

for it but to creep under the cover again and sleep as long as one can. Hunger at last, though, is too much for us, and I turn out to make a stew of delicious liver 'pâté.' Then a cup of whey drink, and into the bag again, to write or slumber as we list. Here we are, with nothing to do but to wait till the weather changes and we can go on.

"We can hardly be far from $83^{\circ} 10'$ N., and should have gained Petermann's Land if it be where Payer supposed. Either we must be unconscionably out of our bearings, or the country very small. Meanwhile, I suppose, this east wind is driving us westward, out to sea, in the direction of Spitzbergen. Heaven alone knows what the velocity of the drift may be here. Oh, well, I am not in the least downhearted. We still have 10 dogs, and should we drift past Cape Fligely, there is land enough west of us, and that we can hardly mistake. Starve we scarcely can; and if the worst should come to the worst, and we have to make up our minds to winter up here, we can face that too—if only there was nobody waiting at home. But we shall get back before the winter. The barometer is falling steadily, so that it will be a case of patience long drawn out, but we shall manage all right."

On the afternoon of the following day (May 21st) we were at last able to get off, though the weather was still thick and snowy, and we often staggered along like blind men. "As the wind was strong and right at our