

should again begin to pinch. As the ice soon after slackened a good deal, and became more broken than before, we some days later made another attempt to haul her a little farther, but had soon to give it up; there was not enough space between the two great floes on either hand of us. We now lay at the same spot until September 2d, with half a gale blowing continually from the southwest, and with heavy rain now and then. On the evening of August 30th, for instance, we had a violent rain-storm, which loosened the ice-coating of the rigging and made a frightful racket as it brought the pieces of ice clattering down upon the deck, the deck-house, and the awning.

Our "estate" was very thoroughly ploughed, harrowed, and drained at this time by wind, rain, pressure, and other such doughty laborers. Then came the tiresome business of moving the things out from the ship, which involved the cutting up and parcelling out of almost the whole "estate," so that what was left open to us was scanty and cramped enough.

Thus reduced, the "estate" now formed an approximately oblong floe, with its greatest length from east to west, and surrounded on all sides by more or less open rifts and lanes. The *Fram* lay moored to the north side close to the northeast point, with her bow heading west. Immediately astern of her, and separated from the point only by a narrow lane, lay a large floe, upon which was stowed, among other things, a part of our provision of coal. Far off to the westward the great hummock still lay drifting.

While the other sides of the "estate" were pretty nearly straight, the east side formed a concave arc or bay, which offered an excellent winter berth for the *Fram*. But there was no possibility of getting the ship into it so long as the channel between the "estate" and the floe to eastward remained closed. Late in the afternoon of September 2d the ice at last slackened so much that we could make an attempt. By the help of our tackle we managed to get her warped a ship's length eastward, but it was impossible for the moment to get her any farther, as the new ice was already pretty thick (the night temperature was -5° C.), and also a good deal packed. Nor was it any use to bring the ice-saw into play and cut a channel, for the slush was