

not more than 3 feet in thickness, and the floes are as flat as when they were frozen. Yesterday evening, however, we got on to a stretch of old ice, on which we are stationed now, but how far it extends it is difficult to say. We camped yesterday at half-past six in the evening and found fresh ice again for the cooker, which was distinctly a pleasant change for the cook. We have not had it since May 25th.\* A disagreeable wind from the south, it is true, has sprung up this evening, and it will be hard work going against it. We have a great deal of bad weather here; it is overcast nearly every day, with wind—south wind, which, above everything, is least desirable just now. But what are we to do? To settle down we have hardly provender enough; there is nothing for it, I suppose, but to grind on.

“Took a meridian altitude to-day, and we should be in  $82^{\circ} 21' N.$ , and still no glimpse of land; this is becoming more and more of an enigma. What would I not give to set my foot on dry land now? But patience—always patience.”

\* It was from about  $82^{\circ} 52' N.$  south to  $82^{\circ} 19' N.$  that we travelled over young ice of this description; that is to say, there must have been open water over a distance of fully 32 English geographical miles (33' of latitude). We also found ice of this kind farther south for a long distance, and the open sea must have been considerably greater.