

round our floe, where we made the best of the situation by having dinner. Sometimes it was near Johansen's kayak, sometimes near mine. We could see how it darted about in the water under the kayaks, and it had evidently the greatest desire to attack us again. We thought of giving it a ball to get rid of it, but had no great wish to part with a cartridge, and, besides, it only showed us its nose and forehead, which are not exactly the most vital spots to aim at when one's object is to kill with one shot. It was a great ox-walrus. There is something remarkably fantastic and prehistoric about these monsters. I could not help thinking of a merman, or something of the kind, as it lay there just under the surface of the water, blowing and snorting for quite a long while at a time, and glaring at us with its round glassy eyes. After having continued in this way for some time, it disappeared just as tracklessly as it had come; and as we had finished our dinner we were able to go on our way again, glad, a second time, not to have been upset or destroyed by its tusks. The most curious thing about it was that it came so entirely without warning—suddenly rising up from the deep. Johansen had certainly heard a great splash behind him some time before, which he took to be a seal, but perhaps it may have been the walrus.

“The lane along the shore-ice gave us little satisfaction, as it was completely covered with young ice and we could make no way. In addition to this, a wind from the