

"It is all very well that he who has hatched a plan, be it never so wild, should go with it to carry it out; he naturally does his best for the child to which his thoughts have given birth. But they—they had no child to tend, and could, without feeling any yearning balked, have refrained from taking part in an expedition like this. Why should any human being renounce life to be wiped out here?"

"Sunday, June 24th. The anniversary of our departure from home. Northerly wind; still drifting south. Observations to-day gave $81^{\circ} 41' 7''$ north latitude, so we are not going at a breakneck speed.

"It has been a long year—a great deal has been gone through in it—though we are quite as far advanced as I had anticipated. I am sitting, and look out of the window at the snow whirling round in eddies as it is swept along by the north wind. A strange Midsummer-day! One might think we had had enough of snow and ice; I am not, however, exactly pining after green fields—at all events, not always. On the contrary, I find myself sitting by the hour laying plans for other voyages into the ice after our return from this one. . . . Yes, I know what I have attained, and, more or less, what awaits me. It is all very well for me to sketch plans for the future. But those at home. . . . No, I am not in a humor for writing this evening; I will turn in.

"Wednesday, July 11th. Lat. $81^{\circ} 18' 8''$. At last the