

strength into the work. There were only a few boat lengths to cover; we bent to our oars with a will. Now there were three boat lengths. Another desperate spurt. Now there were two and a half boat lengths—presently two—then only one! A few more frantic pulls, and there was a little less. “Now, boys, one or two more hard pulls and it’s over! Hard! hard!! Keep to it! Now another! Don’t give up! One more! *There, we have it!!!*” And one joyful sigh of relief passed round the boat. “Keep the oars going or the rope will break. Row, boys!” And row we did, and soon they had hauled us alongside of the *Fram*. Not till we were lying there getting our bearskins and flesh hauled on board did we really know what we had had to fight against. The current was running along the side of the ship like a rapid river. At last we were actually on board. It was evening by this time, and it was splendid to get some good hot food and then stretch one’s limbs in a comfortable dry berth. There is a satisfaction in feeling that one has exerted one’s self to some purpose. Here was the net result of four-and-twenty hours’ hard toil: we had shot two reindeer which we did not get, got two bears that we had no use for, and had totally ruined one suit of clothes. Two washings had not the smallest effect upon them, and they hung on deck to air for the rest of this trip.

I slept badly that night, for this is what I find in my diary: “Got on board after what I think was the