

"Wednesday, July 10th. It is a curious thing that now, when I really have something of a little more interest than usual to relate, I have less inclination to write than ever. Everything seems to become more and more indifferent. One longs only for one single thing, and still the ice is lying out there covered with impassable snow.

"But what was it I had to say? Oh yes, that we made ourselves such a good bed yesterday with bearskins under the bag; that we slept the clock round without knowing it, and I thought it was six in the morning when I turned out. When I came out of the tent I thought there was something remarkable about the position of the sun, and pondered over it for a little while, until I came to the conclusion that it was six in the evening, and that we had slumbered for twenty-two hours. We have not slept much of late, as we have been broken on the wheel, so to speak, by the snow-shoes we had to place under the bag, in order to keep it clear of the pools of water under us. The apologies for hair still existing here and there on the skin at the bottom of the bag do not afford much protection against the sharp edges of the snow-shoes.

"This beneficent rain continued the whole day on Saturday, doing away with a fair amount of snow, and we rejoice to hear it. To celebrate the good weather we determined to have chocolate for supper; otherwise we live entirely on our catch. We had the chocolate accordingly, and served with raw blubber it tasted quite