

are drifting slowly southward. Towards evening the ice packed together again with much force; but the *Fram* can hold her own. In the afternoon I fished in a depth of about 27 fathoms (50 metres) with Murray's silk net,* and had a good take, especially of small crustaceans (*Copepoda*, *Ostracoda*, *Amphipoda*, etc.) and of a little Arctic worm (*Spadella*) that swims about in the sea. It is horribly difficult to manage a little fishing here. No sooner have you found an opening to slip your tackle through than it begins to close again, and you have to haul up as hard as you can, so as not to get the line nipped and lose everything. It is a pity, for there are interesting hauls to be made. One sees phosphorescence† in the water here whenever there is the smallest opening in the ice. There is by no means such a scarcity of animal life as one might expect.

“Friday, October 13th. Now we are in the very midst of what the prophets would have had us dread so much. The ice is pressing and packing round us with a noise like thunder. It is piling itself up into long walls, and heaps high enough to reach a good way up the *Fram's* rigging; in fact, it is trying its very utmost to grind the *Fram* into powder. But here we sit quite tranquil, not

* This silk bag-net is intended to be dragged after a boat or ship to catch the living animals or plant organisms at various depths. We used them constantly during our drifting, sinking them to different depths under the ice, and they often brought up rich spoils.

† This phosphorescence is principally due to small luminous crustacea (*Copepoda*).