

Blessing and I held a *post mortem* upon him in the afternoon, but we could discover no signs of anything unusual. It does not seem to be an infectious ailment. I cannot understand it.

“‘Ulenka,’ too, the handsomest dog in the whole pack, our consolation and our hope, suddenly became ill the other day. It was the morning of May 24th that we found it paralyzed and quite helpless, lying in its cask on deck. It kept trying to get up, but couldn’t, and immediately fell down again—just like a man who has had a stroke and has lost all power over his limbs. It was at once put to bed in a box and nursed most carefully; except for being unable to walk, it is apparently quite well.” It must have been a kind of apoplectic seizure that attacked the spinal cord in some spot or other, and paralyzed one side of the body. The dog recovered slowly, but never got the complete use of its legs again. It accompanied us, however, on our subsequent sledge expedition.

The dogs did not seem to like the summer, it was so wet on the ice, and so warm. On June 11th I write: “To-day the pools on the ice all round us have increased wonderfully in size, and it is by no means agreeable to go off the ship with shoes that are not water-tight; it is wetter and wetter for the dogs in the daytime, and they sweat more and more from the heat, though it as yet only rarely rises above zero (C.). A few days ago they were shifted on to the ice, where two long