

at the thought of the good service they had done; but they are now so heavy with oil and dirt that they must be several times their original weight, and, if they were squeezed, oil would ooze out of them." It was undeniably pleasant to put on the new, light, soft trousers of blanket, which were, to some extent, free from grease. As, however, this material was loose in texture, I was afraid it might wear out before we reached Spitzbergen, and we had therefore strengthened it both inside and outside with pieces of an old pair of drawers and of a shirt to protect it from wear.

While I was taking some observations outside the hut on Saturday, May 16th, I saw a bear with quite a small young one out on the ice. I had just taken a turn out there, and they were examining my tracks. The mother went first, going up on to all the hummocks I had been upon, turning round and sniffing and looking at the tracks, and then descending again and going on. The tiny young one trotted along behind, exactly repeating the movements of its mother. At last they grew tired of this, and turned their steps towards the shore, disappearing behind the promontory to the north of us. Shortly after Johansen came out, and I told him about it, and said: "I expect we shall soon see them in the cleft up there, as the wind is that way." I had scarcely said it, when, looking across, we saw them both standing, stretching their necks, sniffing, and looking at us and the hut. We did not want to shoot them, as we