

again, and glittering waves, after such a long time. One's thoughts fly back to home and summer. I scanned in vain to see if a seal's head were not visible above the surface, or a bear along the side. The dogs are beginning now to be very much reduced in strength and are difficult to urge on. 'Barnet' was quite done (he was killed this evening), and several of the others are very jaded. Even 'Baro,' my best dog, is beginning to cool in his zeal, to say nothing of 'Kvik'; perhaps I ought to cater a little more generously for them. The wind which was about southeast in the morning subsequently went over to an easterly direction, and I expect, to use Pettersen's customary expression on board for a good southeaster which drove us northward to some purpose, 'a regular devil of a hiding.' I am only surprised the temperature still seems low. I had noticed a thick bank of clouds for a long time along the horizon in the south and southwest, and thought that this must mean land. It now began to grow higher and come nearer us in a suspicious manner. When, after having had dinner, we crept out of the bag, we saw that the sky was entirely clouded over; and that the 'devil of a hiding' had come we felt when we went on.

"I saw another fox-track yesterday; it was almost effaced by the snow, but went in about the same direction as the others. This is the fourth we have come across, and seeing so many of them make me begin to believe seriously in the proximity of land. Yes, I ex-