

a bear, and the second, that we saw open water under the glacier edge ashore.

“We set off about 7 o'clock yesterday morning and got on to ice as bad it as could be. It was as if some giant had hurled down enormous blocks pell-mell, and had strewn wet snow in between them with water underneath; and into this we sank above our knees. There were also numbers of deep pools in between the blocks. It was like toiling over hill and dale, up and down over block after block and ridge after ridge, with deep clefts in between; not a clear space big enough to pitch a tent on even, and thus it went on the whole time. To put a coping-stone to our misery, there was such a mist that we could not see a hundred yards in front of us. After an exhausting march we at last reached a lane where we had to ferry over in the kayaks. After having cleared the side of the lane from young ice and brash, I drew my sledge to the end of the ice, and was holding it to prevent it slipping in, when I heard a scuffle behind me, and Johansen, who had just turned round to pull his sledge flush with mine,* cried, ‘Take the gun!’ I turned round and saw an enormous bear throwing itself

* As a rule, we crossed the lanes in this manner; we placed the sledges, with the kayaks on, side by side, lashed them together, stiffened them by running the snow-shoes across under the straps, which also steadied them, and then launched them as they were, with the sledges lashed underneath. When across, we had only to haul them up on the other side.