We had a cheerful evening in our tent, which was just about big enough to hold all five. Pettersen, who had exerted himself and become overheated on the way, shivered and groaned while the dogs were being tied up and fed, and the tent pitched. He, however, found existence considerably brighter when he sat inside it, in his warm wolf-skin clothes, with a pot of smoking chocolate before him, a big lump of butter in one hand and a biscuit in the other, and exclaimed, "Now I am living like a prince." He thereafter discoursed at length on the exalting thought that he was sitting in a tent in the middle of the Polar Sea. Poor fellow, he had begged and prayed to be allowed to come with us on this expedition; he would cook for us and make himself generally useful, both as a tin and blacksmith; and then, he said, three would be company. I regretted that I could not take more than one companion, and he had been in the depths of woe for several days, but now found comfort in the fact that he had, at any rate, come part of the way with us, and was out on this great desert sea, for, as he said, "not many people have done that."

The others had no sleeping-bag with them, so they made themselves