

E. This tallies well with our reckoning. We have gone 50 miles or so since the last observation (April 13th), just what I had assumed beforehand.

"Still the same brilliant sunshine day and night. Yesterday the wind from the north freshened, and is still blowing to-day, but does not trouble us much, as it is behind us. The temperature, which now keeps from about 4° to 22° below zero (Fahr.), can only be described as agreeable. This is undoubtedly fortunate for us; if it were warmer the lanes would keep open a longer time. My greatest desire now is to get under land before the lanes become too bad. What we shall do then must be decided by circumstances.

"Sunday, April 21st. At 4 o'clock yesterday we got under way. During the night we stopped to have something to eat. These halts for dinner, when we take our food and crawl well down to the bottom of the bag, where it is warm and comfortable, are unusually cozy. After a good nap we set off again, but were soon stopped by the ugliest lane we have yet come across. I set off along it to find a passage, but only found myself going through bad rubble. The lane was everywhere equally broad and uncompromising, equally full of aggregated blocks and brash, testifying clearly to the manner in which, during a long period, the ice here has been in motion and been crushed and disintegrated by continual pressure. This was apparent, too, in numerous new ridges of rubble and hummocky