

west along the opening, no walrus was to be found. Goodness knows where it had gone, as there are hardly any openings in the ice for a long distance round. Sverdrup and I vainly fret over not having known at once what kind of animal it was, for if we had only guessed we should have him now. But who expects to meet a walrus on close ice in the middle of a wild sea of a thousand fathoms depth, and that in the heart of winter? None of us ever heard of such a thing before; it is a perfect mystery. As I thought we might have come upon shoals or into the neighborhood of land, I had soundings taken in the afternoon with 130 fathoms (240 metres) of line, but no bottom was found.

“By yesterday's observations we are in $79^{\circ} 41'$ north latitude and $135^{\circ} 29'$ east longitude. That is good progress north, and it does not much matter that we have been taken a little west. The clouds are driving this evening before a strong south wind, so we shall likely be going before it soon too; in the meantime there is a breeze from the south so slight that you hardly feel it.

“The opening on our stern lies almost east and west. We could see no end to it westward when we went after the walrus; and Mogstad and Peter had gone three miles east, and it was as broad as ever there.

“Wednesday, January 24th. At supper this evening Peter told some of his remarkable Spitzbergen stories—about his comrade Andreas Bek. ‘Well, you see, it was