

evening the dark heavens before us augured open water of a worse kind. The reflection was particularly dark and threatening, both in the west and in the east. By 7 o'clock I could see a broad lane before us, stretching away west and east as far as the eye could reach from the highest hummock. It was broad, and appeared to be more impracticable than any of the previous ones. As the dogs were tired, our day's march had been a good one, and we had a splendid camping-place ready to hand, we decided to pitch the tent. Well satisfied and certain that we were now in latitude $82\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and that land must inevitably be near, we disappeared into the bag.

“During breakfast this morning I went out and took a meridian altitude. It proves that we have not deceived ourselves. We are in latitude $82^{\circ} 30'$ N., perhaps even a minute or two farther south. But it is growing more and more remarkable that we see no sign of land. I cannot explain it in any other way than that we are some degrees farther east than we suppose.* That we should be so much farther west as to enable us to pass entirely clear of Petermann's Land and Oscar's Land, and not so much as get a glimpse of them, I consider an impossibility. I have again looked at our former observations; have again gone through our dead reckoning, the velocity

* In point of fact, we were then about 6° farther east than we thought. I had on April 14th, it will be remembered (compare my notes for that day), surmised that the longitude I then set down (86° E.) was more westerly than that we were actually in.