

Three days later a she-bear, with a young cub, came trotting towards the vessel at noon. We burned some blubber in order to attract them, but the bear was very cautious, and it was some time before she approached to within 200 to 300 yards. Then the mate could not restrain himself any longer and fired, so the rest of us sent her a few shots at the same time, and she fell after walking a few paces. Some of us took the "pram" and pulled across to the place, as there was a wide channel between the bear and the vessel. The cub, poor thing, was a fine little fellow, with almost perfectly white fur and a dark muzzle; it was about the size of one of our smallest dogs. When they came up, he sat down on his mother's body, remained there quite still, and seeming for the present to take matters calmly. Henriksen put a strap around his neck, and when the mother was conveyed to the channel he followed quite willingly, and sat down on her back again when she was towed across. But when, on arriving at the ship, he found he was to be separated from his mother and brought on board, it was quite another story. He resisted with all his strength, and was in a perfect rage. He got worse when he was let loose under the companion-hood on board. He carried on like a frenzied being, biting, tearing, growling, and howling with wild rage, like a veritable fiend, ceasing only as long as he was occupied in devouring the pieces of meat thrown to him. Never have I seen in any one creature such a combination of all the most savage qualities of wild beasts as I found in this little monster. And he was still quite a cub! In the evening I gave orders to rid us of this unpleasant passenger, and Mogstad ended his days with a well-aimed blow of the hatchet.

For about a fortnight we saw no bears, but during the night of July 12th we had a visit from three, one of which, after a hot pursuit, was killed by Scott-Hansen, the mate, Nordahl, and Bentzen. The dogs, too, did good service this time. The other two bears sneaked off at the first shot, and were lost to sight in the fog.

On the evening of July 18th Mogstad and I shot a bear, which we should hardly have got hold of but for the sagacity