

shook. This was the first ice-pressure. Every one rushed on deck to look. The *Fram* behaved beautifully, as I had expected she would. On pushed the ice with steady pressure, but down under us it had to go, and we were slowly lifted up. These 'squeezings' continued off and on all the afternoon, and were sometimes so strong that the *Fram* was lifted several feet; but then the ice could no longer bear her, and she broke it below her. Towards evening the whole slackened again, till we lay in a good-sized piece of open water, and had hurriedly to moor her to our old floe, or we should have drifted off. There seems to be a good deal of movement in the ice here. Peter has just been telling us that he hears the dull booming of strong pressures not far off.

"Tuesday, October 10th. The ice continues disturbed.

"Wednesday, October 11th. The bad news was brought this afternoon that 'Job' is dead, torn in pieces by the other dogs. He was found a good way from the ship, 'Old Suggen' lying watching the corpse, so that no other dog could get to it. They are wretches, these dogs; no day passes without a fight. In the day-time one of us is generally at hand to stop it, but at night they seldom fail to tear and bite one of their comrades. Poor 'Barabbas' is almost frightened out of his wits. He stays on board now, and dares not venture on the ice, because he knows the other monsters would set on