

all night, making splendid way; when the wind was blowing stiffest we went at the rate of 9 knots. We came upon ice every now and then, but got through it easily.

Towards morning (September 11th) we had high land ahead, and had to change our course to due east, keeping to this all day. When I came on deck before noon I saw a fine tract of hill country, with high summits and valleys between. It was the first view of the sort since we had left Vardö, and, after the monotonous low land we had been coasting along for months, it was refreshing to see such mountains again. They ended with a precipitous descent to the east, and eastward from that extended a perfectly flat plain. In the course of the day we quite lost sight of land, and strangely enough did not see it again; nor did we see the Islands of St. Peter and St. Paul, though, according to the maps, our course lay close past them.

Thursday, September 12th. Henriksen awoke me this morning at 6 with the information that there were several walruses lying on a floe quite close to us. "By jove!" Up I jumped and had my clothes on in a trice. It was a lovely morning—fine, still weather; the walruses' guffaw sounded over to us along the clear ice surface. They were lying crowded together on a floe a little to landward from us, blue mountains glittering behind them in the sun. At last the harpoons were sharpened, guns and cartridges ready, and Henriksen,