

watches. Johansen's had stopped altogether; mine was ticking, and happily still going when I wound it up, so I hope that it is all right. Twelve midday,  $-24.6^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-31.5^{\circ}$  C.). Clear weather, southeasterly wind (13 feet in the second).

"The ice seems to be getting worse and worse, and I am beginning to have doubts as to the wisdom of keeping northward too long.

"Wednesday, April 3d. Got under way yesterday about three in the afternoon. The snow was in first-rate condition after the southeast wind, which continued blowing till late in the day. The ice was tolerably passable, and everything looked more promising; the weather was fine, and we made good progress. But after several level tracts with old humpy ice came some very uneven ones, intersected by lanes and pressure-ridges as usual. Matters did not grow any better as time went on, and at midnight or soon after we were stopped by some bad ice and a newly frozen lane which would not bear. As we should have had to make a long detour, we encamped, and 'Russen' was killed (this was the second dog to go). The meat was divided into 26 portions, but 8 dogs refused it, and had to be given pemmican. The ice ahead does not look inviting. These ridges are enough to make one despair, and there seems to be no prospect of things bettering. I turned out at midday and took a meridian observation, which makes us in  $85^{\circ} 59'$  N. It is aston-