

engine. Some large pieces of ice floated up from the rudder-stock or frame; we fished them up, and everything was in order. Amundsen let the engine work some time, and everybody was down with him to see the wonder with their own eyes, and to be convinced that he really had got it to turn round.

This was quite an event for us. It filled us with renewed courage and hope of soon getting out of our long captivity, though the way might be ever so long and weary. The *Fram* was no longer a helpless ball, tossed to and fro at the caprice of the drift-ice. Our gallant ship had awakened to renewed life after her year-long winter sleep, and we rejoiced to feel the first pulsations of her strongly beating heart. It seemed as if the *Fram* understood us, and wanted to say: "Onward! southward! homeward!"

The state of the ice around the ship, however, was still far from being so favorable as to give us any prospect of getting out just at present. It is true that symptoms of spring began to show themselves; the temperature rose, and the snow vanished rapidly; but we still remained at about the same latitude where we had been lying for months—namely, at about 84°. From the crow's-nest, indeed, we could see a large channel, which extended southward as far as the eye could reach; but to get through the belt of ice, over 200 yards wide, which separated us from it, was impossible before the thick pack-ice slackened somewhat. We therefore made no attempt to blast the ship free, but devoted our time to various duties on board, did whatever was left undone, got the steam windlass in order, examined all our cordage, and so forth.

In the hole in the ice which was always kept open for the striking of the log-line, we had placed the heads of the two bears, so that the amphipodes might pick off the meat for us, a task which they usually perform quickly and effectually. One day, when a swarm of amphipodes appeared above the bears' heads, Scott-Hansen caught a lot of them in a bag-net, and had them cooked for supper, intending to give us a regular treat. But we were sadly disappointed. There was not a particle of meat on the miserable creatures—nothing but shells and