

be glad if we reached 78° ; but Sverdrup is less easily satisfied; he says over 80° —perhaps 84° , 85° . He even talks seriously of the open Polar Sea, which he once read about; he always comes back upon it, in spite of my laughing at him.

“I have almost to ask myself if this is not a dream. One must have gone against the stream to know what it means to go with the stream. As it was on the Greenland expedition, so it is here.

“‘Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit,
Hier wird die Wirklichkeit zum Traum!’

“Hardly any life visible here. Saw an auk or black guillemot to-day, and later a sea-gull in the distance. When I was hauling up a bucket of water in the evening to wash the deck I noticed that it was sparkling with phosphorescence. One could almost have imagined one's self to be in the south.

“Wednesday, September 20th. I have had a rough awakening from my dream. As I was sitting at 11 A.M., looking at the map and thinking that my cup would soon be full—we had almost reached 78° —there was a sudden luff, and I rushed out. Ahead of us lay the edge of the ice, long and compact, shining through the fog. I had a strong inclination to go eastward, on the possibility of there being land in that direction; but it looked as if the ice extended farther south there, and there was the probability of being able to reach a