

weather thickened, and the wind increased till, at about 3 o'clock, a regular snow-storm was raging. No way was to be seen, only whiteness everywhere, except in places where the pointed blue ice from the ridges stuck up through the snow-drifts. After a while the ice grew worse, and I went headlong on to ridges and irregularities without even seeing them. I hoped this was only rough ice which we should pass through, but matters did not improve, and we thought there was no sense in going on. Luckily we had just then dropped on a good sheltered camping-ground; otherwise it would have been difficult enough to find one in such weather, where nothing could be discerned. Meanwhile we are getting southward, and are more and more surprised at not seeing signs of land. We reckon now to have left the eighty-fourth parallel behind us.

"Friday, May 10th. +16.2° Fahr. (-8.8° C.). Our life has many difficulties to combat. Yesterday promised to be a good day, but thick weather hindered our advance. When we crept out of the tent yesterday forenoon it was fine, the sun was shining, the going was unusually good, and the ice appeared to be unusually even. We had managed in the snow-storm of the previous evening to get into a belt of foul ice, which was merely local. Before we started we thought of taking the removable wooden runners off the sledges, but on trying mine beforehand found that it ran well as it was. I decided, therefore, to wait a little longer, as I was afraid