

when he is to be seen through the driving clouds; clear he will never be. Yesterday afternoon, after an unconscionable wait, and after having put up the instrument in vain a couple of times, I finally got a wretched single altitude.

“Yesterday evening I reckoned out these observations and find that, contrary to our expectations, we have drifted strongly westward, having come from $61^{\circ} 16'$ E., which was our longitude on June 4th, right to about $57^{\circ} 40'$ E. But then we have also drifted a good way north again, up to $82^{\circ} 26'$ N., after being down in $82^{\circ} 17.8'$ on the same date, and we have been pushing southward as hard as we could the whole time. However, we are glad to see that there is so much movement in the ice, for then there is hope of our drifting out eventually towards open water; for that we can get there by our own efforts alone over this shocking ice I am beginning to doubt. This country and this going are too bad, and my hope now is in lanes and slack ice. Happily, a northeast wind has sprung up. Yesterday there was a fresh breeze from the north-northwest (magnetic), and the same again to-day. Only let it blow on; if it has set us northwest it can also set us southwest, and eventually out towards our goal—towards Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen. I doubt more than ever our being east of Cape Fligely after this observation, and I begin to believe more and more in the possibility that the first land we shall see—if we see any, and I