

the land through broken ice, but in the course of the day went further out to sea, the blueness of the atmosphere to the east and northeast promising more open water in that direction. However, about 3 P.M. the ice became so close that I thought it best to get back into the open channel along the land. It was certainly possible that we might have forced our way through the ice in the sea here, but also possible that we might have stuck fast, and it was too early to run this risk.

Next morning (August 5th), being then off the coast near to the mouth of the River Kara, we steered across towards Yalmal. We soon had that low land in sight, but in the afternoon we got into fog and close ice. Next day it was no better, and we made fast to a great ice-block which was lying stranded off the Yalmal coast.

In the evening some of us went on shore. The water was so shallow that our boat stuck fast a good way from the beach, and we had to wade. It was a perfectly flat, smooth sand-beach, covered by the sea at full tide, and beyond that a steep sand-bank, 30 to 40 feet, in some places probably 60 feet, high.

We wandered about a little. Flat, bare country on every hand. Any driftwood we saw was buried in the sand and soaking wet. Not a bird to be seen except one or two snipe. We came to a lake, and out of the fog in front of me I heard the cry of a loon, but saw no living creature. Our view was blocked by a wall of fog whichever way we turned. There were plenty of rein-