

We could not quite keep the course proposed, as the weather took charge of us a bit sometimes and no mistake. I will endeavour to give a few particulars of the trip.

We were pretty deep in the water when we left Bergen on the afternoon of the 9th February, every available hole and corner being crammed full of coal; consequently we got a bit of a washing that night. We had a hard gale dead ahead, but managed all the same to take up three stations before she refused to look at it about midnight of the 10th. All the 11th we lay hove-to, though we were able to take up one station; and on the 12th we stopped the engines to save coal, and got sail on her. Not till the afternoon of the 13th did the sea and wind go down enough for us to continue our course. During this storm we had frequent spits of snow and shipped a lot of water. To enable us to take up our stations we stretched a rope from davit to davit along the whole of the starboard side where we had to work. We did this to have something to hold on to, and so save us from being washed overboard. Koefoed was given a rope to tie round him, which fastened him like a dog to the davit where he worked. Otherwise everything was all right, except that the sheet of the mainsail parted so that the sail was damaged and a couple of thermometers were smashed. An interesting sight was a school of bottle-nose whales which we observed in lat.  $63^{\circ} 3' N.$ , long.  $2^{\circ} 44' E.$  They were seven in number, most of them being males, "barrel hoops."

On the 14th and 15th we had good weather with little snow, so we made excellent progress northwards and took up a few stations. On the morning of the 16th we had clear weather and could see the ice-blink, the water at the same time becoming cold. After taking up a station during the night just clear of the ice we steamed through ice-floes all the next morning. We saw Jan Mayen in the distance, but the ice lay thick all round it. About midday we had to look sharp and get out again, as the wind increased to a gale, accompanied by severe frost and remarkable shrouds of mist, which assumed the most fantastic shapes and were constantly in motion. I have never seen anything like them before. We shaped our course for Vesteraalen, and got sail on her to steady her a bit. The whole of the afternoon we were pretty well cased with ice—hull, spars, and standing rigging—and on running suddenly into the middle of an ice-floe about nine o'clock that evening we had a hard job to get the ship round against the wind, her sails being so stiff with ice that it was impossible to take them in. However, we managed gradually to get her bows up against a large cake of ice and brought her round with the help of the engines. There was just room to turn her and that was all. We then set our course back the way we had come, and so got clear.

The stations we took up during the severe frost were the reverse of easy, as the metre-wheels froze up, and we had to keep them warm with thick, red-hot iron bars that were brought from the engine-room and held close to the wheel-axles.

On the night of the 17th we ran into another storm, which lasted till we arrived in port.

On the 19th, at midday, we saw land, but were unable to make it