

“ While we were making our way during the morning between some lanes I suddenly saw a black object come rushing through the air; it was a black guillemot (*Uria grylle*), and it circled round us several times. Not long afterwards I heard a curious noise in a southwesterly direction—something like the sound made by a goat’s horn when blown on; I heard it many times, and Johansen also remarked it, but I could not make out what it was. An animal, at all events, it must be, as human beings are hardly likely to be near us here.* A little while later a fulmar came sailing towards us, and flew round and round just over our heads. I got out my gun, but before I had a cartridge in the bird had gone again. It is beginning to grow lively here; it is cheering to see so much life, and gives one the feeling that one is approaching land and kindlier regions. Later on I saw a seal on the ice; it was a little ringed seal, which it would have been a satisfaction to capture; but before I had quite made out which it was it had disappeared into the water.

“ At 10 o’clock we had dinner, which we shall no longer eat in the bag, in order to save time. We have also decided to shorten our marches to eight hours or so in the day on account of the dogs. At 11 o’clock, after dinner, we started off again, and at three stopped and camped. I should imagine we went 7 miles yesterday, or let me say between 12 and 15 during the last two

* It was undoubtedly from seals, which often utter a sound like a protracted “ho!”