

the winter we had called it the Cape of Good Hope, as we expected to find different conditions there which would facilitate our advance; and our hopes were not to be disappointed. From the crest of the mountain I saw open water not far off to the south, and also two new snow-lands, one large one in front (in the south,  $40^{\circ}$  W.), and one not much smaller in the west (S.  $85^{\circ}$  W.). It was completely covered with glacier, and looked like an evenly vaulted shield. I could not see clearly how the coast ran on account of a headland to the southward. But it did not seem to trend to the southeast, so that we could not be near Cape Lofley. We now hoped that we might be able to launch our kayaks the very next day, and that we should then make rapid progress in a southwesterly direction; but in this we were disappointed. The next day there was a snow-storm, and we had to stay where we were. As I lay in the bag in the morning, preparing breakfast, I all at once caught sight of a bear walking quietly past us at a distance of about twenty paces. It looked at us and our kayaks once or twice, but could not quite make out what we were, as the wind was in another direction and it could not get scent of us, so it continued its way. I let it go unharmed; we still had food enough.

On Saturday, May 23d, the weather was still bad, but we went ahead a little way to examine our road onward. The point to be found out was whether we ought at once to make for the open water, that lay on the other