

So on we went forward; and day after day we were going through exactly the same toil, in the same heavy snow; in which the sledges stuck fast ceaselessly. Dogs and men did their best, but with little effect, and in addition we began to be uneasy as to our means of subsistence. The dogs' rations were reduced to a minimum, to enable us to keep life going as long as possible. We were hungry and toil-worn from morning to night and from night to morning, all five of us. We determined to shoot whatever came in our way, even gulls and fulmars; but now, of course, none of this game ever came within range.

The lanes grew worse and worse, filled generally with slush and brash. We were often compelled to go long distances over nothing but small pieces, where one went through continually. On June 18th "a strong wind from the west (magnetic) sprang up, which tears and rattles at the tent. We are going back, I suppose, whence we came, only farther north perhaps. So we are buffeted by wind and current, and so it will go on, perhaps, the whole summer through, without our being able to master it." A meridian altitude that day made us in $82^{\circ} 19' N.$, so we had come down again a little. I saw and shot a couple of fulmars and a Brünnich's guillemot (*Uria brünnichii*), and these eked out our rations; but, to our distress, I fired at a couple of seals in the lanes and missed my mark. How we wished we could get hold of such a prize! "Meanwhile there is a good deal of life here now," I write on June 20th.