

been a better plan, yet it would have been too troublesome, seeing that we had to take them off continually to get the sledges over ridges and lanes. In addition to all this, wherever one turns, the ice is uneven and full of mounds and old ridges, and it is only by wriggling along like an eel, so to speak, that one can get on at all. There are lanes, too, and they compel one to make long detours or go long distances over thin, small floes, ridges, and other abominations. We struggled along, however, a little way, working on our old plan of two turns, but a quick method it could not be called. The dogs are becoming more and more worn out. 'Lilleræven,' the last survivor of my team, can now hardly walk—hauling there is no question of: he staggers like a drunken man, and when he falls can hardly rise to his feet again. To-day he is going to be killed, I am thankful to say, and one will be spared seeing him. 'Storræven,' too, is getting very slack in the traces; the only one of mine which pulls at all is 'Kaifas,' and that is only as long as one of us is helping behind. To keep on longer in such circumstances is only wearing out men and dogs to no purpose, and is also using up more provender than is necessary. We therefore renounced dinner, and halted at about ten yesterday evening, after having begun the march at half-past four in the afternoon. I had, however, stopped to take an observation on the way. It is not easy to get hold of the sun nowadays, and one must make the most of him