

however, a gale had sprung up, blowing on the shore, the *Windward's* moorings at the edge of the ice had given way, she was set adrift and obliged to seek a haven farther in, where, however, it was so shallow that there was only one or two feet of water beneath her keel. Meanwhile, the wind drove the ice in, the navigable water closed in all round it outside, and the floes were continually drawing nearer. For a time the situation looked anything but pleasant; but fortunately the ice did not reach the vessel, and she thus escaped being screwed out of the water. After a delay of a couple of days on this account the vessel got out again.

And now we were to bid adieu to this last station on our route, where we had met with such a cordial and hospitable reception. A feverish energy came over the little colony. Those who were going home had to make themselves ready for the voyage, and those who were to remain had to bring their letters and other things on board. This, however, was sufficiently difficult. The vessel lay waiting impatiently and incessantly sounding her steam-whistle; and a quantity of loose ice had packed itself together outside the edge of the shore-ice, so that it was not easy to move. At last, however, those who were to remain had gone on shore, and we who were going home were all on board—that is to say, Mr. Fisher, the botanist; Mr. Child, the chemist; Mr. Burgess; and the Finn, Blomqvist, of the English expedition, along with Johansen and myself. As the