

“ The saloon and the berths were soon cleared of bags, and the deck as well, and we started taking them along the ice. The ice roared and crashed against the ship's side, so that we could hardly hear ourselves speak; but all went quickly and well, and before long everything was in safety.

“ While we were dragging the bags along, the pressure and jamming of the ice had at last stopped, and all was quiet again as before.

“ But what a sight! The *Fram's* port side was quite buried under the snow; all that could be seen was the top of the tent projecting. Had the petroleum launch been hanging in the davits, as it was a few hours previously, it would hardly have escaped destruction. The davits were quite buried in ice and snow. It is curious that both fire and water have been powerless against that boat; and it has now come out unscathed from the ice, and lies there bottom upward on the floe. She has had a stormy existence and continual mishaps; I wonder what is next in store for her?

“ It was, I must admit, a most exciting scene when it was at its worst, and we thought it was imperative to get the bags up from the saloon with all possible speed. Sverdrup now tells me that he was just about to have a bath, and was as naked as when he was born, when he heard me call all hands on deck. As this had not happened before, he understood there was something serious the matter, and he jumped into his clothes anyhow.