

snow-shoes, and when I fall down only wish to lie there to save myself the trouble of getting up again. But everything changes, and we shall get to land in time.

"At five this morning we came to a broad lane, and as it was almost impossible to get the dogs on any farther, we camped. Once well down in the bag with a pot of savory-smelling lobsouse in front of one, a feeling of well-being is the result, which neither lanes nor anything else can disturb.

"The ice we have gone through has, on the whole, been flat, with the exception of the newly formed lanes and rubble. These appear, however, for the most part in limited stretches, with extensive flat ice between, as yesterday. All the channels seem in the main to go in the same direction—about straight across our course, with a little deflection towards the southwest. They run about northeast to west-southwest (by compass). This morning the temperature had again sunk to $+0.1^{\circ}$ Fahr. (-17.8° C.), after having been up at $+12.2^{\circ}$ Fahr. (-11° C.), and therefore I am still in hopes that the water may freeze within a reasonable time. Perhaps it is wrong of us to curse this wind, for on board the *Fram* they are rejoicing that a southeaster has at last sprung up. However, in spite of our maledictions, I am really glad for their sake, although I could wish it deferred till we reach land.

"Wednesday, May 8th. The lanes still appear regularly in certain places—as a rule, where the ice is very uneven, and where there are old and new ridges