

them, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in saving the things. At the same time there was a violent disturbance in the water around the vessel. She turned round with the floe, so that she rapidly came to head W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., instead of N.E. All hands were busy getting back into the ship all the things which had been placed upon the floes, and this was successfully accomplished, although it was no trifling labor, and not without danger to the boats, owing to the strong breeze and the violent working of the floes and blocks of ice. The floe with the ruins of the forge was slowly bearing away in the same direction as the great hummock, and served for some time as a kind of beacon for us. Indeed, in the distance it looked like one, crowned as it was on its summit with a dark skull-cap, a huge iron kettle, which lay there bottom upward. The kettle was originally bought by Tronheim, and came on board at Khabarova, together with the dogs. He had used it on the trip through Siberia for cooking the food for the dogs. We used to keep blubber and other dogs' food in it. In the course of its long service the rust had eaten holes in the bottom, and it was therefore cashiered, and thrown away upon the pressure-ridge close to the smithy. It now served, as I have said, as a beacon, and is perhaps to-day drifting about in the Polar Sea in that capacity—unless it has been found and taken possession of by some Eskimo housewife on the east coast of Greenland.

As the sun and mild weather brought their influence to bear upon the surface of the ice and the snow, the vessel rose daily higher and higher above the ice, so that by July 23d we had three and a half planks of the greenheart ice-hide clear on the port side and ten planks to starboard. In the evening of August 8th our floe cracked on the port, and the *Fram* altered her list from 7° to port to 1.5° starboard side, with respectively four and two planks of the ice-hide clear, and eleven bow-irons clear forward.

I feared that the small floe in which we were now embedded might drift off down the channel if the ice slackened any more, and I therefore ordered the mate to moor the vessel to the main flow, where many of our things were stored. The order, however, was not quickly enough executed, and when I came on