

taken a nap and again turned out at midday to-day, the condition of the snow proved to be no better; in fact, rather worse. The new snow was wet and sticky and the going as heavy as it well could be. However, it was necessary to make an attempt to get on; there was nothing gained by waiting there, and progress is progress be it ever so little.

“ I took a single altitude about midday, but it was not sharp.

“ Saturday, June 15th. The middle of June, and still no prospect of an end to this; things only became worse instead. So bad as yesterday, though, it had never been, and worse, happily, it can hardly be. The sledges ran terribly heavy in the loose, wet, newly fallen snow, which was deep to boot; and sometimes when they stopped—and that was continually—they stuck as if glued to the spot. It was all we could do to move them when we pushed with all our might. Then to this was added the fact that one's snow-shoes ran equally badly, and masses of snow collected underneath them the minute one stopped; one's feet kept twisting continually from this, and ice formed under them, so that one suddenly slid off the snow-shoes and into the snow, till far above one's knees, when one tried to pull or help the sledges; but there was nothing for it but to scramble up and on to them again. To wade along in such snow without them is an impossibility, and, as I have said before, though fastening them on securely would have