

zero (-49.6° C.), and immediately one's brow is clouded over, and it becomes a matter of indifference how we get home, so long as we only get home soon. I immediately assume land to the northward, from which come these cold winds, with clear atmosphere and frost and bright blue skies, and conclude that this extensive tract of land must form a pole of cold with a constant maximum of air-pressure, which will force us south with north-east winds. About midday the air began to grow more hazy and my mood less gloomy. No doubt there is a south wind coming, but the temperature is still too low for it. Then the temperature, too, rises, and now we can rely on the wind. And this evening it came, sure enough, from S.S.W., and now, 12 P.M., its velocity is 11 feet, and the temperature has risen to 43° Fahr. below zero (-42° C.). This promises well. We should soon reach 81° . The land to the northward has now vanished from my mind's eye.

"We had lime-juice with sugar at dinner to-day instead of beer, and it seemed to be approved of. We call it wine, and we agreed that it was better than cider. Weighing has gone on this evening, and the increase in certain cases is still disquieting. Some have gained as much as 4 pounds in the last month—for instance, Sverdrup, Blessing, and Juell, who beats the record on board with 13 stone. 'I never weighed so much as I do now,' says Blessing, and it is much the same story with us all. Yes, this is a fatiguing expedition, but our menus are