

ladder, and thus imprison us like mice in a trap. True, the passage up from the engine-room had been cleared for this emergency, but this was a very narrow hole to get through with heavy bags, and no one could tell how long this hole would keep open when the ice once attacked us in earnest. I ran up again to set free the dogs, which were shut up in 'Castle-garden'—an enclosure on the deck along the port bulwark. They whined and howled most dolefully under the tent as the snow masses threatened at any moment to crush it and bury them alive. I cut away the fastening with a knife, pulled the door open, and out rushed most of them by the starboard gangway at full speed.\*

Meantime the hands started bringing up the bags. It was quite unnecessary to ask them to hurry up—the ice did that, thundering against the ship's sides in a way that seemed irresistible. It was a fearful hurly-burly in the darkness; for, to cap all, the mate had, in the hurry, let the lanterns go out. I had to go down again to get something on my feet; my Finland shoes were hanging up to dry in the galley. When I got there the ice was at its worst, and the half-deck beams were creaking overhead, so that I really thought they were all coming down.

\* The word *svalkelem*, which has throughout been translated "gangway," means rather a sort of port-hole. As the *svalkelem*, however, was the means of exit from and entrance to the ship, "gangway" seemed the most convenient expression for it.