

come. I jumped up. There was nothing left for it but to call all hands, to put all the remaining provisions on the ice, and then put all our furs and other equipment on deck, so that they could be thrown overboard at a moment's notice if necessary. Thus the day passed, but the ice kept quiet. Last of all, the petroleum launch, which was hanging in the davits on the port side, was lowered, and was dragged towards the great hummock. At about 8 o'clock in the evening, when we thought the ice-pressure had subsided, it started thundering and crashing again worse than ever. I hurried up. Masses of snow and ice rushed on us, high above the rail amidships and over the tent. Peter, who also came up, seized a spade and rushed forward outside the awning as far as the forepart of the half-deck, and stood in the midst of the ice, digging away, and I followed to see how matters stood. I saw more than I cared to see; it was hopeless to fight that enemy with a spade. I called out to Peter to come back, and said, 'We had better see to getting everything out on to the ice.' Hardly had I spoken, when it pressed on again with renewed strength, and thundered and crashed, and, as Peter said, and laughed till he shook again, 'nearly sent both me and the spade to the deuce.' I rushed back to the main-deck; on the way I met Mogstad, who hurried up, spade in hand, and sent him back. Running forward under the tent towards the ladder, I saw that the tent-roof was bent down under the weight of the masses of