

On Saturday, July 29th, we again headed eastward towards Yugor Strait as fast as sails and steam could take us. We had open sea ahead, the weather was fine and the wind fair. Next morning we came under the south side of Dolgoi or Langöia, as the Norwegian whalers call it, where we had to stand to the northward. On reaching the north of the island we again bore eastward. Here I descried from the crow's-nest, as far as I could make out, several islands which are not given on the charts. They lay a little to the east of Langöia.

It was now pretty clear that the *Urania* had not made her way through the ice. While we were sitting in the saloon in the forenoon, talking about it, a cry was heard from deck that the sloop was in sight. It was joyful news, but the joy was of no long duration. The next moment we heard she had a crow's-nest on her mast, so she was doubtless a sealer. When she sighted us she bore off to the south, probably fearing that we were a Russian war-ship or something equally bad. So, as we had no particular interest in her, we let her go on her way in peace.

Later in the day we neared Yugor Strait. We kept a sharp lookout for land ahead, but none could be seen. Hour after hour passed as we glided onward at good speed, but still no land. Certainly it would not be high land, but nevertheless this was strange. Yes—there it lies, like a low shadow over the horizon, on the port bow. It is land—it is Vaigats Island. Soon we sight more of