

secured, though there are those doubtless, who hold that a barren coast, where you must first scrape your food together before you can eat it, is a poor retreat for hungry men; but that is really an advantage, for such a retreat would not be too alluring. A wretched invention, forsooth, for people who wish to push on is a 'line of retreat'—an everlasting inducement to look behind, when they should have enough to do in looking ahead.

“But now for the expedition itself. It will consist of 28 dogs, two men, and 2100 pounds of provisions and equipments. The distance to the Pole from  $83^{\circ}$  is 483 miles. Is it too much to calculate that we may be able to accomplish that distance in 50 days? I do not of course know what the staying powers of the dogs may be; but that, with two men to help, they should be able to do  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles a day with 75 pounds each for the first few days, sounds sufficiently reasonable, even if they are not very good ones. This, then, can scarcely be called a wild calculation, always, of course, supposing the ice to be as it is here, and there is no reason why it should not be. Indeed, it steadily improves the farther north we get; and it also improves with the approach of spring. In 50 days, then, we should reach the Pole (in 65 days we went 345 miles over the inland ice of Greenland at an elevation of more than 8000 feet, without dogs and with defective provisions, and could certainly have gone considerably farther). In 50 days we shall have consumed a