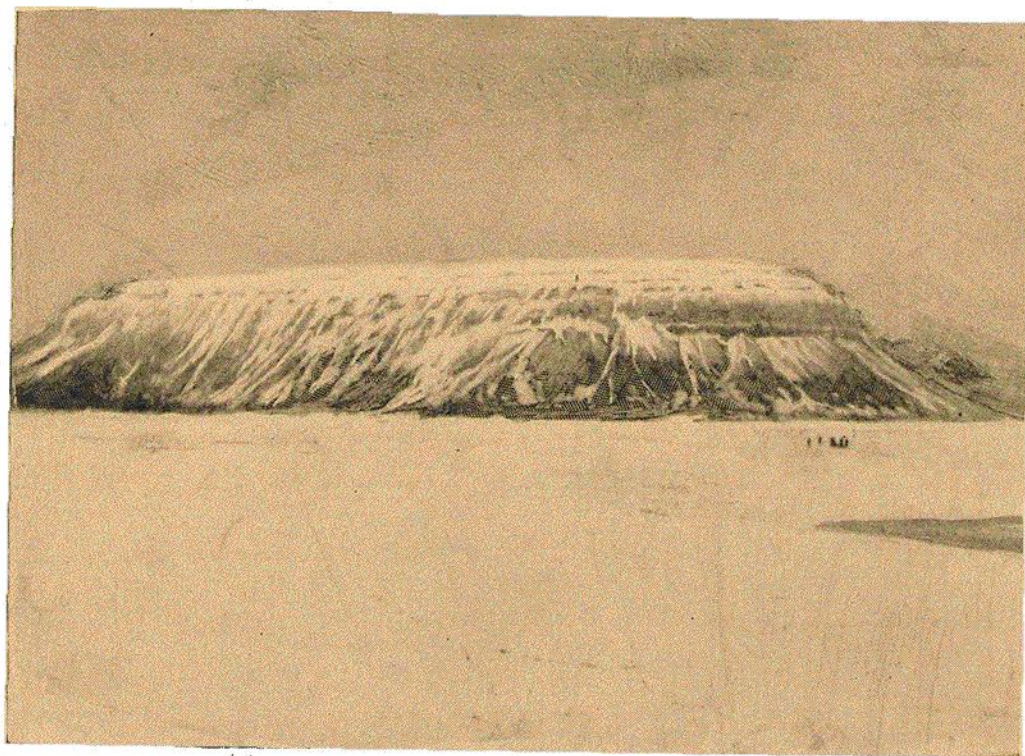


sun burst through the clouds above Cape Flora we waved our hats, and sent our last cheer as a farewell to the six men standing like a little dark spot on the floe in that great icy solitude; and under full sail and steam we set out on August 7th, with a fair wind, over the undulating surface of the ocean, towards the south.

Fortune favored us. On her northward voyage the *Windward* had much and difficult ice to combat with



CAPE FLORA. FAREWELL TO FRANZ JOSEF LAND

before she at last broke through and came in to land. Now, too, we met a quantity of ice, but it was slack and comparatively easy to get through. We were stopped in a few places, and had to break a way through