

velocity up to 39 feet and higher, but Hansen has taken an observation this evening in spite of it. He is, as always, a fine, indefatigable fellow. We are going north-west ($81^{\circ} 32' 8''$ north latitude, $118^{\circ} 28'$ east longitude).

“Sunday, October 14th. Still the same storm going on. I am reading of the continual sufferings which the earlier Arctic explorers had to contend with for every degree, even for every minute, of their northward course. It gives me almost a feeling of contempt for us, lying here on sofas, warm and comfortable, passing the time reading and writing and smoking and dreaming, while the storm is tugging and tearing at the rigging above us and the whole sea is one mass of driving snow, through which we are carried degree by degree northward to the goal our predecessors struggled towards, spending their strength in vain. And yet . . .

“‘Now sinks the sun, now comes the night.’

“Monday, October 15th. Went snow-shoeing eastward this morning, still against the same wind and the same snowfall. You have to pay careful attention to your course these days, as the ship is not visible any great distance, and if you did not find your way back, well— But the tracks remain pretty distinct, as the snow-crust is blown bare in most places, and the drifting snow does not fasten upon it. We are moving northward, and meanwhile the Arctic night is making its slow and majestic entrance. The sun was low to-day;