

possibility of drying or changing one's clothes, and one must wear a chain mail of ice until they thaw and dry on the body, which takes some time in this temperature. I took an observation for longitude and a magnetic observation yesterday morning, and have spent the whole forenoon to-day in calculations (inside the bag) to find out our exact position. I find our latitude yesterday was $86^{\circ} 2.8' N$. This is very little, but what can we do when the ice is what it is? And these dogs cannot work harder than they do, poor things. I sigh for the sledge-dogs from the Olenek daily now. The longitude for yesterday was $98^{\circ} 47.15''$, variation 44.4° .

"I begin to think more and more that we ought to turn back before the time we originally fixed.* It is probably 350 miles or so to Petermann's Land (in point of fact it was about 450 miles to Cape Fligely); but it will probably take us all we know to get over them. The question resolves itself into this: Ought we not, at any rate, to reach $87^{\circ} N$.? But I doubt whether we can manage it if the ice does not improve.

"Saturday, April 6th. Two A.M., -11.4° Fahr. (-24.2° C.). The ice grew worse and worse. Yesterday it brought me to the verge of despair, and when we stopped this morning I had almost decided to turn back. I will go on one day longer, however, to see if the ice is really as bad farther northward as it appears to be from

* When I left the ship I had purposed to travel northward for 50 days, for which time we had taken provender for the dogs.