

once struck a walrus-spear through the coffin, and it's sticking there yet.'

" 'What did he do that for?'

" 'Oh, just because he wanted to know if there was anything in the coffin; and yet he didn't want to open it, you know. But let him lie in peace now.' "

" Friday January 26th. Peter and I went eastward along the opening this morning for about seven miles, and we saw where it ends, in some old pressure-ridges; its whole length is over seven miles. Movement in the ice began on our way home; indeed, there was pretty strong pressure all the time. As we were walking on the new ice in the opening it rose in furrows or cracked under our feet. Then it raised itself up into two high walls, between which we walked as if along a street, amidst unceasing noises, sometimes howling and whining like a dog complaining of the cold, sometimes a roar like the thunder of a great waterfall. We were often obliged to take refuge on the old ice, either because we came to open water with a confusion of floating blocks, or because the line of the packing had gone straight across the opening, and there was a wall in front of us like a high frozen wave. It seemed as if the ice on the south side of the opening where the *Fram* is lying were moving east, or else that on the north side was moving west; for the floes on the two sides slanted in towards each other in these directions. We saw tracks of a little bear which had trotted along the opening the day before. Unfort-