

help the dogs with the sledges. Added to this, if the weather be thick, as yesterday, one is apt to run into the largest ridges or snow-drifts without seeing them; everything is equally white under its covering of new snow, and the light comes from all directions, so that it throws no shadows. Then one plunges in headlong, and with difficulty can get up and on to one's snow-shoes again. This takes place continually, and the longer it lasts the worse it gets. At last one literally staggers on one's snow-shoes from fatigue, just as if one were drunk. But we are gaining ground, and that is the chief thing, be one's shins ever so bruised and tender. This manner of progress is particularly injurious to the ankles, on account of the constant unsteadiness and swerving of the snow-shoes, and many a day have mine been much swollen. The dogs, too, are becoming exhausted, which is worse.

"I have to-day reckoned out the observations made yesterday, and find, to our joy, that the longitude is $61^{\circ} 27'$ E., so that we have not drifted westward, but have come about south, according to our course. My constant fear of drifting past land is thus unfounded, and we should be able to reckon on reaching it before very long. We may possibly be farther east than we suppose, but hardly farther west, so that if we now go due south for a while, and then southwest, we must meet with land, and this within not many days. I reckon that we did 20 miles southward yesterday, and should thus be now in