

advisable where the ice is uneven, as it only means getting into difficulties and being constrained eventually to turn back. In this way we are grinding along, but it goes without saying that speed and long marches are not the order of the day. But still, as it is we make a little way, and that is better than nothing; it is, besides, the only thing we can do, seeing that it is impossible to crawl into a lair and hibernate for a month or so till progress is possible again.

“To judge by the sky, there must be a number of lanes in the south and southwest. Perhaps our trying mode of advance is leading us to something better. We began at about ten yesterday evening, and stopped at six this morning. We have not had dinner the last few days, in order to save a meal, as we do not think this ice and our progress generally are worth much food. With the same object, we this morning collected the blood of ‘Storræven’ and converted it into a sort of porridge instead of the ‘fiskegratin.’ It was good, even if it was only dog’s blood, and at any rate we have a portion of fish flour to the good. Before we turned into the bag last night we inspected our cartridges, and found, to our joy, that we had 148 shot-gun cartridges, 181 rifle cartridges, and in addition 14 spherical-shot cartridges. With so much ammunition, we should be able to increase our provisions for some time to come, if necessary; for if nothing else should fall to our guns there would always be birds, and 148 birds will go a long way. If we use half-charges