

ally, and then they are almost immovable. It is heavy for the dogs, and would be so even if they were not so wretchedly worn out as they are; they stop at the slightest thing, and have to be helped or driven forward with the whip. Poor animals, they have a bad time of it! 'Lilleræven,' the last of my original team, will soon be unable to go farther—and such a good animal to haul! We have 5 dogs left ('Lilleræven,' 'Storræven,' and 'Kaifas' to my sledge, 'Suggen' and 'Haren' to Johansen's). We still have enough food for them for three days, from 'Isbjön,' who was killed yesterday morning; and before that time Johansen thinks the riddle will be solved. Vain hope, I am afraid, although the water-sky in the southeast or south-southeast (magnetic) seems always to keep in the same position and has risen much higher.

"We began our march at half-past six yesterday afternoon, and stopped before a lane at a quarter-past three this morning. I saw fresh-water pools on the ice under some hummocks yesterday for the first time. Where we stopped, however, there were none to be found, so we had to melt water again this morning; but it will not often be necessary hereafter, I hope, and we can save our oil, which, by-the-way, is becoming alarmingly reduced. Outside, the weather and snow are the same; no pleasure in turning out to the toils of the day. I lie here thinking of our June at home—how the sun is shining over forest and fjord and wooded hills, and there