

have gone on in front with the boat and sounded, but I had already had more than enough of rowing in that current. For the present we must stay where we were and anoint ourselves with the ointment called Patience, a medicament of which every polar expedition ought to lay in a large supply. We hoped on for a change, but the current remained as it was, and the wind certainly did not decrease. I was in despair at having to lie here for nothing but this cursed current, with open sea outside, perhaps as far as Cape Chelyuskin, that eternal cape, whose name had been sounding in my ears for the last three weeks.

When I came on deck next morning (August 23d) winter had come. There was white snow on the deck, and on every little projection of the rigging where it had found shelter from the wind; white snow on the land, and white snow floating through the air. Oh, how the snow refreshes one's soul, and drives away all the gloom and sadness from this sullen land of fogs! Look at it scattered so delicately, as if by a loving hand, over the stones and the grass-flats on shore! But wind and current are much as they were, and during the day the wind blows up to a regular storm, howling and rattling in the *Fram's* rigging,

The following day (August 24th) I had quite made up my mind that we must get out some way or other. When I came on deck in the morning the wind had gone down considerably, and the current was not so strong.