

end. I feel very much better to-day, however, and it is to be hoped shall soon be all right.

“Thursday, August 1st. Ice with more obstacles than here—is it to be found, I wonder? But we are working slowly on, and, that being the case, we ought, perhaps, to be satisfied. We have also had a change—a brilliantly fine day; but it seems to me the south wind we have had, and which opened the lanes, has put us a good way farther off land again. We have also drifted a long distance to the east, and no longer see the most westerly land with the black rocks, which we remarked at first. It would seem as if the Ross’s gulls keep to land here; we see them daily.

“One thing, however, I am rejoicing over; my back is almost well, so that I shall not delay our progress any more. I have some idea now what it would be like if one of us became seriously ill. Our fate would then be sealed, I think.

“Friday, August 2d. It seems as if everything conspired to delay us, and that we shall never get away from this drift-ice. My back is well again now; the ice was more passable yesterday than before, so that we nearly made a good day’s march; but in return wind and current set us from shore, and we are farther away again. Against these two enemies all fighting is in vain, I am afraid. We have drifted far off to the southeast, have got the north point of the land about due west of us, and we are now in about  $81^{\circ} 36' N$ . My only hope now is