

" Wednesday, March 25th. There is the same dark water-sky behind the promontory in the southwest, stretching thence westward almost to the extreme west. It has been there all through this mild weather, with southwesterly wind, from the very beginning of the month. There seems to be always open water there, for no sooner is the sky overcast than the reflection of water appears in that quarter.

" Thursday, April 2d. As I awoke at about eight this evening (our morning-happened to fall in the evening to-day), we heard an animal rustling about outside and gnawing at something. We did not take much notice of it, thinking it was a fox, busy as usual with some meat up on the roof; and if it did seem to be making rather more noise than we had of late been accustomed to hear from foxes, yet it was scarcely noise enough to come from a bear. We did not take into consideration that the snow was not so cold and crackling now as it had been earlier in the winter. When Johansen went out to read the thermometer, he saw that it was a bear that had been there. It had gone round the hut, but had evidently not liked all the bears' carcasses, and had not ventured past them up to the walrus blubber on the roof. At the opening of the passage and the chimney it had sniffed hard, doubtless enjoying

bers, invariably set forth from land at certain times of the day towards the open sea, and then at other times returned in unbroken lines up the ice-bound fjords to their nest-rocks again.