

kayaks in order for ferrying, so that their contents should not be spoiled by water leaking in. Among other things, a hole had to be patched in mine, which I had not seen before.

"We had a frugal supper—2 ounces aleuronate bread and 1 ounce butter per man—and crept into the bag to sleep as long as possible and kill the time without eating. The only thing to be done is to try and hold out till the snow has melted and advance is more practicable. At one in the afternoon we turned out to a rather more abundant breakfast of 'fiskegratin,' but we do not dare to eat as much as we require any longer. We are looking forward to trying our new tactics, and instead of attempting to conquer nature, obeying her and taking advantage of the lanes. We must get some way, at any rate, by this means; and the farther south the more prospect of lanes and the greater chance of something falling to our guns.

"Otherwise it is a dull existence enough, no prospect for the moment of being able to get on, impassable packed ice in every direction, rapidly diminishing provisions, and now, too, nothing to be caught or shot. An attempt I made at fishing with the net failed entirely—a pteropod (*Clio borealis*) and a few crustacea were the whole result. I lie awake at night by the hour racking my brain to find a way out of our difficulties. Well, well, there will be one eventually!

"Saturday, June 22d. Half-past 9 A.M.; after a good