

first time this year that we have been able to do anything of the kind in the afternoon. We made attempts to pump yesterday and to-day; there ought to be a little water, but the pump would not suck, though we tried both warm water and salt. Possibly there is water frozen round it, and possibly there is no water at all. In the engine-room there has been no appearance of water for more than a month, and none comes into the forehold, especially now that the bow is raised up by the pack-ice; so if there is any it can only be a little in the hold. This tightening may be attributed chiefly to the frost.

“The wind has begun to blow again from the S.S.W. this evening, and the barometer is falling, which ought to mean good wind coming; but the barometer of hope does not rise above its normal height. I had a bath this evening in a tin tub in the galley; trimmed and clean, one feels more of a human being.

“Thursday, March 1st. We are lying almost still. Beautiful mild weather, only $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. below zero (-19° C.), sky overcast; light fall of snow, and light wind. We made attempts to sound to-day, having lengthened our hemp line with a single strand of steel. This broke off with the lead. We put on a new lead and the whole line ran out, about 2000 fathoms, without touching bottom, so far as we could make out. In process of hauling in, the steel line broke again. So the results are: no bottom, and two sounding-leads, each of 100 pounds' weight,