

“Meanwhile time is going, and the number of dogs diminishing. We have now 12 left; yesterday ‘Katta’ was killed. And our provisions are also gradually on the decrease, though, thank Heaven, we have a good deal remaining. The first tin of petroleum ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  gallons) came to an end three days ago, and we shall soon have finished our second sack of bread. We do nothing but scan the horizon longingly for land, but see nothing, even when I climb up on to the highest hummocks with the telescope.

“Monday, May 13th.  $+8.6^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-13^{\circ}$  C.); minimum  $+6.6^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-14.2^{\circ}$  C.). This is, indeed, a toilsome existence. The number of the dogs, and likewise their hauling powers, diminish by degrees, and they are inert and difficult to urge on. The ice grows worse and worse as we approach land, and is, besides, covered with much deeper and looser snow than before. It is particularly difficult to get on in the broken-up ice, where the snow, although it covers up many irregularities, at the same time lets one sink through almost up to one’s thighs between the pieces of ice as soon as one takes one’s snow-shoes off to help the sledge. It is extremely tiring and shaky on this sort of surface to use one’s snow-shoes not firmly secured to the feet, but one cannot have them properly fastened on when one has to help the dogs at any moment or pull and tug at these eternal sledges. I think in snow such as this Indian snow-shoes would be preferable, and I only wish I had some. Meanwhile,