

alternately; between these places there are long, flat stretches of ice without lanes. These are often perfectly even, almost like 'inland ice.' The direction of the lanes is, as before, very often athwart our course, or a little more southwesterly. Others, again, seem to go in about the same direction as we do. This ice is extraordinary; it seems to become more and more even as we approach land, instead of the contrary, as we expected. If it would only keep so! It is considerably flatter than it was about the *Fram*, it seems to me. There are no really impracticable places, and the irregularities there are seen to be of small dimensions—rubble-ice, and so forth; no huge mounds and ridges, as we had farther north. Some of the lanes here are narrow, and so far new that the water was only covered with brash. This can be deceptive enough; it appears to be even ice, but thrust one's staff in, and it goes right through and into the water.

"This morning I made out our latitude and longitude. The former was (Sunday, May 5th)  $84^{\circ} 31' N.$ , and the latter  $66^{\circ} 15' E.$  We were not so far south as I expected, but considerably farther west. It is the drift which has put us back and westward. I shall, therefore, for the future, steer a more southerly course than before, about due south (true), as we are still drifting westward, and, above everything, I am afraid of getting too far in that direction. It is to be hoped that we shall soon have land in sight, and we shall then know where to steer. We undoubtedly ought to be there now.