

our day's march. This brings us down to latitude  $83^{\circ} 20'$  or so.

“At last, then, we have come down to latitudes which have been reached by human beings before us, and it cannot possibly be far to land. A little while before we halted yesterday we crossed a lane or pool exactly like the two previous ones, only broader still. Here, too, I heard the blowing of whales, but although I was not far from the hole whence the noise presumably came, and although the opening there was quite small, I could perceive nothing. Johansen, who came afterwards with the dogs, said that as soon as they reached the frozen lane they got scent of something and wanted to go against the wind. Curious that there should be so many narwhals in the lanes here.

“The ice we are now travelling over is surprisingly bad. There are few or no new ridges, only small older irregularities, with now and then deep snow in between, and then these curious broad, endless lanes, which resemble each other, and run exactly parallel, and are all unlike those we have met before. They are remarkable from the fact that, while formerly I always observed the ice on the north side of the lane to drift westward, in comparison with that which lay on the south side, the reverse was here the case. It was the ice on the south side which drifted westward.

“As I am afraid that we are continually drifting<sup>o</sup> rapidly westward, I have kept a somewhat easterly course—