

we can eke out our ammunition still further. We have, moreover, half a pound of gunpowder and some spherical shot for the rifles, also caps for reloading the cartridges. This discovery has put me in good spirits, for, truth to tell, I did not think our prospects were inordinately bright. We shall now, perhaps, be able to manage for three months, and within that time something must happen. In addition to what we can shoot, we can also catch gulls with a hook, and if the worst should come to the worst, and we set seriously to work, we can probably take some animalcula and the like with the net. It may happen that we shall not get to Spitzbergen in time to find a vessel, and must winter there, but it will be a life of luxury compared with this in the drift-ice, not knowing where we are nor whither drifting, and not seeing our goal, be it never so far away. I should not like to have this time over again. We have paid dearly for letting our watches run down that time. If there was no one waiting at home, a winter in Spitzbergen would be quite enticing. I lie here and dream of how comfortably and well we could manage there. Everything outside of this ice seems rosy, and out of it we shall be some time or other. We must comfort ourselves with the adage that night is darkest before the dawn. Of course it somewhat depends on *how* dark the night is to be, and considerably darker than it is now it might very well be. But our hopes are fixed on the summer. Yes, it *must* be better as summer gradually comes on."