

also wind, water, and thick weather—all of them equally obdurate adversaries to overcome.

“Sunday, May 12th. $+0.6^{\circ}$ Fahr. (-17.5° C.). Yesterday we had a better time than we expected. Overcast and thick it was the whole time, and we felt our way rather than saw it. The ice was not particularly good either, but we pressed onward, and had the satisfaction now and then of travelling over several long stretches of flat ice. A couple of channels which had partly opened hindered us somewhat. Curiously enough the strip of clear sky was still there in the S.S.W. (true), and as we went along rose higher in the heavens. We kept expecting it to spread, and that the weather would clear; we needed it sorely to find our way; but the strip never rose any higher, and yet remained there equally clear. Then it sank again, and only a small rim was left visible on the margin of the sky. Then this also disappeared. I cannot help thinking that this strip must have had something to do with land. At 7 o'clock this morning we came to a belt of ice as bad, almost, as I have ever seen it, and as I thought it unadvisable to make an onslaught in such thick weather, we encamped. I hope we did our 14 miles, and can reckon on only 90 more to land, if it lie in 83° latitude. The ice is undoubtedly of a different character from what it was previously: it is less even, and old lanes and new ones, with ridges and rubble, are more frequent—all seeming to point to the vicinity of land.