

hope we may—will be Spitzbergen. In that case we should not even get a glimpse of Franz Josef Land, the land of which I have dreamed golden dreams day and night. But still, if it is not to be, then well and good. Spitzbergen is good enough, and if we are as far west as we seem to be, I have greater hope than before of finding slacker ice and open water; and then for Spitzbergen! But there is still a serious question to be faced, and that is to procure ourselves enough food for the journey.

“ I have slept here some time on purpose, after having spent a good while on my calculations and speculations as to our drift and our future. We have nothing to hurry for in this state of the snow; it is hardly better to-day than it was yesterday, and then, on account of the mild temperature, it is better to travel by night than by day. The best thing to do is to spin out the time as long as possible without consuming more than absolutely necessary of the provisions; the summer cannot but improve matters, and we have still three months of it before us. The question is, can we procure ourselves food during that time? It would be strange, I think, if we could not. There are birds about continually; I saw another large gull yesterday, probably the herring or silver gull (*Larus argentatus*); but to support life for any length of time on such small fry we have not cartridges enough. On seal or bear all my hopes are fixed; just one before our provisions give