

north to east (by compass). Now it is to be proved if my theory, on which the whole expedition is based, is correct—if we are to find a little north from here a north-flowing current. So far everything is better than I had expected. We are in latitude $75\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., and have still open water and dark sky to the north and west. In the evening there was ice-light ahead and on the starboard bow. About seven I thought that I could see ice, which, however, rose so regularly that it more resembled land, but it was too dark to see distinctly. It seemed as if it might be Bielkoff Island, and a big light spot farther to the east might even be the reflection from the snow-covered Kotelnoi. I should have liked to run in here, partly to see a little of this interesting island, and partly to inspect the stores which we knew had been deposited for us here by the friendly care of Baron von Toll; but time was precious, and to the north the sea seemed to lie open to us. Prospects were bright, and we sailed steadily northward, wondering what the morrow would bring—disappointment or hope? If all went well we should reach Sannikoff Land—that, as yet, untrodden ground.

“It was a strange feeling to be sailing away north in the dark night to unknown lands, over an open, rolling sea, where no ship, no boat had been before. We might have been hundreds of miles away in more southerly waters, the air was so mild for September in this latitude.

“Tuesday, September 19th. I have never had such