

pool. Near the edge there was some thicker and older ice, which would bear, and over which I went on snowshoes to look for a crossing, but found none as far as I went. The strip of ice along the middle, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, was everywhere too thin to risk taking the sledges over. We consequently decided to camp and wait till to-day, when it is to be hoped the ice will be strong enough to bear. And here we are still with the same lane in front of us. Heaven only knows what surprises the day will bring.

“Sunday, May 19th. The surprise which the Seventeenth brought us was nothing less than that we found the lanes about here full of narwhals. When we had just got under way, and were about to cross over the lane we had been stopped by the previous day, I became aware of a breathing noise, just like the blowing of whales. I thought at first it must be from the dogs, but then I heard for certain that the sound came from the lane. I listened. Johansen had heard the noise the whole morning, he said, but thought it was only ice jamming in the distance. No, that sound I knew well enough, I thought, and looked over towards an opening in the ice whence I thought it proceeded. Suddenly I saw a movement which could hardly be falling ice, and—quite right—up came the head of a whale; then came the body; it executed the well-known curve, and disappeared. Then up came another, accompanied by the same sound. There was a whole school of them. I shouted that