

backs, there was worse awaiting us on the beach. The tide had risen, and at the same time the waves had got larger and swamped the boat, and were now breaking over it. Guns and ammunition were soaking in the water; bits of bread, our only provision, floated round, and the butter-dish lay at the bottom, with no butter in it. It required no small exertion to get the boat drawn up out of this heavy surf and emptied of water. Luckily, it had received no injury, as the beach was of a soft sand; but the sand had penetrated with the water everywhere, even into the most delicate parts of the locks of our rifles. But worst of all was the loss of our provisions, for now we were ravenously hungry. We had to make the best of a bad business, and eat pieces of bread soaked in sea-water and flavored with several varieties of dirt. On this occasion, too, I lost my sketch-book, with some sketches that were of value to me.

It was no easy task to get our heavy game into the boat with these big waves breaking on the flat beach. We had to keep the boat outside the surf, and haul both skins and flesh on board with a line; a good deal of water came with them, but there was no help for it. And then we had to row north along the shore against the wind and sea as hard as we could. It was very tough work. The wind had increased, and it was all we could do to make headway against it. Seals were diving round us, white whales coming and going, but we had no eyes for them now. Suddenly Henriksen called out that there was a